BARHAM DOWNS.

VOL. I.

BRITISH MUSEUM

BARHAM DOWNS.

A NOVEL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

MOUNT HENNETH.

VOL. I.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

BARHAM DOWNS.

Mr. Davis to Mr. Wyman.

Barham Downs, March 23, 1780.

THY counſels, William, have ever to me been productive of the higheſt utility; thy prophecies, not worth a ſtraw. Yet I confeſs them well grounded for the generality of mankind, to which, be it vanity, or conſciouſneſs, I chuſe to conſider myſelf as an exception. True it is, that one month, one little month, the whole of the time ſince I left the buſy buſtling world, for this Elyſian ſcene, is too ſmall to permit me to ſay, I ground my preference of ſolitude on actual experience. No, William, I ground it on eight years actual experience of the world, of which I have had ſo perfect a ſatiety, that if thy pro-

phecy of my wiſhing to return to it again, had been ſupported by the honoured ſhades of my father, grandfather, and all the aſcending line to the days of Alfred, all would have been too little for my belief.

Do not imagine now that I am going into the common place ſtrain of railing at mankind, and all its wicked ways; or that I imagine my own life has been marked by any peculiar wretchedneſs. Two inſtances excepted, of which I will diſburthen my heart to thee as ſoon as I can think of them with more tranquility, nothing has happened to me, but what happens to thouſands; and, in my preſent frame of mind, I am inclined to call *that* felicity, which others call ruin.

I was born the youngeſt of two ſons of a family of wealth and title. My father was the ſecond of a more numerous offſpring. On this account he had been ſent into the world to mend his fortune. When the title and eſtate fell to him he was a merchant, and retained a bias in favour of the name to his dying hour.

In his idea, no character under heaven, was ſo uſeful, or ſo reſpectable. The philoſopher,

loſopher in the pride of his heart, ſays, we have poliſhed and humanized mankind, by our writings. The divine lays claim to this honour for his order, to whoſe precepts and examples, mankind is indebted for that mild ſpirit diffuſed over ſociety by religion. No, ſays my father, the hiſtory of all ages is a ſlanderous libel upon the clergy, if *its* pious endeavours did not always tend to keep mankind in a ſtate of ignorance and barbarity, rather than draw it out. Something may be due to the philoſopher indeed as an auxiliary, but it is to the exalted character of a merchant, mankind owes its opulence, its refinement, its liberality of ſentiment, and all the bleſſings derived from theſe rich ſources.

Doubtleſs my father carried this idea too far, but you will not wonder that I was placed in an eminent houſe, in conſequence of it, at the age of eighteen; nor that at twenty-three I ſhould commence merchant upon my own bottom, upon a capital of fifteen thouſand pounds.

Whilſt my father lived I ſucceeded very well; but he died in the third year of this event, which was that of the year 1774.

Neither my temper, nor the habits contracted from fourteen to eighteen, were fitted to encounter the approaching evils. If you did not know both perfectly well, I ſhould give you ſufficient information, by telling you that I relieved myſelf from the fatigues of buſineſs by a few pages of Virgil or Horace; and too often when I ought to have been anſwering foreign correſpondents in my comptoir, I was in my ſecret cabinet, deeply engaged in the guilty coinage of a ſtanza, an elegy, or an ode. In 1776 my only ſiſter married a lord, an affair, as it proved, of ſome conſequence to me; when I have ſtrength to tell you my family hiſtory, this will form a part. Soon after this I began to be embarraſſed in my circumſtances, partly by failure of remittance from abroad, partly from other contingents. Two years I ſtruggled againſt my fate, when fortune brought you to my relief. By thy friendly counſel and aſſiſtance, I eſcaped a broken heart. By theſe aids I have obtained freedom, health, a competence, and peace. In ſhort, I have one hundred and fifty ſterling pounds per annum, a little houſe on the edge of the Downs,

Downs, a moſt faithful dog, and the neateſt old woman in three pariſhes. For bodily health, I have taken poſſeſſion of all the foot paths five miles round; and I have half an acre of garden; where the gaudy tulips ſhall "woo their flaunting lovers to their arms." For bodily recreation I have Calliope and all her lovely ſiſters. There are men and women alſo; of whom I may chance hereafter to make honourable mention. Thine for the preſent,

HENRY DAVIS.

The ſame to the ſame.

Barham Downs, March 30, 1780.

AND ſo it is ſtill a firm article in thy creed, that a man who has once lived in a croud, can never live long out of one. I deny the truth of the poſition; and if I allowed it, I deny that it can be applicable to me: I never *lived* in a croud. But why trouble thy metaphyſic brain with what man *muſt* do, and *ſhall* do, by hypo-

theſis. I aſk of thee only an ordinary belief of the things that are, and whilſt they are. Men and women, thou ſayeſt, are the moſt changeable animals in the univerſe. I anſwer in thy law language, Seen and allowed. And thou inferreſt that I ſhall change alſo. Granted, William: My cloaths yearly; my taſte and opinions daily; all but one; when I prefer ſickneſs to health, or which is the ſame thing, London to Barham Downs.—Enjoy thy triumph, Counſellor William, thou haſt as fine a diſpoſition to travel on in the high turnpike way of thinking, as any ſon of Levi could deſire. "If I continue my preſent way of life, I muſt be a miſanthrope; for a man muſt either herd with his ſpecies, or hate them." And why? If thou anſwereſt this queſtion at all, it muſt be either as a lawyer, or as a woman. That is, thou muſt chicane it away, or ſay it muſt—becauſe it muſt.

Another of thy wiſe obſervations, is, that a man, to be happy, muſt have ſomething to do. True, William; but does it follow that he cannot ſet himſelf to work? The ingenious author of Columella, indeed,

deed, has wrote his book to prove man incapable of this effort, when pleaſure or profit have no ſhare in the inducement.

From the window of the parlour in which I now write, I have a view of a tall ſpire-ſteeple at the diſtance of three miles; I will go this inſtant into the church-yard, take its altitude with a quadrant, and leave thee and Columella to determine the operating quantum of pleaſure, or of profit.

* * * * * * *

The Lord of a thouſand acres, who procures himſelf an appetite by the deſtruction of his neighbour's corn and fences, is to be pitied. By what ſimple and innocent means have I obtained the ſame end! I hate argument; henceforward I will ſpeak to thee, only by facts.

Do not imagine, William, I am here a determined recluſe. I neither hate, nor ſhun, nor court ſociety. All I wiſh, is to be happy with or without it. All I contend with thee for, is, the poſſibility of being ſo.

One

One mile from my ſolitary dwelling is a large and pleaſant village, inhabited by ſeveral opulent families, and honoured with the manſion of a Lord. It has a pretty decent inn, with a good bowling-green, at which I have twice made my appearance, and ſet the Juſtice of Peace, the Juſtice of Peace's daughters, the Rector and his wife, and half the remainder of the pariſh, into a tumult of enquiry, concerning my birth, parentage, and education. This juſt curioſity will hardly be gratified, till I pleaſe. That I have changed my name, you know, and diſapprove; but all my reaſons you do not know. I do not pretend they are good ones, but the deſire was too ſtrong to reſiſt. Not to dwell at preſent upon the reſentment that occaſioned this deſire, I am going to give thee a little account of my vicinage.

To give due precedence to rank and high birth I muſt firſt mention my Lord Winterbottom, a young nobleman whoſe very ample poſſeſſions are making frequent elopements to Jews, and pickpockets of ſundry denominations; and whoſe integrity

—has

—has been at court. This place is honoured with his reſidence about three months in the year.

The next in rank is Sir Ambroſe Archer, a gentleman advancing towards middle life. From twenty to thirty he embarked, like other young men of fortune, in the career of folly, and reduced his fortune from three thouſand per annum to two. At thirty, he had ſenſe to ſee his error, and, what is more uncommon, reſolution to amend it. He took alſo an unuſual method of doing it. Inſtead of hunting for a place at court, a wealthy widow, or a rich lady citizen, he retired to his country ſeat, retrenched his expences, braved the laugh of the fools he had abandoned, and became —a Man.

The ſuperintendant of the Baronet's houſe is Miſs Patty Archer a maiden lady of fifty, whoſe character I ſhall give thee a ſummary of, in the emphatic words of my old woman——Shoo's nought Mon, I promiſe yo.

Paſs we therefore to Juſtice James Whitaker Eſq. a mortal rich gentleman, worth a hundred thouſand pounds, and nobody i' all

i' all the varſal world to give it to, but his two daughters, God bleſs 'em, for they are the prettieſt bodies i' all the country; and as good as they are handſome. The Squire's well enough too i' the main, but he's ſo eaſily turned and twined; the laſt Mon has him.

Theſe angel daughters, William; twice I have ſeen them at church; twice I have met them walking in a beautiful grove of oaks their father's property, where, till I hear it is forbidden ground, I ſhall frequently retire to——muſe upon the paſt. I have had enough of angels.

Mr. Delane the Parſon of the Pariſh, has the reputation of being a good ſort of man——in his way; and a powerful preacher; I have reaſon to believe this, having ſeen at leaſt, half his congregation at reſt from care; and myſelf unable to reſiſt the ſoft influence of his gentle monotony. He has a ſon at Cambridge, and two daughters at home; the eldeſt pitted with the ſmall-pox, and vain of her ſenſe; the youngeſt of her beauty.

Though laſt, not leaſt in love, honeſt Thomas Parrett the keeper of St. George,

a man

a man of ſuch infinite fat, and good-humour, that his jolly ſides ſhake from morning till night, in ſpite of his wife's ſhrill clarion. The firſt day of my going, I had the pleaſure of hearing her aſſure Thomas that he was a pitiful fool, and a drunken fool, and an obſtinate fool, and an idle fool. To which Thomas replied, thou art a child of excellent fancy, Jenny; and haſt the prettieſt names for things; Do Jenny, tell the gentleman in thy good-natur'd way, what a damned fool I was upon the third day of November, 1759. Oh you nonſenſical oaf, ſays Jenny, this is all the good I get for the pains I take to keep things in order. This houſe will ſoon be at ſixes and ſevens when my head's laid. What will ſupport your great guttling carcaſe then you pot-bellied fool?

God bleſs thy ſweet pains-taking face, my pretty little Jenny, replies Thomas; I ſhall for ever doat on thee, ſo long as thou keepeſt thy own excellent hand at brewing. Never think I ſhall long ſurvive thee, pigſnye; I will only ſtay to drink up the laſt drop of thy handy work, Jenny, and then lay me down, and—Sleep.

Polly

Polly Parrett the daughter, a plump laſs, with a fine black and rolling eye, ſat in the bar during the dialogue, which was of ſome length, without ſeeming to pay it the leaſt attention.

With her own lilly white red hand, ſhe made me ſixpenny-worth of punch and invited me into the bar to drink it. Several gallant things paſſed betwixt us, eſpecially upon the ſubject of Sir Edward Balchen who lay upon the window ſeat, and upon conſtancy in love.

A conſtant lover, ſays Polly, (heigho) is a black ſwan.

Abate of thy ſeverity, William, what is life without its bagatelles. Thine always in earneſt,

HENRY DAVIS.

Mr.

Mr. Wyman to Mr. Davis.

London, 6th of April.

IF I was an abſolute monarch, Henry, I would not only hang up all my idle ſubjects, ſuch as thee, but I would cauſe the heads and precordia to be diſſected *alive*, of all who pretended to think and feel contrary to the common courſe of thinking and feeling amongſt mankind. Juſt, as if I was a cowkeeper or a ſhepherd, I would extirpate from the herd or the flock, every cow and every ſheep that ſought the ſolitary corner to feed in, whilſt the reſt of the ſpecies was grazing in a diſtant part, *all together*.

Zoons! Davis, I am in a paroxiſm of rage whenever I contemplate thy folly.

A hermit at thirty-one! A fellow too who has health, the full power of his limbs, and an underſtanding, ſuch as it is, unimpaired, except by this ſingle frenzy. A fellow who can hew wood, and draw water for ten, and yet will let the bucket down into the well, only to ſlake his own thirſt.

In the common ſtate of ſociety, according to the beſt calculators, you owe at leaſt two children to the ſtate. This moſt juſt and neceſſary war has brought you in debtor for a third. Who is to get theſe for you, Sir? An hundred thouſand men in red are fighting from pure public ſpirit and *amor patriæ* for the reſt of their dear countrymen. An equal number in black, are either praying, or putting caſes, from the ſame motive; a million are making buttons, or battledores and ſhuttlecocks; whilſt thou, uſeleſs to every purpoſe for which a wiſe father would have begot thee, are baſking in the ſun-ſhine of the ſhade. "Ye gods! what havoc does the want of ambition make amongſt your works!"

Suppoſing it poſſible, happineſs could be obtained by the purſuit of a good-for-nothing ſcheme like thine, tell me, Mr. Henry Davis, what right have you to be happy your own way?

'Sdeath, Sir! I can read Horace as well as you; inſtead of which I am condemned to read Coke upon Littleton; to be harraſſed with the wills of the dead, and the wiſhes of the living; and to ſeek the elegance

gance as well as the eloquence of Cicero, in briefs and pleadings. And when I have done this from morning to night, I *muſt* by way of recreation, hear fools declaim upon politics, or fribbles upon dreſs; or the bawdry of ladies, in terms of the pureſt chaſtity; or I muſt hear Signora ſquall, or ſee Harlequin jump into a windmill; when if I had been as impertinent, and as ſelfiſh as thee, I ſhould have choſe the converſation of ONE SENSIBLE FRIEND, though I had *chained* him within ear-ſhot; and if I could have made him ſerve no other human purpoſe, he might have been of ſome benefit to the community, by bearing the foul diſcharges of a lawyer, which might otherwiſe have dirtied Weſtminſter Hall.

A very honeſt vintner came to me the other day for my opinion of his caſe; and thus he ſtated it.

I bought, ſays he, a horſe of Mr. A---- the ſtable-keeper, and paid him honeſtly for it. I had not had him three days in my poſſeſſion before I perceived he was dim-ſighted. Some friends of better judgment than mine, ſaid he was going blind.

I repreſented the matter to Mr. A----, who pretended to know nothing of it. So not to be wanting in proper care, I called in a farrier, who did what he thought proper; but the horſe went blind in leſs than half a year, and that d—d ſcoundrel A---- ſwears the farrier and I, have blinded him by unſkilful treatment. But I will be revenged, if there's any law to be had for love or money; So I come for your opinion.

My opinion is that for a great deal of money, you may have a great deal of law, but whether you can get a verdict in your favour will depend upon your proving Mr. A---- to have defrauded you.

I can prove it as clear as the day, ſays the vintner, and I will ſet lawyer Felton to work directly.

A few days after this comes Mr. A---- the ſtable-keeper and publican to aſk my opinion whether an action would not lie againſt Mr. B---- the vintner for ſelling him twenty dozen of red-port, *for which he paid him honeſtly*, but not having occaſion to uſe it for five months, he found that in that time it had gone quite ſour.

Now

Now by dint of croſs queſtioning, and ſome ſuſpicion, I found that this very wine had been paid for the very horſe; and that theſe worthy gentlemen had cheated each other; and in their ſeveral ſtatings, Conſcience ſtruck, neither Mr. B---- had ſaid one word of the wine, nor Mr. A---- of the horſe.

Now I ſwear to thee Harry, that I would willingly have counſelled them *to be honeſt*, and to diſmiſs the cauſe. But as I knew this could not be, I gave Mr. A---- my verbal opinion, that an action would lie. And will it not Harry?

When my client was gone, I ſat down to ſwear at the villainy of mankind, and at what is more troubleſome, it's folly; for he who ſtates his caſe falſely to his lawyer, is almoſt as great a fool, as he who does it to his phyſician.

A man, Harry, who decides, *as I have done*, upon the caſes of others, may have caſes of conſcience of his own to put;—and to whom muſt he put them? Not to the world, for the world has already decided upon lawyers caſes. Nor to the Pontifex Maximus, for the judgment of prieſts

upon ſinners, eſpecially thoſe who pay no tythes, are—ſuch tender mercies.—

No! ONE SENSIBLE FRIEND is here, the pearl above all price. But the man is gone into the wilderneſs, not to repent, but to do things meet for repentance. I have heard him howl from the deſart, and call it harmony. As melodious as the ſong of frogs in March, is it, to the ears of his Counſellor

WILLIAM WYMAN.

Mr. DAVIS to Mr. WYMAN.

Barham Downs, 10th April.

YES, William; I grant thee, I am an unhappy maniac, of the penſeroſo breed; in return, have the goodneſs to allow thou uttereſt thy ſtrains, *con ſtrepita, con furia.* In plain Engliſh, thou art *raving* mad.

Till I have told thee all my little tale, thou wilt be a demoniac under pretence of ignorance; and *when* I have told it thee, perhaps thou wilt continue ſo, under pretence of wiſdom.

Thou

Thou knoweſt my birth, and that eight of the firſt years of my young-man-hood were ſpent upon the Change, and amongſt the " buſy haunts of men. "

My worthy brother, and I, from the time we whipped our tops together, had no ſentiment in which we agreed, except a hearty diſlike to each other. Notwithſtanding which, during my Father's life, we made ſhift to keep up a decent ſhew of brotherly affection; and after his death, I ſtill continued to uſe my brother's houſe in town familiarly, and ſometimes took a family meal, without being abſolutely ſpit upon. My ſiſter, who ſtill lived with my brother, loved us both ſo equally, and we returned it ſo exactly, that Ariſtotle himſelf could never have determined which of the three was ſtrongeſt in affection.

My ſiſter had a friend. Ah William, *hinc illæ lachrymæ!* This friend of my ſiſter's had a lovely ſhape, lively ſpirits, and a moſt piercing pair of fine black eyes.

She was, when I firſt knew her, about twenty-four years old, had juſt loſt her laſt parent, her father, who had left her about four thouſand pounds; and as my ſiſter

was

was at this time courted by Lord Conollan, and wanted a confidante, as all women do on ſuch occaſions, Miſs Lucy Strode had accepted her invitation, to reſide a few months, till ſhe could ſettle herſelf to ſatisfaction.

Although at firſt they were only boarding-ſchool acquaintance, the friendſhip betwixt theſe two young ladies ſoon grew to an aſtoniſhing height. A ſeparation of a few hours was a burthen ſcarce to be ſupported; and when together in public, they were quite unable to refrain giving each other the ſtrongeſt and tendereſt proofs of this violence of affection.

I ventured now and then to rally the ladies upon this mode of behaviour, and when this produced no effect, I was forced to enquire upon the lips of Lucy,

"What ſecret charm there could in kiſſing be."

Miſs Strode was by no means one of thoſe prudes who make a rout about the ſmall favors. A kiſs was, in her eſtimation, nothing but a kiſs, and let a man make the beſt of it. I, however, who had not been

been accuſtomed to the food, found it delicious, and at laſt preferred it to my daily bread.

Something more than you already know of the character of my brother, is neceſſary to be given, in order to account for the little interruption he gave to any ſchemes carrying on in his own houſe, whether they were good or evil, unleſs they affected immediately his purſe, or his humour.

I am as well convinced of the manner in which we come by our ideas, as Mr. Locke; and attribute as much to aſſociation as Mr. Hartley himſelf; but my brother, and a brood of ducklings hatched under a hen, equally inform me that organization and temperament are prediſpoſing cauſes of no ſmall moment. Elſe tell me, whence, this brother and I, fed upon the ſame food, viewing the ſame objects, taught by the ſame maſters, and inſtructed in the ſame rudiments, ſhould ſtill form principles, opinions, and habits, as different, as two people, educated in England or in Turkey could have done?

He

He was from a boy, ſurly, indocile, and intractable. So unſociable alſo, he would ſeldom be got to play with my ſiſter or with me.

As he grew up he conceived, I ſuppoſe, a kind of averſion to the latin tongue, which our maſters would have called incapacity, had not the progreſs he made in arithmetic forbad it.

Tales and little hiſtories, the delight of lads in general, he deteſted; but over a book of Algebra he would pore with all the marks of ſtupidity, by the hour.

He kept however, the progreſs he made in this ſcience, to himſelf; and it was long impoſſible to judge of his genius or underſtanding; when theſe were developed, he came out an aſtronomer, geometrician, and calculator univerſal.

On the death of my father, his propenſities had to go their own way; and they became the wonder of the *country* neighbourhood; for in town, where my brother likes beſt to live for reaſons you will ſee hereafter, a man may ſhut, or hang himſelf up, and the neighbours not care a ſtraw about the matter. My

My brother ſhunned all ſociety, male and female.

His hours were ſpent alone in his library, amidſt ſpheres, diagrams, and calculations; at the head of this latter claſs ſtood Change-Alley tranſactions, annuities for lives, and bills of mortality.

As he was a conſiderable adept in theſe myſteries, he took it into his head *to ſpeculate* a little, *out of his library*; and his firſt ſpeculations being ſucceſsful, he acquired a taſte for growing immenſely rich, and this was accompanied by its uſual concomitant, Avarice.

To compleat his character, he obtained the habit of drinking. Grave, and almoſt ſilent, at his only public meal, his dinner, he betook himſelf after it conſtantly to his library; there, as mathematicians are the moſt regular of mortals, it was his conſtant cuſtom to ſmoak tobacco, drink red-port, and go to bed drunk at ten.

A gentleman thus engaged was little likely to give faſhionable lovers any interruption: My Lord and I therefore enjoyed our *parties quarrèes*, and matured our growing

ing loves with all the ſatisfaction imaginable.

Lucy and I were now perfectly agreed. I lived but in this tender, kind, obliging maid; and the tender maid conſented to unite her fate with mine, on the day of my ſiſter's nuptials.

In the mean time the executor of Lucy's father, had put the whole of her fortune into a banker's hands, to lie till a mortgage could be had. One, on which the ſum of ſix thouſand pounds was wanted, fell under my notice. I advanced the two thouſand, and the deed was made in Lucy's name. I deſigned the whole for a marriage ſettlement, and to have provided thus well for my amiable girl, gave me exquiſite pleaſure.

My ſiſter's fortune was ten thouſand pounds; my Lord wanted twenty. He got acceſs to the mathematician, who gave him a very ſedate hearing, and then aſſured him, the wiſeſt nations on the continent gave no marriage portion with their females, and that the Engliſh would do well to imitate this laudable cuſtom.

My

My Lord anſwered, that in England, where wives made ſo conſiderable a part of the expence, the cuſtom would be a bad one. He then deſired him to advert to his particular caſe, in which his ſiſter would bring him a revenue of four hundred pounds a year, and have the expenditure of as many thouſands.

My Lord, replies my brother, Mr. Sympſon in his excellent treatiſe of annuities on lives, founded on the bills of mortality of the city of London, will inform you, that my ſiſter's life being worth no more than fourteen years purchaſe, and, if we take the danger of child-birth into the account, not quite ſo much, ſhe has a right to purchaſe with her ten thouſand pounds an annuity of — let me ſee — will your Lordſhip repoſe yourſelf whilſt I make the calculation, which is ſomething long and laborious, beginning at the ſame time to ſet down his figures with all the compoſure imaginable.

You will make the calculation at greater leiſure, ſays my Lord, when I am gone. But to what end is it to be made at all?

Juſt to inform your Lordſhip, ſays my brother, how much as a prudent man, you ought to allow my ſiſter to ſpend annually, founded on the joint conſideration of——

Founded on the d——l, ſays my Lord, a little too haſtily for a prudent man; Zoons Sir, do you mean to laugh at me?

Let me tell your Lordſhip, replies my brother, the pains I am willing to take for your Lordſhip's inſtruction, are ill repaid, by paſſionate exclamation.

I want none of your inſtruction, ſays my Lord; Tell me in one word, will you, or will you not, increaſe your ſiſter's fortune to make her ſomething a more ſuitable match for a man of my rank and affluence?

In one word, replies my brother, No. Take her or leave her.

Do me the juſtice then, ſays my Lord, to inform her it is owing to your avarice ſolely, that the match is broke off.

Conjunctively with your Lordſhip's, replies my brother.

After a few more replies and rejoinders, the worthy peer departed, leaving his antagoniſt

goniſt to make what report he thought proper.

Any girl of ſenſe and ſpirit would have deſpiſed my Lord for this converſation, and its iſſue, and would ſooner have broke her heart, than have ſubmitted to aſk a renewal of the treaty. But my ſiſter's affections were ſo deeply engaged, at leaſt to the coronet, that ſhe took to her bed in ſuch a fit of diſconſolation, that no ſoul but my brother's could have ſtood it out. Lucy alſo, as friendſhip required, vowed that ſhe would ſhare the woe of her wretched friend, and never again look up, to man at leaſt, for happineſs.

The ſighs and ſobs of theſe afflicted fair ones, moving my brother as they would have done Mount Caucaſus, it fell to my ſhare to expoſtulate with his Lordſhip. My firſt overtures producing only contempt, I was under the neceſſity of informing his Lordſhip in the moſt elegant language poſſible, that ——— He was a ſcoundrel.

This could be anſwered only in Hyde-park, where we fired two piſtols at each other with great politeneſs. The ſeconds

interpoſing we came to terms, my Lord agreeing to remit five thouſand of his demand, and I to advance the ſame ſum, pour l'amour de ma ſœur.

For this act of generoſity, I could hope to receive my reward from no ſoul living but my Lucy; my ſiſter indeed as to exterior, was pretty, and not uninviting; but of liberality of ſentiment, ſhe had not a jot; and much more than her brother, ſhe loved——herſelf.

In *her* way however, ſhe returned me thanks, and preparations for her nuptials were immediately made. But that Lucy was ſilent concerning this piece of heroiſm, mortified me not a little.

She ſeemed alſo to be graver than uſual, and made ſome demurrers, I think you lawyers call them, to the celebration of our marriage along with my ſiſter's. I endeavoured to remove them with all the fondneſs of a lover, and pleaded her promiſe.

Things were altered, ſhe ſaid, ſince ſhe made it; ſhe had then no reaſon to doubt my prudence; but this extravagant act of generoſity, had given her no ſmall alarm.

The

The hint operated á la merveille; I grew ſick and dizzy, and in a few minutes took my leave.

This extravagant generoſity! That appellation I knew would be given it by the good folks of *this world*, and all the folk of *this world* might have abuſed me for it, without cauſing any ſtrong emotion. But Lucy! from whom I expected applauſe—In very truth, for whoſe ſake I did it—To eaſe her gentle boſom of the pangs it felt on account of her ineſtimable friend—for whoſe happineſs, ſhe would at any time, lay down her life—Lucy to utter this!

She made however too much a part of my being, to ſuffer me to ſtay long from her. Our next meeting, on her part was cool, formal, and reſerved; on mine, it was elegy, complaint, and pathos. To whom can I fly for conſolation under the common evils of life, if my Lucy refuſes to be my comforter? The laſt ſhips from Carolina have brought me no remittances, nor hopes of any. A ſugar veſſel freighted for me, has been taken by the enemy,

and by a miſtake of my broker's, not more than half the cargo inſured.

But what are theſe and a thouſand evils more of the like kind, compared with the loſs of your ſmiles, my Lucy? *Love* is felicity, not wealth. There is no difference betwixt ten thouſand, and ten times ten, except what the imagination makes; and mine is ſo taken up with the thouſand thouſand joys I am going to poſſeſs with my Lucy, it cannot deſcend to contemplate earth-born things.

Thus went I on, with the native eloquence of love, carrying every thing, as I thought before me; when, in the midſt of a moſt tender ſtrain, to enforce which I had laid my head upon her gentle boſom, as ſhe oft had permitted me to do, She interrupted me, thus.

I think Mr. —— *All things conſidered*, it will be better intirely to drop our deſign of coming together. Our tempers are quite unſuitable. I ſhould always be alarmed at the thoughts of what your heedleſs generoſity might reduce us to; and don't find myſelf qualified to be a comforter, of

manifeſt

manifeſt imprudence. This diſpoſition you would call by a thouſand odious names; ſo we ſhould ſubſtitute wrangling for happineſs, and become the mutual plagues of each other.

This icy declaration, William, froze my blood.

And this is really and truly, Lucy, the ſentiment of your heart?

It is the ſentiment of prudence, ſays ſhe.

The prudence that dictates it is diabolical. What evil ſpirit has taken poſſeſſion of thy lips? it cannot be my Lucy that ſpeaks.

She roſe with reſentment. This is a ſpecimen of what I am to expect through life.

I have had a ſpecimen too, Lucy, that ſinks me to deſpair.

Gentlemen of ſuch nice ſenſibilities, ſhe had a notion, were not the beſt ſort of people to live with.

The woman who wants ſenſibility, Lucy, wants a woman's principal excellence.

She was glad we were come to a right underſtanding, before things had gone too far.

They

They *have* gone too far, Lucy; they have undone my peace.

I took up my hat, and with a burſting heart, walked home to my houſe; the houſe I had newly taken, and fitted up with elegance to receive my beloved Lucy. I went comfortleſs to my apartment, threw myſelf dreſſed upon the bed, and—waked all night.

The next day I crawled to my compting-houſe, read a few letters, dictated the anſwers, and again betook myſelf to bed.

The following morning I had ſeveral foreign letters; ſome contained bad news; at another time I ſhould have thought they announced my ruin; I read them now with indifference.

I was ſinking into a kind of ſtupid lethargy, when a footman from my brother rouſed me effectually. From Lucy he brought me the following billet-doux.

Sir,

Your behaviour on Wedneſday night convinced me of what I long ſuſpected, that we were not formed to make each other happy in the marriage ſtate.

For

For which reaſon, I preſume I am entitled to your thanks, as well as my own approbation, for having this morning given my hand to your brother.

Your affectionate ſiſter

LUCY * * * OSMOND.

This was accompanied by a letter from my brother; the contents as follow.

Brother Harry,

I have taken Lucy Strode to wife. No doubt, as you are a man of fine ſenſibility, which I take to be a faſhionable word, invented to palliate half the follies of the age, you will think you have a right to reproach me. And why? Lucy Strode aſſured me ſhe never would be your's. Ergo, ſhe was free to be mine if I choſe it. But if I have done you an injury, let me repair it by giving you good advice. Either our actions are fated, or they are not. If they are, it is abſurd to reſiſt, or murmur at deſtiny. If they are not, it is equally abſurd in a wiſe man to let his peace and happineſs depend upon the actions of others. Whatever is, is right.

right. Could you comprehend the all-embracing philoſophy of this little ſentence, the ſilly things done under the moon would never afflict or diſturb you.

Whatever is, is right.

One day you may think ſo.

Your loving brother

GEORGE OSMOND.

The reading of theſe letters made me at once a hero. I was above love, above reſentment, above every thing in this world. It was ſome hours before I could recover human paſſion enough to return the following anſwers.

To Lady OSMOND.

You *are* entitled to my thanks. I give them, *from my heart*. Be happy———if you can.

HENRY OSMOND.

To my brother, thus.

Sir George,

If baſeneſs, ingratitude, perfidy, be right; whatever is, is right—for nothing can be wrong.

If

If you have not in the new ſtate you have entered, a far greater portion of happineſs than generally falls to the lot of any born of human race, you have made a bad bargain. Such as it is, I would not take it off your hands *at any price*, I renounce your conſanguinity.

HENRY OSMOND.

Theſe were fine braveries, William; to keep them up, I ſought out two or three companions to ſpend the evening at the London Tavern; ſtayed late, and came home decently drunk, and conqueror, as I thought, of all human infirmities.

I awoke the next morning in a burning fever, which made a rapid progreſs. The fifteen following days I was delirious and happy. When I waked from my long dream, I was reduced to extreme weakneſs. I believed myſelf dying, and was pleaſed with the belief. My phyſicians thought otherwiſe, and forbad me to be troubled with buſineſs a fortnight longer. Before that time however, I inſiſted on being made acquainted with the ſtate of my affairs. My moſt faithful Clerk had omitted

omitted nothing in his power to ſtop my approaching ruin. My bills had been proteſted, my creditors had met, and a ſtatute of bankruptcy applied for. This, my Clerk prevented. Nor was this all; he wrote to my brother, explaining my ſituation, and requeſting the loan of 2500l. with which he engaged to reinſtate my credit. Receiving no anſwer, he applied perſonally to him. My brother with the utmoſt ſangfroid, ſhewed him my letter; expatiated largely on the inſulting concluſion; ſaid, I had been long loſt to prudence——and to him; and finally ordered my Clerk to trouble him no more. He would have waited alſo on Lord and Lady Conollan, who had been married at the beginning of my illneſs; but they had ſet out immediately for Italy.

Reflect, my dear William, a moment upon this torrent, ; conſider the weakneſs of my body; the diſquietude of my mind; and condemn me, if thou canſt, for yielding to my fate, without a ſtruggle.

Bankruptcy now became my only wiſh. A ſtatute was taken out at my own requeſt. On the day of my ſurrender many

of

of my creditors ſhed tears. My books were clear, and the balance of good debts in my favour, though payment was unhappily procraſtinated, was upwards of 4000l. I was ſolicited to ſuffer my ſtatute to be ſuperſeded, and two very worthy merchants offered me loans to any amount I choſe. I was deaf to every overture of this kind. Happily betwixt my firſt and ſecond diviſion, large remittances came, juſt ſufficient to enable me to pay eighteen ſhillings in the pound. My humane creditors inſiſted on cloſing the ſtatute, and leaving me the remainder, if I could get it. Some matters left to myſelf, required Council. My good Genius directed me to thee. By thy aid I recovered conſiderable ſums, paid the two ſhillings wanting, to all my creditors, many of whom received it reluctantly; and finally, with the remainder of the money, obtained 150l. per Annum, an annuity for life.

In ſhort, I owe to thy ſpirit, thy kindneſs, thy friendſhip and humanity, more than my life--I owe the peaceable enjoyment of it, together with as much of hap-

pineſs as angels and brothers, the memory of them I mean, will permit.

When I forget what I owe thee, William! Alas I can *only* remember. Thine

HENRY DAVIS.

Mr. WYMAN to Mr. DAVIS.

London, 15th of April.

THY letter, Harry, for a while, deceived me into an opinion that thou wert juſtified in thy ſentiments of the world, and right in ſecluding thyſelf from it. It was the momentary triumph of feeling over reaſon. I was betrayed, *againſt nature*, into a fit of *ſenſibility*, which, as thy brother ſays, leads to infinite abſurdities. It has led thee to the abſurdity of remembering exactly what thou ought'ſt to forget; and of forgetting what thou ought'ſt to remember. Under the figure of a man thou reſembleſt a petulant boy, who becauſe he cannot have the toy that ſtrikes him,

him, will not eat his dinner. Becauſe thou couldſt not have thy Lucy's love, a thing perhaps which never exiſted, thou didſt not think thy rank in the community, thy utility, thy fortune, and thy fame, worth regarding. Now with reſpect to Lucy, what didſt thou really loſe? A train of fond ideas of which thou wert become enamoured; change this train, and thou haſt not, on this ſide, loſt a groat.

And it is owing I ſuppoſe to ſome nice point of honour, ſome refined and delicate feeling, ſome ſpecies of *Senſibility*, that thou haſt never before mentioned to me, that ſingular circumſtance of the 2000l. advanced to Miſs Strode; and thy perfect acquieſcence, ſuch I take it to be, in the loſs.

And wilt thou do this, Harry? Has ſenſibility ſunk thy ſpirit ſo low, that thou wilt bear to be robbed, inſulted, laughed at? and ſuffer the inhuman pickpockets to wanton in thy ſpoils? Or haſt thou delivered thyſelf over to the literal interpretation of thy bible book? and when a man takes thy cloak, giveſt him thy coat alſo?

A plague upon it! I am doomed in ſpite of myſelf, to love thoſe animals the beſt, whether of the male or female gender, who have the greateſt ſhare of this curſed *Senſibility*, which I am every hour wiſhing at the devil, with all the appurtenances thereunto belonging.

A lady, a genteel lady, a lady of admirable ſhape and air, and motion, and complexion; a ſenſitive plant like thyſelf, came to me yeſterday in mourning, for Council.

It ſeldom happens that the hiſtory of a life is neceſſary to elucidate a caſe; but the little this Lady was obliged to communicate of hers, was of ſuch a kind—ſo ſweetly told—ſo *inſtructive*, Harry, that I believe I ſhall not comprehend her caſe clearly——till I know it all.

When the lady left me, I ſet about the conſideration of other caſes left for my inſpection——I could not underſtand theſe neither. Some of the lady's were perpetually mingling with, and confounding the others. My head, like uncle Toby's, was a ſmoak jack. What the devil ails me? Pray for me, Harry.

WILLIAM WYMAN.

Mr.

Mr. Davis to Mr. Wyman.

Barham Downs, 20th April.

IF thou hadſt held metaphyſic converſation either with thy own head, or any body's elſe, thou couldſt not have fallen into ſo egregious, ſo unphiloſophical an error, as that of ſuppoſing the fond ideas of which a man becomes enamoured ——Nothing.

They are the *Man himſelf.*

When the fancy of roaſting live chriſtians, had taken poſſeſſion of reverend heads in the mild and merciful reign of Mary, a Monk of magnitude comes to the lowly dwelling of Margaret Staines, and having ſqueezed through the door, caught her in the very fact of praying to the Lord, out of a book which thoſe curſed Proteſtants had cauſed to be printed and diſperſed amongſt their heretical and impious crew.

After having queſtioned Margery of her faith, and finding it went plump againſt

the fundamentals of holy Mother Church, the roſy prieſt denounced againſt Margery, roaſting alive here, and broiling hereafter, in caſe ſhe did not change her damnable opinions.

And how ſhould I change 'em ſays honeſt Margery; they are got into my head, and for the ſoul of me, I can't get 'em out.

Then Fire and and Faggot muſt; ſays the Monk.

I don't ſee the need of it, replies Margery; if I have ſinned, I have ſinned againſt the Lord; and to the Lord alone belongeth puniſhment.

Damnable woman! anſwers the prieſt in a rage; knoweſt thou not the Lord hath given Holy Church the power to puniſh or to ſave?

'Twas the worſt thing he ever did in his life, replies Margery.

Prepare for Death and Hell, thundered out the Monk; in three days thou ſhalt be burnt in terrorem.

God's will be done, ſays Margery; if I am burnt, I ſhall be a ſaint in heaven, where I ſhan't be crouded with monks.

So

So Margery, becauſe ſhe would not change the train of fond ideas — ſuffered martyrdom.

Mend thy philoſophy, William. But indeed it will mend itſelf; the lovely mourner will inſtruct thee far better than the ſeven wiſe maſters of Greece.

Spare me, dear Counſellor, yet a little while ſpare me, on the ſubject of demanding back the two thouſand pounds from my Lady Siſter. I acknowledge the juſtneſs of thy remarks; yet there is a ſomething, an indignant ſomething, I think, which ſwells my boſom, and raiſes me above the deed.

People who correſpond in the epiſtolary way, for friendſhip or amuſement, cannot avail themſelves of the cuſtom amongſt men of buſineſs, who when they have no more to ſay — ſay no more.

On the contrary, thoſe who ſit down to write upon nothing, have all the world before them, and, amongſt young-lady-correſpondents eſpecially, it is a ſort of petty treaſon, to ſend blank paper to a friend.

Theſe pretty creatures are ſeldom embarraſſed either about the matter or the manner; Men, on the contrary, if they have had the misfortune to learn to read and write per grammar, are often embarraſſed with both, as I am at this inſtant. The world is too nice a world, and thou art too nice a fellow to bear wiſe reflections. Sooner than hazard a moral ſentiment with thee, *made on purpoſe*, I would write thee down the converſations betwixt my old woman and myſelf—upon houſehold ſtuff. But nonſenſe from young and lovely lips is privileged from time immemorial, and no rough Cynic under ſeventy, dares to call it by its right name. From young and lovely lips therefore thou ſhalt have it.

A few days ſince, juſt at the dawn of eve, I met the two Miſs Whitakers in my favourite walk the Grove. With all the grace my dancing-maſter gave me, I took off my hat, and in the prettieſt words I could ſo ſuddenly put together, requeſted to know if the liberty I took in walking there would be taken amiſs?

Certainly,

Certainly, no; replied the eldeſt. Provided, ſays the other, you pay tribute.

Young Ladies, ſays I, are accuſtomed to claim hearts for tribute; but where there is no property, Kings, and Beauty ſtill ſuperior to Kings, muſt loſe their rights.

A very genteel way, Annabella, ſays the youngeſt, of telling us what we have to expect if we fall in love with this gentleman. And have you really and truly diſpoſed of your heart, for ever and ever?

No, really and truly, replied I, I have got the fugitive ſafe *here*, where he is under the care of three guards, more watchful, I hope, than the dragon of Heſperia.

See Peggy, ſays the eldeſt, what a leſſon this gentleman gives to us giddy girls. May we aſk the names of theſe guardians, Sir?

Poverty, Honour, and a too faithful memory.

All three, traitors, cries Miſs Peggy, of a thouſand years ſtanding. Not one of them will make the leaſt defence againſt a pretty girl with twenty thouſand pounds.

'Tis twenty thouſand to one againſt their ever being put upon it. Their buſineſs is, to defend my heart—againſt itſelf.

Well

Well Sir, ſays Annabella, may it reſt in peace. What was you thinking of, Peggy, when you aſked tribute?

Of an ode, ſiſter, to the divinities of the grove. I took it for granted from Mr. Davis's penſive ſtep, from the place, and from the time, that he had an affair with ſome or other of the muſes; and I thought the commerce ought to be taxed for the benefit of the Hamadryads.

It begins to grow too dark, Siſter, ſays Annabella, for us, who have no affair with any mortal or immortal, *here*. Mr. Davis we muſt wiſh you good night.

You will permit me, Ladies, to ſee you in ſafety at the door of your houſe, and to thank you for the very great pleaſure your condeſcenſion and affabilty have given me.

Your company will be very agreeable to us, ſays the elder; a little farther than the door—if you dare venture.

I dare do any thing, returned I, but fall in love; that I *muſt* not do; but I feel that I am very ſenſible to the charms of wit, good-humour, and politeneſs.

Amidſt this pretty ſmall talk, we arrived at the Juſtice's, to whom I was introduced,

duced, and we fell into a general converſation; I even ſtayed ſupper, and received a polite invitation to afternoon tea when I found it convenient.

The Juſtice ſeems not to labour under any ſuperfluity of ſenſe. In politics, he is a tory; and defended the preſent miniſtry tooth and nail, till the laſt ſix-pence upon malt; a more violent attack upon the rights of the ſubject, than was ever committed by the Charles's and the James's—all together.

The young ladies are in perſon the moſt lovely, my poor eyes ever fixed upon; they are alſo extremely alike; and in an engaging ſimplicity of manners, have no equals among the Lady-Maries of my acquaintance. Annabella the eldeſt, is the graveſt alſo, and ſeems the moſt reflective. The youngeſt, Margaret, has a greater portion of lively ſpirits. If effects follow their cauſes, this ſhould have more wit, and that more underſtanding. How does thy Mourner, William? Adieu.

HENRY DAVIS.

Mr.

Mr. Wyman to Mr. Davis.

London.

DAVIS you are right. Peace and a cottage *are* preferable to plague and a palace. Succeſſive views of vice or folly often raiſe the temperature of my blood a ſcore of degrees too high, and I find at length, bluſter how I will, of all the employments on earth, I have ſtumbled upon one, the trade of a Father-Confeſſor excepted, the leaſt adapted to my conſtitution.

No mortal Counſellor dare tell his client-fool of his folly, or his client-raſcal that he is a rogue. Every one would tell his own ſtory, his own way, and combine to lye an honeſt lawyer out of his bread.

In former days, our order was principally employed in defending integrity againſt cunning, and weakneſs againſt oppreſſion. Now, Scoundrel *verſus* Scoundrel, is the proper title of a vaſt majority of thoſe litigations which ſupport our numerous hoſts; whoſe myriads, peſtilence and

and famine would leſs decreaſe, than the arrival of ſimple honeſty amongſt mankind.

Oh for minds irradiated by the beams of the true ſun of philanthropy! like that of my lovely mourner, who is to mend my philoſophy——Would ſhe would become my tutor!

She is a Welchwoman born and bred, and an Iriſhwoman inſtructed; and yet ſhe is of all the women I ever ſaw, the moſt—pox upon it! When I am about to praiſe the ſex, thy Lucy comes into my head, and mars the eulogium.

Once upon a time, in great diſtreſs, by what means I do not yet know, ſhe made a friend of an Iriſh Quaker, one Arnold, who dying, left her 9 or 10,000l. He was an apothecary in Dublin, and had a brother in London, who dying about twelve years ſince left him a conſiderable fortune. About three thouſand pounds of it were lent in London, by ſums of three, four or five hundred pounds; and the deſign of theſe ſeveral loans being to do good to the borrowers, the ſimple-minded Quaker of Dublin thought it a ſufficient reaſon for their remaining in ſtatu quo.

Theſe ſums were a part of Miſs Roſs's legacy, and at Mr. Arnold's death, partly a deſire of gathering them together, and partly a wiſh to change the ſcene of ſorrow, induced her to take a journey to London.

The principal debtor (for his ſum was 800l.) was a Mr. Cromford, a merchant, or ſtyling himſelf ſo; a ſafe man, a ſmiling, a complaiſant man; who not only offered his beſt aſſiſtance, but his houſe alſo. Miſs Roſs accepted the firſt, but being accompanied by a Miſs Singleton, and both diſpoſed to ſee all London, by night and by day, ſhe choſe to decline the ſecond.

In converſation with Mr. Cromford, Miſs Roſs found that it was the cuſtom for ladies in ſuch caſes to give a letter of attorney to ſome friend, in order to avoid perſonal trouble; accordingly ſhe gave one to Mr. Cromford. It was neceſſary alſo to give him the notes and bonds, which ſhe had not the leaſt ſcruple of doing; and amongſt the reſt, his own. Ladies are apt to place too much confidence in men.

In leſs than two months, ſuch was the diligence of Mr. Cromford, that he had collected

lected and paid into Miſs Roſs's hands upwards of a thouſand pounds, and Miſs Roſs to expreſs her gratitude had made Mrs. Cromford preſents occaſionally of fine muſlins, fine lace, and I know not what, to the amount of fifty guineas.

Things were going on in the prettieſt manner in the world when one morning, Miſs Roſs received the following letter.

COPY.

The bailiff who arreſted, and brought me yeſterday to this place, informed me where you lodged. It is true, Madam, I owe you two hundred pounds. I inherited the debt from my father. The intereſt has been duly tranſmitted. I am a young man and yeſterday was happy in myſelf, my family, and proſpects. I am cautious how I reproach you, Madam, becauſe you may have been deceived; but ſurely never was a family ſo wantonly ruined. In eight days I could have paid the money; I told Cromford ſo. Once, upon the huſtings at Guildhall, I called him time ſerving ſcoundrel; I think him ſo ſtill. It is to this perhaps I owe my ruin. If you are

deceived, Madam, and have a compaſſionate heart, No. 12, in Fare-ſtreet——— I cannot go on.

Thomas Hunt.

King's-bench priſon.

Miſs Roſs trembled as ſhe read; and without loſing a moment Miſs Singleton and ſhe, attended by a footman, drove in a hackney-coach to No. 12, in Fare-ſtreet.

The ſhop was ſhut up, a prentice boy conducted the ladies to a ſmall parlour behind it. A pretty featured young woman, with a face pale as death, and expreſſive of unutterable anguiſh, ſat ſuckling an infant three months old at the breaſt, and holding in her other arm a ſweet girl of a year and half. Miſs Roſs, unable to ſpeak, threw herſelf into a chair, and in ſpite of every effort to the contrary, fairly fainted away. Miſs Singleton recovered her by the help of the ſmelling-bottle, and ſhe was relieved by a copious ſhower of tears. All this, Mrs. Hunt obſerved with a look of ſilent amazement. A very decent maid-ſervant had ſlipped into the room, and whiſpering her

her miſtreſs the name of her gueſt, took from her the eldeſt girl. As ſoon as Miſs Roſs was able to ſpeak, ſhe ſpoke; and taking Mrs. Hunt by the hand, bid her be comforted; and every thing ſhould be done to remedy this unhappy event. Mrs. Hunt made no anſwer, but bending over her infant, and claſping it to her boſom, relieved herſelf as Miſs Roſs had done before. You, Davis, would have enjoyed this concert of tears. I had rather have been on a pilgrimage to Mecca.

By and by, they came to calmer ſenſations, and Miſs Roſs having repeated her comfort, ſtept into the coach with Miſs Singleton and drove to King's-bench. Mr. Hunt appeared before her with the conſcious dignity of an injured man. She felt herſelf the culprit, and aſked his pardon. They underſtood each other preſently. She intended to have ſent him rapidly home to his wife, but ſoon found ſhe had not credit to obtain his releaſe. She drove to Cromford's. He was unfortunately out; ſo that ſhe was under the neceſſity of going to her lodgings for money to pay a debt due to herſelf. I believe

the caſe is ſingular. At length ſhe got him releaſed, and carried him to his own houſe, where, in the meeting of his wife and children, ſhe enjoyed the moſt exquiſite pleaſure, that minds of a certain unhappy caſt can receive. There are ſouls more ſubſtantially formed, who had rather eat veniſon.

As Mr. and Mrs. Hunt ſeemed at preſent too high ſet for the dull converſation of buſineſs, Miſs Roſs took her leave, inviting herſelf to breakfaſt the next day. On her way home ſhe called at Cromford's, with malice ſhe confeſſes in her heart. He was gone to the King's-bench.

The next morning, ſhe was waited upon by one of Mr. Cromford's clerks, who brought her the money ſhe had paid the day before, the remainder of the notes and bonds, all but Mr. Cromford's own, and a letter from his maſter; wherein he informed her that as ſhe had thought proper to ſet Hunt free without his conſent, it was evident ſhe intended to act for herſelf, and therefore he had ſent — et cetera, et cetera — not deſiring any longer to be the agent of a lady of ſuch a capricious turn.

All

All ſhe ſaid to the Clerk, was, very well; and not having time to examine the notes and bonds, ſhe went directly to Fare-ſtreet. The ſhop was ſtill ſhut, and Mr. Hunt who received her, had an air of dejection. When ſhe enquired into the cauſe he told her, that notwithſtanding her great goodneſs, which he moſt ſincerely acknowledged, ſo great muſt be the run upon him in conſequence of his arreſt, that it was impoſſible he ſhould ſtand it. He had therefore made up his mind about the matter, and had determined to ſell all up; pay his creditors, and begin again with what was left.

This was a conſequence, however, Miſs Roſs could not bear, and by mere dint of obſtinacy, ſhe drew from the delicate mind of Mr. Hunt that about four hundred pounds might ſtand his run; but that it would be ſix months before he could wholly repay it, and twelve before he could pay the original loan.

The original loan, Mr. Hunt, ſays ſhe, ſhall never be required; I make a preſent of it to Mrs. Hunt, and a poor one too, for the anguiſh I have inadvertently cauſed her;

her; and if you can ſupport yourſelf by the loan of four hundred pounds for ſix months, or twelve, or by twice the ſum if neceſſary, it is at your ſervice; and I ſhall be happy in having been able to repair my error.

I leave you, Davis, to imagine all the fine things that gratitude ſaid, and goodneſs returned: Shop was directly opened; Mrs. Hunt's pretty features recovered their harmony; Mr. Hunt the lively ſharp air of a London citizen; and Miſs Roſs her ſpirits.

Not to diſcompoſe them again, ſhe devoted the remainder of the day to amuſement; the next ſhe miſſed her bond. She wrote a civil note to Mr. Cromford, requeſting him to return it. The anſwer was that her note was unintelligible. She endeavoured to explain it. Mr. Cromford's memory was defective; he totally forgot the bond, and the debt alſo. She called three times. He was always out. It became neceſſary to think of taking advice, and ſhe had the whimſical peculiarity of deſiring to be recommended to an honeſt Counſellor, as if ſhe had been

ignorant

ignorant of that well tried maxim, ſet a thief to catch a thief. Somebody as ill informed as herſelf, ſent her to me, and I have given her ſome advice which ſhe has taken, *and ſome which ſhe has not.* Cromford is almoſt brought into ſubjection, by my airs, as I am by her's. Pray for me, Harry. My prayers are offered to a deity, not perfectly pitileſs neither; for though ſhe will not gratify my wiſhes, ſhe ſays ſhe will one day tell me a tale, that will cure them. Thine,

WILLIAM WYMAN.

Mr. DAVIS to Mr. WYMAN.

Barham Downs.

WELL! let the ſtricken deer go weep! But is it not atrocious, William, endeavouring as thou haſt endeavoured, to ſteel thy heart againſt that curſed ſenſibility, that thou ſhould'ſt at length be wounded with an arrow dipped in its unhallowed dew!

Cupid

Cupid did not take his ſtand
On a widow's jointure land;
Neither did he ſet his foot
On a tall tree's antient root;
But the random boy, Oh dear!
Dipped his arrow in a tear;
And did make a ſad example,
Of a wretch who dared to trample
On ſacred ſenſibility.———

Vile ſlanderer of thyſelf! Where are now thy ravings? Wilt thou at length acknowledge, that in the whole compaſs of nature, there cannot be an object ſo intereſting to a MAN, as a beautiful woman; exerciſed in acts of mild benevolence? Go on, lovely Miſs Roſs; Macte virtute eſto; and may thy kindred angels inſpire thy gentle heart, to puniſh firſt, and then reward.

Oh but the tale——that is to pour the healing balm, into thy wounded boſom. Ladies there are, who could if they would, tell tales of themſelves, would cure the arranteſt puppy of his love. But theſe will not—and Miſs Roſs cannot. Tell her, I defy her. Thine,

HENRY DAVIS.

Mr.

Mr. Wyman to Mr. Davis.

London.

THY poetry, Henry, is juſt as good as thy penetration; and thou haſt learnt, of our moſt worthy moſt chriſtian neighbour, to chant forth thy Te Deum, with a full throat indeed, but without a victory. It is true, Miſs Roſs has pitiful nerves; but I forgive her this, in favour of a certain Amazonian goodneſs, ſo very much unlike the feeble, gaſping, dying virtue of the generality of the ſex——— That is to ſay in, London, Mr. Davis; ſacred be the country, and the country maids. I'll quarrel with no man. But about this ſame love, Henry; I will point thee out a diſtinction. I love—naturally; thou—elegiacally, after the manner of Tibullus. I ſwear I will have her—if I can. If I cannot, Henry; mark. No dying, or getting drunk. No green ſickneſs. No pining in deſarts. I will bully myſelf into reaſon—as I would thee. And ſhe has told me the medicinal tale—and ſhe has given

given me leave to communicate. This favour thou oweſt to thy Apoſtrophe. Thou wilt know by it, ſhe is a woman.

But the manner of telling this tale, Henry? Her's is frank, eaſy, ſometimes humorous, but always tender, always modeſt. The two latter I cannot imitate. I will tell it thee therefore MY OWN WAY.

In the midſt of a dark and diſmal night in the month of February, a poſt-chaiſe conducted by a neighbouring farmer, and his ſervants, arrives at the village of Llew a little out of the road from Cheſter to Holyhead. The travellers were a gentleman and his ſervant going poſt to Dublin. Their chaiſe had been driven againſt another in the night, and thrown into a ditch. The gentleman's left arm was broke, and he had a wound upon the head from which the blood flowed plentifully. The ſervant, leſs hurt, ſcrambled to the farmer's houſe, conducted by the glimmering light of the kitchen. The farmer roſe with the mingled iraſcibilty and kindneſs of a welchman, muttering, it was tamn'd ſhame for gentlemen to ride in the night, and preak their pones, and

tiſturb

tiſturb quiet people; but was very alert notwithſtanding, in giving all the aid in his power.

He conducted the chaiſe to the houſe of Mr. Roſs the ſurgeon, under whoſe care, he left the travellers, having been liberally rewarded.

Now, if I do not tell you, their wounds were dreſſed, the bone ſet, the chaiſe diſmiſſed; and that they were refreſhed with cordials, and put to bed; there will be a chaſm in the ſtory; and if I do, there will be a chaſm in my ſyſtem; which is, not to ſay a ſyllable of thoſe ſmall circumſtances, which *muſt* follow the things that have gone before.

A Lawyer clipping the wings of circumlocution, will at leaſt be a curioſity.

Mr. Roſs's family conſiſted of himſelf; his daughter Kitty, a girl of ſixteen; an apprentice lad; and Suſan a maid of all work. The morning had aſſembled theſe altogether in the kitchen to a breakfaſt of milk pottage, for the ſurgeon-apothecary though a great man in his way, was almoſt as poor as a Welch parſon. They were deep in ſpeculation and conjecture concern-

ing the quality of their gueſt, but had agreed in nothing, except that by the information of a red coat, and a cockade, he was an officer, when the ſervant came in to deſire Mr. Roſs's attendance upon his maſter. Overnight this man of ſcience feared a fracture of the ſcull; a matter ſomething above his abilities. In the morning it appeared to be a cut, the principal danger of which was, that it would heal too ſoon for him to boaſt of it's being the greateſt cure performed in all theſe parts. As to the broken bone, it was ſo common an affair, that Mr. Roſs's reputation was concerned to diſmiſs it hung in a ſling in eight days at the fartheſt. But as this might not be altogether ſo agreeable, he was obliged to exert his ſkill in keeping the wound of the head in ſuch a ſtate as to juſtify a longer detention; and when the officer demanded his opinion, he anſwered with great ſolemnity of aſpect, that could he, as he hoped, be able to repel the attack of the febriolous matter, and prevent a collection under the Occiput, ſo as to eſtabliſh a cure in thirty days, an account of it would make a conſpicuous figure in the medical commentaries. The

The officer gave this practitioner what credit he thought proper, and ſecretly determined to ſend to Cheſter for better advice; but as he was charged with diſpatches of ſome importance, he found it neceſſary to ſend forward his ſervant to Dublin, which he did on the following day.

The ſervant therefore had this day only to tell his own tale, and his maſter's, and being a man of gallantry he told it to Suſan with ſuch eloquence, and ſo much á la mode de ſon pays, that Suſan declared him the beſt ſpoken man ſhe had ever ſeen in her born days.

My Father, ſays he, was a gentleman of the very greateſt diſtinction amongſt the antient families, that defended their liberties againſt King Henry the Second, and there they loſt their all, and their lives into the bargain, ſo that my father had no other inheritance but four acres of land, and a houſe at the bottom of it; and as this was as well cultivated as any potatoe plantation in the country, my father and mother and ſeven ſons and daughters might have lived at their eaſe in it like gentlefolks. But every body, Mrs. Suſan, don't know when

they are well; and for my part, I conceived the noble ambition of recovering the inheritance of my anceſtors, by the ſword. For this laudable purpoſe I enliſted in the army, and carried a brown muſquet about two years, in all which time no enemy appeared in the field of battle againſt us.

Now you muſt know, Mrs. Suſan, that our corps was quartered in Dublin which is the fineſt city in all England; and the time I had to ſpare from the duties of my profeſſion, I devoted to the ſervice of the ladies, who are very handſome, and ſome of them ſo good natured they cannot find in their hearts, to deny a pretty fellow any thing. I always loved good nature, and therefore never was better pleaſed than when in the ſociety of theſe engaging creatures, and was always happy in defending them from inſult.

One night it happened that a riot aroſe in a houſe where a few of theſe ladies had aſſembled together, in order to amuſe themſelves with two gentlemen of the army, and two of the univerſity. The ſword and the gown, Mrs. Suſan, have been at variance from all antiquity, as that fine Roman hiſ-

tory

tory wrote in queſtion and anſwer informs us. So it fell out this night, but contrary to the uſual courſe of things, the gown this evening bore away the military palm from the ſword itſelf. Death might have enſued, if I and one of my comrades had not marched boldly to the field of battle, and ſeparated the valiant combatants.

One of them, juſt ſinking under the chance of war, proved to be my preſent maſter, the honourable Mr. Corrane, ſecond ſon to the Earl of Cronnot, the nobleſt, braveſt, moſt generous gentleman in all Ireland.—And the gentlemen of Ireland are as much above the gentlemen of England, as a potatoe is above a turnip. Ah! Mrs. Sukey I wiſh I had time to make you conceive ſomething of an Iriſh gentleman; by Jaſus, he will make an Engliſhman drunk ten times in five hours, and run him through the body, before he has time to draw his ſword. And then for a pretty girl, oh, let him alone for finding the neareſt road to her heart. Well, the honourable Mr. Corrane was ſo grateful for the ſuccour my invincible arm had afforded him, that he choſe to

have me always about his perſon, as the moſt honourable reward for my ſervice; and I have had the honour to be his friend and intimate companion ever ſince.

Oh Mrs. Sukey! how do I now wiſh, I had had the good fortune to have broke an arm, or a leg; or to have cracked the occiput. Then would your gentle hand Mrs. Suſan have poured the oil of goodneſs into all my wounds, eſpecially into my wounded heart, which you have tranſfixed with Cupid's keeneſt arrow. But I will fly on the wings of friendſhip to dear Dublin, and back again on the wings of love.

Mrs. Suſan's wiſhes run nearly the ſame courſe as the gallant Mac Dermot's, only ſhe could not comprehend how the ladies of Ireland ſhould be more good-natured than thoſe of England or Wales.

Having diſmiſſed the ſervant, let us now attend the maſter, who had the misfortune to be transfixed as well as Mac Dermot.

After the departure of the latter it fell to the ſhare of Miſs Kitty to be the principal attendant upon the honourable Mr. Corrane. Kitty was the opening roſe,

about

about to diſplay its beauties and its ſweets; and never was there a fairer bloſſom, if one may judge by the full blown flower.

The honourable Mr. Corrane had a paſſion for roſe buds, and a few of Kitty's ſimplicities had leſſened his impatience to be at Dublin, and quite cured him of all inclination to ſend for medical aid to Cheſter.

He was a young man whoſe character was not fully developed; time was wanting to confirm his opinions, and ſtrengthen the powers of the mind. His education had been as liberal, as his expectations were large. He was undoubtedly a man of modern honour, and might turn out a man of antient honour alſo, for any thing he yet knew to the contrary. In ſhort, he was as moſt young men are; a reed bending with the wind; and likely to come out a great or little man, as ſituation and circumſtance might determine.

When Kitty firſt caught his attention, he thought her a very pretty child, who would ſoon be a beautiful woman. By and by, ſhe wanted ſo little of the woman, that

that the imagination might compleat the work of nature, with more eaſe than nature herſelf could do. The honourable Mr. Corrane ſet about the work with ſuch delectability, that had he been endued with the power of creation it is probable, he would ſooner have thought of making a pretty girl, than a world. In a few days, his honour began to be ſtung by ſome flying cupidities which he flapped off as well as he was able, with a fan made up of broken bits of honour and humanity. Unfortunately, the fan wore out apace, and by the end of the week was all in tatters. He ceaſed to make uſe of it, and then clearly perceived, that in kiſſing a pretty girl, there was no moral turpitude whatever.

It was poſſible however; that Kitty, one way or other, young as ſhe was, might have formed a different opinion, and he therefore thought it neceſſary to conſult her upon the ſubject.

I have been ſo happy, Miſs Roſs, ſays he, in your father's care and your kindneſs, that though my duty will ſhortly call me away, I feel I ſhall leave you with no little anxiety.

Your

Your honour is very good, replies Kitty.

But you are not ſo good, Miſs Roſs, for you have ſtolen my heart, and whether aſleep or awake, in this world or the next, I ſhall always be thinking of the pretty thief.

Your honour is pleaſed to flatter, replies Kitty.

No, my charming girl, taking her hand and putting it to his lips; no Kitty, you are the moſt angelic creature my eyes ever beheld; and when I leave you, my life will be a burden.

Lord! how can your honour talk ſo, ſays Kitty?

I could talk ſo for ever, giving her a kiſs.

But it would not become me to hear you, ſays Kitty, going away abruptly.

Stay, dear Kitty, ſays his honour, you know not how you torment me. What ſhall I ſay to perſuade you, how much I love you?

Nothing, replies Kitty; your honour will never perſuade me to any ſuch thing; and what good would it do if you could? I'm too young to be married; and too poor and too low ever to marry ſuch a gentleman.

gentleman. And I'm ſure your honour's too good, and too tender-hearted ever to think of me in a bad way.

Sweet ſimplicity! ſays he. What a wretch muſt he be, who injures it!

Applauding himſelf for the virtue of this ſentiment, he permitted Kitty to go away, and began to think ſeriouſly of his own departure. For notwithſtanding the great abilities of Mr. Roſs in his profeſſion, Mr. Corrane found his wound ſo free from pain, and his arm in ſo good a a way, that he was ſenſible his journey might be continued without danger. Under the influence of this reſolution, I will ſtay only one day longer ſays he, and I will ſpend it in fortifying Kitty in ſentiments of virtue. The former part of this intention he announced to Mr. Roſs the ſame evening at ſupper, preſenting him with a twenty pound bank note, and a ſpeech in praiſe of his abilities.

Mr. Roſs accepted both with great expreſſions of gratitude, but wiſhed his honour was not too precipitate.

I am equally bound, ſays his honour, to the kind care and attention of your amiable

amiable daughter, to whom I muſt make a preſent of the ſame value, preſenting her with a note, and ſhall remember her aſſiduity on my behalf with extreme pleaſure.

Kitty took the note, bluſhed, curtſied, and ſighed, and his honour after a profuſion of pretty ſpeeches, in the manufacture of which, he was an adept, retired to his apartment.

Kitty retired alſo, and revolved all his honour's fine ſayings over and over again, with a very excuſeable vanity; but mixed ſhe knew not why, with a profuſion of ſighs and tears. Her ſleep that night was the ſweeteſt ſhe had ever experienced, for it brought his honour's image——ſo kind and ſo courteous.

With his honour, it fared much worſe; Whilſt he lay awake, the gentle Kitty filled his head, and when he ſlept, his arms. His new acquired virtue was ſcarce able to ſuſtain the ſhock.

He roſe late, complained of a violent head-ach and ſummoned Kitty to his aſſiſtance. Mr. Roſs had rode out to viſit a patient, Suſan was immerſed in houſehold duties, and the apprentice was buſy in the ſhop.

ſhop. A gentle languor and dejection, ſuch as Kitty had never ſeen before, had ſpread themſelves over his honour's features.

My dear Kitty, ſays he, I am very ill, pray ſit down by me. Feel how quick my pulſe is. I ſhall die Kitty, but I ſhall die in your arms, and that will be preferable to living out of them.

Kitty anſwered only with ſobs and tears.

What would I give, ſays he, to have this dear, this tender boſom, always to reſt my head upon, when it aches as it does now. His action was accordant to his ſpeech.

Kitty's dear and tender boſom, panted under it's burden. There was ſomething ſo ſweet in his honour's careſſes—but there was a conſciouſneſs of ſomething wrong in them alſo—an unmatured idea—a glimpſe of reaſon, not ſhining with a ſteady ray; but glancing only through her imagination.

His honour took another kiſs from her ſweet lips, but accompanied with ſuch ſweet words, and ſo—almoſt paternally, that ſhe could not reſent. He kiſſed her boſom too, white as the ſnow drop, which hitherto no envious gauze had covered.

Whilſt

Whilſt this poor innocent was thrilling and trembling at all theſe movements, ſcarce alive to any ſenſation but of ſoft unutterable tenderneſs, his honour's erroneous hand raiſed the All of virtuous ſtrength poor Kitty was able to command. She ſprung from his lap, tottered towards the door, and ſunk before ſhe reached it, with the exceſs of her agitation.

Mr. Corrane, aſhamed, confuſed, and penitent, lifted the unreſiſting maid more dead than alive to a couch; kneeled before her; wet her lilly hands with his repentant tears; a thouſand and a thouſand times aſked pardon for his involuntary indiſcretion; vowed eternal deſtruction upon himſelf if ever he injured ſuch ſweetneſs, innocence, and beauty; made profeſſions of everlaſting love; called her his lovely wife; and ſwore to make her ſo in the face of men and angels.

Kitty unable to reſiſt the flood of tumultuous ſenſations, gave herſelf up to be plundered without reſiſtance; his honour's penitence and virtue were loſt in the conflict; and the ſcene was———Ruin.

Harry,—Farewell.

Mr. Davis to Mr. Wyman.

Barham Downs.

THOU haſt a heart, William, as ſoft and gentle as a virgin's. Whether thou aſſumeſt an air of aſperity, and ſtormeſt at the world, and Me; or endeavoureſt to throw an air of playfulneſs or ridicule over a tale of love and innocence; its tenderneſs is conſpicuous. Why art thou aſhamed of it? For my part, I am not aſhamed to confeſs a feeling heart; nor ſcruple to own that Kitty's ruin has coſt me many a tear. I am not yet ſo callous with virtue, as to blame her with ſeverity; even the honourable Mr. Corrane claims ſome abatement of the horror I hope I ſhall always feel for the *murderer* of innocence. Though he wiſhed to commit the crime, he did not dare to premeditate it.

This little ſtory of Miſs Roſs, as far as it goes, I have taken the pains to write over again, juſt as I ſuppoſe Miſs Roſs herſelf would have told it; and calling it

a fact

a fact of the laſt century, read it to Miſs Whitakers, and Miſs Delanes.

The two firſt honoured it with their tears. Miſs Amelia Delane, vain of her intellectual accompliſhments, for her father has taught her Latin, obſerved, that in favour of this young lady, nothing could be alledged; no arts of ſeduction were uſed; no train of dark contrivances. She fell at the firſt attack.

Unfeeling pedanteſs, ſays I to myſelf; thou art no wife for me. That, replies Annabella, is, in my opinion, preciſely the circumſtance which moſt entitles her to compaſſion. She ſunk under the full force of her own ſtrong ſenſibilities. Can any other poſſible compulſion be half as powerful? A few minutes time for recovery might have ſaved her, and ſaved her forever.

I would love thee, dear Anna, thought I, if I durſt.

Amelia replied, ſhe did not very well underſtand what was a want of virtue, unleſs yielding to deſire might be called ſo.

Doubtleſs it is, ſays Annabella, but I confeſs I am much Miſs Delane's inferior

in ſagacity, if the word be remarkably applicable to the caſe of this young lady.

Miſs Delane was going to enter into the proof of it's being ſtrictly ſo.

Annabella bluſhed and endeavoured to change the diſcourſe.

Amelia renewed the attack. Miſs Peggy ſaw her ſiſter's uneaſineſs. Very true, Miſs Delane, ſays ſhe, interrupting her in the midſt of a ſentence, I am always edified when you are kind enough to declaim en Philoſophe. And what ſignifies after all, from what motive a woman loſes her virtue? When it's gone, it's gone. Who conſiders any thing but the fact itſelf? Suppoſe the lover of this lady had tempted her with a purſe of an hundred guineas, and the gingle had ſilenced the feeble voice of virtue, would this have made any difference? A Judge upon the bench equally condemns a felon to the gallows, whether the thing purloined be of the value of two pound or two hundred. And this is right Mr. Davis, is it not?

It is not, Miſs Peggy.

No,

No, Sir? Then be ſo good to give us your opinion of the degree of this young lady's guilt.

I am ſorry to give a decided opinion againſt that of a lady ſo ſenſible as Miſs Delane; but when I conſider the young lady's youth, her inexperience, her reſpect and even affection for the gentleman, the novelty of her emotions, the unguarded moment; altogether, in my eyes, do away the fault, almoſt to nothing.

I was thanked by Annabella by a look of inexpreſſible ſweetneſs; by Miſs Delane, with a flirt of the fan, and a toſs of the head.

Oh! ſays Miſs Peggy, if girls could always be aſſured of ſuch Father-Confeſſors, who would not become good Catholics?

The converſation was running on in this ſtrain, when a ſervant entered with a card which he delivered to Miſs Whitaker. A flush overſpread her cheeks as ſhe read, which was immediately ſucceeded by a deadly pale. Lord Winterbottom, Siſter, ſays ſhe. Peggy reads, and puts up her pretty lip. "Lord Winterbottom's and

Captain Wicherley's compliments to Miſs Whitakers, will do themſelves the honour to drink tea with them this evening if unengaged."

Here enters Mr. Juſtice Whitaker with a complimentary note alſo from my Lord. Girls, Girls, my Lord and the Captain, come, put on all your charms, as the poet ſays. Hay, Mr. Davis, how do you do, Mr. Davis? Do you know my Lord, Mr. Davis? a very great man, Sir. Expects a ſecretaryſhip. A great politician.

I have not the honour to be known to him, ſays I; and at preſent I have not the ambition. I will therefore retire.

Miſs Delane ſeemed pleaſed. Annabella looked a kind diſſatisfaction. Peggy alone found her tongue.

Why ſo, Mr. Davis, are you afraid of a Lord?

I am, Miſs Peggy, and of a lady too, warm from the Pantheon and the Carliſle-Houſe.

Oh, there will be the prettieſt oppoſition of notions. You muſt ſtay to oblige me.

You

You tax me, Miſs Peggy, to the height of my politeneſs. If I only wanted inclination, I would oblige you with pleaſure, but, for the bon ton and all its appurtenances I have an unconquerable antipathy.

Pſhaw, pſhaw, prithee man, ſays the Juſtice, ſtay. We ſhall hear how the world and the war goes.—My Lord's at the bottom of every thing.

Come Sir, ſays Peggy, no ſinking of the nether lip. Take your violin, and accompany me to the harpſichord. Learn a little docility. What a monſtrous creature muſt a man be, with no will but his own.

Conquered by this agreeable raillery, I took the fiddle and played with an unuſual want of execution.

I declare the fiddle's ſulky, ſays Peggy.

I believe, ſays I, it has caught your ſiſter's dejection. See.

Take no notice, ſays ſhe, ſoftly; I will tell you the cauſe another time. Come Sir, let us try this lively piece of Tartini's.

Whilſt we were in the midſt of it, entered my Lord and the Captain. My Lord advanced towards Annabella, as if

to ſalute her. She, with a kind of fearful politeneſs, drew a few ſteps back. My Lord changed the ſalute into a general bow.

After we were ſeated and general courteſies performed, the Juſtice began the diſcourſe.—Well my Lord,—Warm work in the two houſes—you carry every thing before you——victorious at home and abroad—

Yes, replies the Peer, applying his finger and thumb to a fine diamond ſnuff-box, and diſplaying a beautiful brilliant: Yes,—His Majeſty's arms and councils are attended with the moſt compleat ſucceſs.

And Oppoſition, poor devils, ſays the Juſtice.

Are ſilenced and put to flight, replies my Lord. And how ſhould it be otherwiſe? For wiſdom and fine parts, his Majeſty's cabinet, although I have the honour to be of it, is abſolutely ſuperior to any thing the univerſe has yet beheld. A firm band, Mr. Juſtice; a manifold cord that never ſhall be broken. The Lord Chancellor indeed, is not exactly the thing,——a—a—a—

At

At this inſtant entered Sir Ambroſe Archer, who calls here without ceremony. This produced a little reiteration of the ceremonials; which ſubſiding—Hah, well my Lord, ſays the Juſtice—

Oh, ſays my Lord, what was I ſaying? ſomething in praiſe of my Lord Chancellor, was not I?

I think you were, my Lord, ſays I.

Yes, yes, replies he, a man of fine parts, extraordinary fine parts——penetrating——nervous——but rough——very rough. And then he has a way, a ſort of a manner of his own, that is not altogether agreeable—Is too apt to break out into fantaſies of his own—not ſyſtematic enough—too much of the juſtly exploded mode of conſidering in a queſtion——only the queſtion itſelf.

Why what the devil would you have him conſider? ſays Sir Ambroſe.

Oh, there are a thouſand little adjuncts, replies my Lord, little collateral circumſtances, that might appear trifles to the public, becauſe the public is never permitted behind the ſcenes; but of which government knows the importance. Little things

things are only little, in the eyes of men of ſmall parts. *We* know they are the true hinges on which the doors of government turn.

Why really, cries Sir Ambroſe, I think they are. But is it true, my Lord, that the Chancellor has refuſed to put the great ſeal to certain matters agreed upon in the cabinet, merely becauſe they did not coincide with *his* peculiar ideas of right and wrong?

Yes, replies my Lord; and upon my honour, I confeſs, I don't underſtand a man's pretending to have more ſenſe and more probity than a majority of the King's cabinet council.

No, really, ſays Sir Ambroſe; it is a comical circumſtance. But he'll be wiſer in time.

Well but my Lord, ſays the Juſtice, is not it pity the King's Friends ſhould not attend a little bit more than they do to œconomy?

National œconomy, my dear Sir, is a very childiſh term. How can it have eſcaped the penetration of a man of your ſagacity, that the more government ſpend, the

the greater circulation is produced; and the greater the circulation, the wealthier and happier, the body of the people. In ſhort Sir, national wealth may be compared to the ocean: The Sun, which is the Government, exhales a part of it almoſt in an inviſible ſteam, and returns it whence it came, by a thouſand channels.

I proteſt, ſays the Juſtice, this is the prettieſt ſimile that ever I heard. Yes, yes, it muſt be ſo. What ſay you, Sir Ambroſe? What ſay you, Mr. Davis?

Sir Ambroſe replying only by a ſarcaſtic grin. Yes, ſays I, the ſimile is beautiful, and wants nothing of the perfection of a ſimile except a certain congruity to it's original. The earthly Sun exhales at preſent with ſo viſible a ſteam that it renders the air cloudy all around. By no means the *whole* of the exhalation returns from whence it came. And that which does, inſtead of having run through beds which refine and fit it for the ſervice of mankind, contracts a kind of putrefaction in it's paſſage, and infects the body politic with diſeaſe.

My

My Lord glanced a ſmile of diſdain upon me, and applying the finger and thumb to his noſtrils, every gentleman Sir, ſays he, has his own peculiar notions. I have been too long acquainted with mankind to wonder at abſurdity of any ſort.

A too great familiarity with abſurdity, my Lord, may poſſibly be the cauſe of that effect.

I have not the honour to know you, Sir, replies he, meaſuring me from top to toe.

The knowledge would do your Lordſhip no honour, ſays I.

By my ſoul, nor credit neither, replies the Captain, with ſomething of the brogue.

At this inſtant I happened to turn my eyes upon the ladies. Annabella turned pale; Miſs Delane bridled with pleaſure; and the cheeks of Peggy were fluſhed with tranſient anger.

You know Mr. Davis then, ſays ſhe to the Captain? Not I, faith, returns he.

Lord, Bella, ſays ſhe, I wonder hiſtorians ſhould perſiſt in that egregious error, that Ireland produces no venomous creatures.

This

This little ſally made the Captain ſcowl, my Lord ſimper, and Sir Ambroſe laugh aloud. Miſs Delane looked angry.

Pſhaw, hang your hiſtorians and your fiddle faddle, ſays the Juſtice; let's have a little more ſtate affairs. Is the lower houſe pretty quiet and ſtill, my Lord?

Why——pretty well—a few factious demagogues ſtill remain—but they are nothing—really nothing, in the hands of my Lord North.—

No really, nothing at all, cries Sir Ambroſe.

Such an univerſal genius; ſo guarded at all points— ſo prepared for attack, or defence—his wit ſo brilliant—his reaſoning ſo forcible———

At leaſt he can count twenty oftener, ſays Sir Ambroſe.

Now that is downright malice, Sir Ambroſe, ſays my Lord; every one allows my Lord North to have the fineſt ability—

Flex-i-bi-li-ty, drolly accompanies Sir Ambroſe.

And in ſhort that he is ſuch a man as the firſt miniſter of ſtate in England ought to be.

He is a man of moſt powerful perſuaſion, indeed; ſays Sir Ambroſe.

The diſcourſe was here interrupted by tea; after which the converſation turning upon the Ton, and the pleaſures of the town, which my Lord ſpoke of with rapture, I took my leave; and retiring to my cot, felicitated myſelf upon that happy ruin which reſtored me——to myſelf. William, I pity thee——Adieu.

HENRY DAVIS.

Mr. WYMAN to Mr. DAVIS.

London.

I Thank you, Mr. Henry Davis, for your liberal endowment of me, with a tender heart and virgin ſenſibility. This is compliment too. A plague of ſuch cant. Miſs, in a tender mood, hears a piteous tale, and weeps. But it is heavenly to weep for others woe. Miſs, who longs to be all angel indulges theſe "finer feelings

feelings of the ſoul," till ſhe becomes one lump of tender ſenſibility; or which is the ſame thing, one lump of affectation. Cheriſh Henry, this child of flattery and weakneſs in thy own foſtering boſom. I'll none of it.

If ever I condeſcend to give thee the ſequel of Miſs Roſs's ſtory, depend upon it, I ſhall ſtrip it of all Melpomene airs. I'll cater for no man's darling folly. At preſent, however, I have matter for thee, of another kind.

That celebrated vehicle of ſcandal, the morning poſt, has within a day or two, inſerted the following paragraph.

" It is reported that Lord C——n and Lady O——d have taken a trip to the continent together: She, to avoid the rage of an exaſperated huſband; He, the fury of an incenſed wife."

The Temple coffee-houſe, Henry, is the reſort of ſeveral of thoſe choice ſpirits of the preſent day, who ſometimes act a part in theſe little extravaganzas of love, and who prefer theſe choice morſels of the morning poſt, to any of the documents of my Lord Chancellor. To theſe Counſel,

learned in the law, I repaired for a ſolution of my doubts. They were actually buſy upon the ſubject. Without once opening the mouth of curioſity, I heard the joyous tale ſix different ways at leaſt, and with commentaries much more copious than the text.

Now, whether, when thou haſt peruſed this curious anecdote, thou wilt fall upon thy knees, and give heaven and thy Lucy thanks, as a wiſe man ought; or whether thou wilt cull the choiceſt flowers from thy bed of ſenſibility; I know not. Neither do I care. What is it to me that thy brother, and thy brother's wife; thy ſiſter, and thy ſiſter's huſband, reap a full harveſt of the ſeeds of folly, themſelves have ſown? What is to me the honour of thy family? Engender thy maggots as thou wilt, I will go on with my ſtory.

Yeſterday morning I was honoured with a viſit from one of the prettieſt gentlemen in nature. His buckles, formed into a half-moon, claſped his jetty ſhoe from ſide to ſide, and ſparkled like——themſelves. Silk ſtockings graced his legs, and his thighs were covered with Queen coloured breeches,

breeches, hanging in folds like empty bags, the faſhion of the day. From each fob depended a glittering chain, indicative of the automatons within. His waiſtcoat, inexpreſſibly engaging, flowered all over, and bordered with a running ſprig. His coat, a morning frock, of one of the new invented colours, that go before their names. The beauty of his head, beyond deſcription. A ring with a broad Cornelian, adorned the little finger of his left hand. His right ſwayed gracefully a clouded cane.

This elegant figure entered my chambers with a ſliding bow. The celebrated Mr. Hart, took infinite pains when I was ſeventeen to have made me capable of this grace; till one day having exhauſted the ſum total of his patience, he broke his fiddleſtick in a rage upon a pair of clumſy fiſts, whoſe gravitation baffled all his ſkill, and left Nature and my ſelf to deal it—as we could.

I had the honour, Sir, ſays he; to ſerve Lady Oſmond, in quality of valet de chambre, having had the misfortune to ſerve the brute Sir George upwards of a

year in the ſame poſt. My Lady is now taking a little innocent tour to the continent with Lord Conollan; and being in haſte, contented herſelf with my Lord's ſervant, ſo that I am thrown out of place by the accident. In conſequence, I went to wait upon Sir George for my wages. Inſtead of money, he gave me a fine variety of curſes, and concluded the entertainment by kicking me down ſtairs.

Indeed, Sir! upon what pretence?

Faith! a very odd one. For ſerving my lady with ſuperlative diligence.

Superlative diligence! Oh, he ſuſpected you to be aiding and aſſiſting in the affair betwixt my Lord and ſhe?

Upon honour, Sir, (glancing an eye down his waiſtcoat) I believe his ſuſpicions went deeper. He certainly thinks I have done him the favour——in my own perſon.

But he has nothing like proof of this I hope?

No Sir, no proof at all. A few trivial circumſtances. Nothing like proof Sir.

Well Sir, you beſt know how theſe matters ſtand. All we have to do, is to guard againſt any little traverſes, which is only

to

to be done by a perfect knowledge of what may be urged by the oppoſite party. But as this is an affair of honour, perhaps you think yourſelf under an obligation of ſecrecy———

Not in the leaſt, Sir. They have not treated me at all like a gentleman, and curſe me if I think I have the leaſt cauſe to ſtand upon honour with any of them.

Did you know Lady Oſmond in her maiden ſtate?

Nobody better Sir. She was Miſs Lucy Strode, a tradeſman's daughter with a ſmall fortune, and having ſome ſmall acquaintance with Miſs Oſmond, lived with her about a year before her marriage. She was a pretty girl enough, but damn'd artful; ſhe took in Mr. Henry Oſmond, Sir George's brother.

Did you know him, Sir?

Oh yes Sir, perfectly well. He was a merchant, and reckoned rich. A man of ſome ſmall accompliſhment I believe; but no ſpirit, no fire. Generous though to a fault, and in love with Miſs Strode á la folie. You muſt know Sir, I have the honour to be well with Mrs. Gadbury, Lady Conollan's woman, and if I can ever bring

bring myſelf to endure matrimony, I ſhall marry the girl. She is quite the confidante of her Lady, and it is by her means I know ſomething more of the matter than common.

And how did Miſs Strode draw Mr. Oſmond in Sir?

To give her two thouſand pounds, Sir; but indeed there would not have been much in that; for I believe ſhe would have had him, if he had not been ſo damn'd generous as to give his ſiſter five thouſand pounds, for which the girls uſed to ridicule him behind his back, and Miſs Strode never could abide him after. How the devil ſhe drew Sir George in to marry her, who ſeemed to have as little penchant for women as any man alive, I am at a loſs to comprehend. But ſo it was and moſt enchanting nuptials they have turned out.

Only figure to yourſelf an Engliſh Lady of Quality, married to one of the ſeven ſages of Greece. The gentleman riſes at eight, puts on a morning gown, a green pluſh cap, a pair of blue ſlippers, and with his garters in his hand, walks into his library.

There,

There, he draws himſelf three ſtrait lines upon a piece of paper, and writing A, B, C, and ſo forth at the corners, looks upon it with the moſt profound attention till ten. Then comes in his chocolate. After breakfaſt a turn in the garden, and a return to the library, from whence he never peeps till four, the hour of dinner. There he meets my lady, who roſe at one and has with great difficulty finiſhed her breakfaſt and toilette. It was not quite a month, before theſe dinners, when they happened to be tete á tete, were accompanied with little ſprightly dialogues of the following caſt, which were ſeldom interrupted on account of my preſence.

This is a damned fine life you lead, Madam.

Better, Sir, than no life at all.

What did I marry you for, Madam?

For no earthly purpoſe that I know of.

Was it not to bring me an heir to my eſtate; to ſuperintend my houſehold; and to be my companion when I choſe to relax the ſeverity of my ſtudies?

As to the firſt, Sir, as Madam Sevigne ſays, he that will have a ſon of his own, muſt

muſt take the trouble to get one. For the ſecond, I ſuperintend your houſehold as ladies of quality generally do; and from being a companion to a mere King Log, good Lord deliver me.

And do you imagine, my fine Lady, a man of ſcience can deſcend into the faſhionable frivolities of this half-witted age?

And do you imagine, my Sir John Brute, a woman of ſpirit can ſubmit to be immured with dead bodies? With the buſts of Archimedes and Euclid? With a huſband who ſleeps life away, and dreams of tangents, and bills of mortality?

Theſe little converſation pieces generally ended with as much ſpirit as they began, though with ſomething leſs elegance. Sir George always retired from them to his bottle; and my Lady to prepare for the opera, or a rout. He was uſually carried to bed at ten, and my Lady joined him about three.

I had the honour to attend her Ladyſhip in theſe expeditions, and the happineſs now and then to poſſeſs ſome little agreeable favours; but as I am not a man

to

to boaſt of a Lady's tendreſſe, you will excuſe my being particular.

Moſt willingly, Sir.

Lord Conollan was abſent I think about this time.

He returned in ſix weeks, in which time he had reduced his affections down to the bon ton ſtandard; and Lady Conollan, as my dear Gadbury informed me, was not above a week behind him. At the end of a month, my Lord had diſcovered that his Lady had nothing left which he cared a farthing about; and She, that my Lord's powers of charming woman-kind, lay wholly in his———Lordſhip.

The two ladies ſoon became inſeparable, and Lady Oſmond after the example of her friend, had card tables one night in every week, at which, in a few weeks, Lord Conollan was a conſtant attendant.

I have the vanity to believe that I know people of quality as well as any gentleman of my ſtation in town; and it inſtantly occurred to me, my Lord did not come there pour l'amour de ſa femme. For what then did he come? The anſwer always wounded *mon amour propre*; but the immenſity

immenſity of my buſineſs on theſe public nights, prevented the elucidation of my conjecture.

It was not long before I was *au fait* in this particular. Lady Oſmond began to be indiſpoſed a night or two in a week, ſo as to be unable to attend Lady Conollan in her engagements; and my Lord had the ſuperlative goodneſs to adminiſter condolence, preferably to all the joys of the bottle and the dice.

Sir George had no ſhare in theſe charming parties: He was regularly drunk in bed before the faſhionable hour of viſiting; and if the houſe had been on fire, not a ſervant in it would have gone to have troubled his repoſe.

The care of the Baronet's honour therefore fell upon my ſhoulders, and as it was a thing of weight, it was not long before I ventured to hint to my Lady, that there were impertinent people in the family, who aſſumed———a certain———licence ———of ſpeech———

My Lady replied in anger, ſhe believed there was no puppy in the family ſo impertinent as myſelf.

Whether

Whether impertinent or humble, blind or *clairvoyant*, happy or miſerable, returned I, with a moſt reſpectful bow, Iſhall always be your Ladyſhip's moſt obſequious and devoted ſlave.

Now Mr. Counſellor, I take this to be as pretty a ſpeech as half the upper houſe could have made on ſuch an occaſion. But, vanity apart, I am moſt happy in a promptitude of replication. *C' eſt mon fort.*

My Lady changed her frown into a ſmile, and regarding me with a certain eye, that ſaid, or ſeemed to ſay, thou art really a pretty fellow, I believe indeed, Jeſſamy, ſays ſhe, with a ſigh, you are capable of ſerving me with fidelity.

With fidelity unparalleled, my Lady, *Je vous aſſure*; *c'eſt mon ambition.*

And what do the fools ſay, Jeſſamy?

Something of your Ladyſhip's *tetes à tete* with Lord Conollan.

Sure they have not the impudence to think any thing paſſes betwixt my Lord and I, except the innocent pleaſures of converſation, or a game at piquet? Who are they, Jeſſamy? They ſhall be diſcharged directly. Is a Lady to ſacrifice

her happineſs or pleaſure to their opinions, truly?

By no means, your Ladyſhip. Only if your Ladyſhip thought it more prudent to ſee his Lordſhip ſometimes at another place, it might——leſſen the ſingularity.

You egregious blockhead! Would you have me run into actual guilt in order to avoid the appearance of it?

I would have your Ladyſhip happy. And would juſt humbly inſinuate that I have a ſiſter in Bond Street who lets lodgings, and has genteel apartments at preſent diſengaged, She would be moſt happy to accomodate your Ladyſhip.

I will poſitively hear of no ſuch thing; you preſume very much upon the mildneſs of my temper, to dare to mention it, Get about your buſineſs, Sir.

Neither Homer nor Virgil, as I remember, have laid down rules to know when a lady's heart contradicts her tongue. I have the vanity to think I know more of the matter than Seneca. I was not much out in my prognoſtics here. Lord Conollan only ſtaid twelve minutes and a half the following evening; and at his departure, clapping

clapping a purſe into my hand, informed me that I ſhould lay him under infinite obligation, by calling upon him at the Cocoa-tree the next night at ſeven.

My Lord's purſe, Mr. Wyman, contained exactly nineteen guineas, and one ſhilling. How the D—l the fellow could make ſo ungenteel a blunder, I am unable to conceive—for he certainly knows life, and has—to a certain degree—the Graces. It muſt be owing to precipitation.

At the Cocoa-tree, my Lord did me the honour to entertain me twenty minutes with praiſes of Lady Oſmond's wit, and virtue; lamenting that he could not enjoy the one, without expoſing the other to the rude licence of calumnious tongues. His Lordſhip concluded with compliments on my underſtanding and fidelity; with a requeſt that I would directly engage my ſiſter's apartments; and with a purſe of much more genteel as well as ſolid contents than the former, In ſhort a purſe of fifty guineas.

It was not without repugnance, Mr. Counſellor, that I ſerved my Lord on this occaſion. It was not only contrary to my

natural probity, but I experienced ſome of the keen pangs of jealouſy alſo. I made up my mind however by conſidering that no man living better deſerved the honour of cuckoldom than Sir George; and that I was not the firſt pretty fellow who had ſacrificed a *bonne fortune* in reverſion, to an intereſt in poſſeſſion.

Twice or three times a week they met at their new apartments, by the privacy of which they might have been rendered happy to this hour, but for an unaccountable unquality-like fit of the ſpleen, which ſeized upon Lady Conollan.

In certain caſes, I believe, we muſt allow the Ladies a due pre-eminence in fineſſe. Lady Conollan ſet my dear Gadbury to worm the ſecret from me; and ſuch is the power of blandiſhment, I truſted the dear creature with the whole tale before I had time to conſider that treachery might lie hid in a dimple.

To cut my ſtory ſhort, Lady Conollan runs with the ſtory to her brother, who found it difficult to conceive how any woman ſhould think of making a cuckold of a man of ſcience.

He

He applied upon the occaſion to Mr. Timothy Thiſtle, who had been the family ſteward forty years, and who had acquired ſome little aſcendency over Sir George by the influence of Grey hairs, and proverbs. By the help of a little invention of my own, I was ear witneſs to the following curious dialogue.

Timothy, ſays Sir George, my ſiſter informs me, Lord Conollan makes me a cuckold———Is it poſſible?

It is poſſible, ſays Timothy.

Yes, you fool, it is a thing that may poſſibly come to paſs without a miracle in the ordinary courſe of ſublunary events, but is it any how probable?

It is probable, replies Timothy.

Unconcatenating blockhead! I mean not that the matter is improbable, merely as they are Man and Woman; but conſidering them in the relation they ſtand in to each other, and to me. Can it be true?

It can be true, ſays Timothy.

The fellow is ſuperannuated!

The years of my life, ſays Timothy, are threeſcore years and ten, and my latter days are full of trouble and ſorrow.

And pray Sir, what extraordinary circumſtances have occaſioned this ſorrow and trouble?

The Maſter of this reſpectable houſe, hath too much knowledge, and too little underſtanding: The Miſtreſs, too much vanity, and too little virtue.

And pray, moſt ſententious and underſtanding Sir, how came you to have any knowledge of an affair ſo atrocious, and conceal it?

Either it would trouble your honour, or it would not; in the firſt caſe, it would have been prejudicial; in the latter, uſeleſs.

Did ever any body hear ſuch damn'd diſtinctions? Pray Sir, how came you to know any thing of the matter?

Partly I have information from my eyes, partly from my ears, and partly from my intellects.

What your wiſdom hath collected, will you permit your ſolemn tongue to utter?

Jaſper Jeſſamy (meaning me Sir) hath for ſome time paſt, though it ſeemed needleſs, been a greater coxcomb than uſual, hath uſed more pulvilio, hath beheld himſelf

ſelf more in the mirrors, and hath been more inſolent to his fellows. When I reproved him, he called me an egregious, and blind old fool, and told me there were more things in heaven and earth, than were dreamt of in my philoſophy. And thus ſpeaking, he glanced an eye of approbation upon his own ſweet perſon, and took ſnuff like the ſilken ſons of this generation.

Your honour knoweth there is no effect without a cauſe, and that woman cauſeth vanity. Lady Conollan returned from Italy, and introduced into this peaceful houſe, confuſion under the name of a rout. One of theſe evenings, as I ſat in my office, which your honour knows is upon the third ſtory, meditating on the vanities below, I heard a ruſtling of ſilks in the paſſage, and a whiſper alſo. Something entered my Lady's dreſſing-room; all was dark, and all was huſh, except a few ſoft murmurs. Nothing ſpoke aloud——except the couch.

Curioſity diſquieteth a man. I ſtole down ſtairs, and planted myſelf in a corner of the paſſage, leading to the grand apartments, juſt where the lamps

ſent

ſent forth a feeble, but ſufficient ray. Firſt came my Lady; two minutes after, Lord Conollan. I was ſatisfied; but I doubt your honour is not.

Damnation! Do you know any more?

Lord Conollan hath ſupped with my Lady two or three times a week, when indiſpoſition hath prevented her going abroad. All of a ſudden that hath ceaſed. My Lady ſmileth upon Mr. Jeſſamy abundantly. Something is in the wind.

I'll tell you what is in the wind. That raſcal bawd, that Jeſſamy, has got them rooms in his ſiſter's houſe to play their damn'd adulteries in. But they ſhall all feel my revenge. What method ſhall I take, Thiſtle?

Challenge Lord Conollan. He will run you through the body. This is ample reparation on his part; And you will die with the comfort of having done all that *honour* requires.

You are pleaſant, Mr. Timothy; but I am no fool of modern honour. Diſcovery, Divorce, and Damages, ſhall be my weapons of offence. But I will have a little perſonal revenge into the bargain. They

ſhall

ſhall know that ſcience may be called the mother of invention, as well as neceſſity. Come to me in two hours, Thiſtle; then you ſhall know my plot. I muſt employ you in it.

Thus Sir ended the dialogue. I, not liking the ſituation of things in general, flew to my ſiſter's. Told the tale to my Lord Conollan and Lady Oſmond. And what do you think they did? Curſe me if they did not go off for the continent in ſix hours, without the leaſt reward to my ſiſter, without the leaſt acknowledgment to me. My boſom glows with indignity at the remembrance. To compleat my diſgrace, Sir George, as I told you, kicked me out of doors without a farthing of wages.

Here Mr. Jeſſamy grew warm with the force of his own conceptions, and ſtrode my apartment in all the lofty majeſty of anger.

When he became ſomething capable of attention, with all poſſible civility, I thanked him for my entertainment; was ſorry any fantaſies of my own ſhould ſpring up to prevent my undertaking his cauſe with

with the ardour it deſerved. That he was the moſt compleat little raſcal I had the honour to know, and ought to have a lawyer dignified with the honours of the pillory. That I was unqualified for his ſervice by having taken a fee on the part of Sir George, which Conſcience preſented me with long before the concluſion of his tale; and that it was with ſome difficulty I prevailed on myſelf not to repeat Sir George's laſt courteſies to him.

Mr. Jeſſamy aſſumed a look as full of the Lion as the Sheep would permit——Damned himſelf—but it was moſt extraordinary uſage—and departed.

Davis——Farewell.

WILLIAM WYMAN.

Mr.

Mr. Davis to Mr. Wyman.

YOU was certainly wrong, Wyman, in your aſſertion that I ſhould become a miſanthrope by withdrawing from ſociety. I was more in danger in the midſt of ſociety itſelf. Shut up in the walls of my cottage, and employed only in the cultivation of a mind addicted to hilarity, I could have thought well of mankind, if I could have remained ignorant of it's actions. But what a tale haſt thou told me, William? What paſſions, what contradictory paſſions has it excited? Again are revived in dreams the fond, the melting ideas I was familiar with when I lay upon the boſom of my Lucy; I ſtart, affrighted at the unwelcome image of my brother's wife; but at the aſſociated idea of Lucy and Adultereſs, I grow chill with horror. In vain have you drawn the picture with the pencil of good humour; ſpite of myſelf, it lies before me ſtript of ornament, in all it's native uglineſs. Lucy and Lord Conollan!

Conollan! Love, Duty, Friendſhip, Conſanguinity, what empty names!

This quiet cottage, I vainly imagined, would have ſheltered me from moral as well as phyſical ſtorms. No. Miſery undeſerved is the produce of the plains, as well as peopled cities; and the ſympathizing heart, to be totally at eaſe, muſt have it's dwelling in the deſart.

Two days after the receipt of your's, I met Miſs Whitakers in the grove. Annabella was pale and languid. Peggy had the ſoft eye of pity and compaſſion. I was in the mood to ſympathize with any diſtreſs. We took a few turns almoſt as dumb as ſtatues.

At length, Siſter, ſays Miſs Peggy, it will be the prettieſt entertainment in the world to Mr. Davis to tell him a tale of love, eſpecially ſuch an one as your's with ſo much of the tender in it; or if you don't chuſe to be the relater of your own ſad haps, you have only to give me a commiſſion.

I dare not truſt you, Peggy, replies Annabella; the death of Deſdemona in your

your hands would turn out a tragedy *bien comique*. But the cauſe of my diſtreſs is not a ſecret; and if it was, it muſt be dangerous to reveal indeed, before I ſhould think I run a hazard in confiding it to Mr. Davis.

"The noble Lord Winterbottom," continues ſhe, "honoured me with a declaration of his paſſion about two years ago. I thanked him for the honour, but declined the acceptance. After a little fruitleſs perſeverance he withdrew his ſuit, and I heard no more of it till a little before Chriſtmas laſt. Then he was pleaſed to proteſt he found it abſolutely impoſſible to live without me, and applying at the ſame time to my Father, drew ſuch a picture of his own conſequence, that he gained him wholly.

"I am not, Mr. Davis, far gone in the romance of love. To love as the French call it, *á la folie*, or as the Engliſh ſay, to diſtraction, is in my opinion ſo far from laying the foundation of felicity in the marriage ſtate, that it endangers it. Paſſion carried to an extreme, uſually denotes a degree of weakneſs in the mind that ſuffers

it. Matrimony never fails to change thoſe ſupernatural ideas, that conſtitute this fanaticiſm of love; and it depends upon far different qualifications, whether eſteem or contempt ſhall be ſubſtituted in their ſtead.

" I have ſeen juſt enough," continues this amiable girl, " of faſhionable life, to know that I never could be brought to endure it. I do not pretend to juſtify this averſion; there may be ſomething wrong as well as right in ſingularity; but I cannot help it. My habits are thoſe of domeſtic ſtillneſs; my needle is an inexhauſtible ſource of tranquil pleaſure, and muſic, reading, painting, above all, my ſiſter's friendſhip, and the payment of the fond duties I owe my father; all together fill up the full meaſure of my happineſs. The common routine of viſits, though inſipid in the compariſon, I ſubmit to, as a tax due to ſociety; but to be engaged for ever in a round of pleaſures which never pleaſe!—

" Thinking in this manner, Mr. Davis, what ſuperior pleaſures can I expect from Lord Winterbottom's title and grandeur?

Yet

Yet I ſhould hardly venture to riſk my father's diſpleaſure on the mere ground of my diſlike to faſhionable life, were it not that I have ſtill ſtronger objections to my Lord himſelf. He is a gameſter and a debauchee; laughs at religion, and at moral ſanctions; and has private meanneſſes which in my notion of things, denote a corrupted heart.

" In vain I applied myſelf to his generoſity, and declared my averſion to matrimony in the ſtrongeſt terms. He laughed, and told me, nothing changes ſo ſoon as opinion, and eſpecially a woman's. At length I was reduced to the diſagreeable neceſſity of telling my Lord in plain Engliſh, I did not like him.

" His cheek fluſhed with reſentment, but he has learnt, at court I ſuppoſe, the applauded art of ſtifling his emotions. He bowed with the utmoſt politeneſs (how I deteſt theſe artificial manners!) ſaid he was ſorry he had not hitherto had the ſatisfaction of making himſelf agreeable to me, but as he was reſolved to redouble his endeavours for that purpoſe, he could not help flattering himſelf with ſucceſs.

" This was a long converſation, in which *I* endeavoured to prove the impoſſibility of ſuch an event; and *he*, that nothing on earth was ſo likely to come to paſs.

" But my Lord, ſays I, ſuppoſe I ſhould already have diſpoſed of my heart?

" *C'eſt une bagatelle*, Miſs Whitaker, ſays he, the moſt common accident of life. Young ladies do it every day with the greateſt facility. If you will deign to make me the happy maſter of your perſon, I will take upon myſelf the conſequences. I aſſure myſelf of your eſteem at leaſt.

" May I beg leave to aſk your Lordſhip upon what foundation you build this aſſurance?

" Oh, as to that, I muſt do myſelf the juſtice to ſay, that a man of my underſtanding, rank, and conſequence, cannot fail (whatſoever may be the caprices of taſte) of procuring reſpect and eſteem.

" I thought, my Lord, ſays I, Eſteem had been the creature of the milder virtues; Candour, Generoſity, Benevolence—

" Without doubt, replies my Lord, and I hope I may ſay without vanity I am not deficient in any of theſe?

" For

" For ought I know, your Lordſhip may doat upon them, and lock them up, as a miſer does his gold.

" You are very ſevere, Madam. And ſo it does not appear to you that I exhibit theſe virtues?

" I can only ſay, my Lord, you withhold them from me.

" You aſtoniſh me, Miſs Whitaker, if to adore you, to lay my rank and fortune at your feet; if to——

" Permit me to interrupt your Lordſhip; if a little plain common ſenſe will do our buſineſs, why ſhould we have recourſe to theſe ſublimities? Does your Lordſhip call it benevolence to perſecute one who never offended you? Does generoſity conſiſt in a regard for yourſelf alone? in an attention ſolely to your own wiſhes?—perhaps your wants?

" Wants, Miſs Whitaker!

" Wants, my Lord. A man of your Lordſhip's conſequence, cannot even ruin himſelf privately.

" Damnation! ſwore my Lord, and a few other flame-coloured ejaculations; and if he did but know the man that had thus

abuſed my ear, he would——cut out his tongue at leaſt.

" But it happens to be a woman, my Lord; poſſeſſed of ſo many thouſand tongues, that all your Lordſhip's proweſs will be thrown away.

" I believe my Lord began to fear, that fawning civility, he thought politeneſs, might be in danger of a defeat. All he had left, he made uſe of, upon this occaſion; that is to ſay, he took up his hat, muttered betwixt his teeth, that he ſhould find ſome happier opportunity, and making me a bow, low beyond all moderation, he retired.

" What repreſentation he made of this converſation to my father I can only judge of, by it's effects. His behaviour, before kind and indulgent, is now intemperate and cruel. He has aſſumed a language altogether new.

" O yes, indeed," ſays Peggy, " a ſtile poſitive and ſuperlative. You *muſt* marry my Lord, and you *ſhall* marry my Lord; for I have promiſed him; and I would not break my word for all the diſobedient daughters in the world.

" Yes

" Yes Papā, ſays I, but I ſuppoſe you promiſed with an If?

" If what? Miſs Pert, returned he.

" If my Siſter liked him, to be ſure.

" No, Brazen face, I made no ſuch condition. What! are you ripe to diſpute a father's authority?

" No, indeed Sir; none they can ſhew a good title to. But I am told there are people in the world at this day, who make a doubt whether a father can lawfully put his daughter to death.

" What then, impudence?

" Why, it is death you know Sir, to marry a young lady to a man ſhe hates. But Papa, don't you think my Lord would accept of me, inſtead of Annabella? I ſhall make a better wife for him than ſhe will; and ſooner bring him to repentance; which is a very deſirable thing for a Chriſtian ſinner, as my Lord is.

" The worſt of it was, my Father did not underſtand joking; and all we got by treating the matter in this way, was, a full aſſurance given in the very warmth of paternal affection, that if Annabella did not marry my Lord in a fortnight, he would

would turn her out of doors, and me after her. And thus ſtands the matter at preſent."

I had not the leaſt occaſion for words to teſtify my ſorrow for what I had heard. Though I had entertained no ſentiments for the ſweet Annabella that bore ſimilitude to what we uſually call Love, yet I felt an inexpreſſible ſomething that told me I could die to ſerve her.

In an hour of ſoftneſs I had already made the lovely ſiſters acquainted with my little hiſtory, without revealing the name or title of my brother: It affected their gentle natures with a generous pity; we often ſpoke of it, and made it the introduction to enquiries into the nature of thoſe phenomena in the creation, which go by the names of Man and Woman. Inſenſibly we had ſlid into that degree of familiarity which baniſhed all *unneceſſary* reſerve, and were perhaps become tender friends, without profeſſing friendſhip, or thinking of the name.

"Mr. Davis," ſays Annabella, when ſhe ſaw the expreſſion of my concern, "I have no right to trouble you thus, or add to ſorrows

ſorrows quite enough for man to bear. But you have a gentle heart, and the tenor of your life, and particularly the choice of poverty, and this retirement, convinces me you are untainted with the vices of mankind. To you, as to a brother, I could moſt willingly reſign the conduct of my life. Adviſe me in this moſt critical part of it, and if you can———Conſole me."

This generous confidence, William, what does it not deſerve? It is unneceſſary to give thee the remainder of the converſation, which was of that *feeling* kind againſt which thou hurleſt thy angry thunderbolts. It is ſufficient to ſay, I left the amiable girls happier than when I met them.

If it lies in thy way, or not extremely out of it, to make ſome enquiries into my Lord Winterbottom's life and converſation, I prithee do it. Thine

HENRY DAVIS.

Mr.

Mr. Wyman to Mr. Davis.

London.

WITHOUT better reaſon for incredulity than the mere impoſſibility of the thing, I ſhall as ſoon expect to ſee the Phœnix reviving from its aſhes, unſeen ſince the reign of the virtuous Tiberius, as a woman, the produce of this age, not charm'd with dreſs and trumpery, with racket and diſſipation.

And canſt thou, Henry, reſign up thy experience, thy ſtrong experience, to the motion of a pair of ruby lips? Again truſt a woman with thy heart? Or, becauſe wiſdom crieth loudly unto thee, "Love no more," doſt thou deceive thyſelf into a belief, thou lov'ſt no more?

Barham downs! The quiet cottage! The ſeat of tranquil joy! Where care can never come! O Cupid, God of battles!

Henry, if thou wiſheſt to avoid a ſecond ſhipwreck of thy peace, Steal off, and bury thyſelf in the ſolitude of Charing Croſs.

And

And yet, if there *could* be two ſuch women in the world as *thy* Annabella and *my* Roſs!—but it is impoſſible.

Of my Lord Winterbottom, ſomething I have the honour to know in my own perſon, and more from an intimate acquaintance, a man of undoubted veracity, except when he relates the follies and the vices of the herd of quality; his exhibition of theſe is indeed ſomething beyond human credit.

My Lord Winterbottom, according to this gentleman, is one of the moſt reſpectable of the claſs; who, though he is little more than thirty years of age, pays to Jew Annuitants the moderate ſum of 5700l. only, out of an eſtate of 9000l. per Annum; ſo that he has actually, a clear revenue of 3300l. a year. This enables him to ſupport Signora Mantorina of Milan, a Lady once celebrated at the opera there, for extreme agility; and for the ſupport of his houſehold, he has poſts to the amount of 4000l. per Annum——with perquiſites.

My Lord was at Rome, improving himſelf in Virtú, when an expreſs was ſent to notify the illneſs of his father.

He

He took poſt for England, but happening to call in at the opera at Milan, Signora Mantorina raviſhed him with her uncommon elevation of ſentiment.

Sentiment! ſays I, with an air of ſurprize.

"Sentiment," replies my friend. "Her le volts were the higheſt of any Saltatreſs in Italy; and it is an inconteſtible truth that the body is a mere inert and ſluggiſh maſs, when not *informed* by Mind.

"The Marquis of Carbatelli was at this time happy in the embraces of this Lady, for the paltry ſum of one hundred double piſtoles of Milan, which every body knows is about one hundred and fifty Engliſh guineas, per annum.

"My Lord, whoſe grief for his father's danger was abſolutely inſupportable, and the need of conſolation ſo much the greater, offered her five hundred guineas a year for life, and a thouſand during cohabitation; and whilſt the bargain was driving, ſent one of his ſervants with letters to England, expreſſing his ſorrow that a ſudden indiſpoſition had forced him to ſtop at Milan, but that in three weeks at fartheſt, he hoped

hoped to throw himſelf at his father's feet, and rejoice with him on his recovery.

" The ſervant was ordered to return immediately to Italy, with an account of his father's diſorder; upon the ſtrength of which, indeed, depended the complete cure of the ſon's malady.

" In the mean time, the Marquis Carbatelli, alarmed at my Lord's frequent viſits, demanded an explanation of the lady. The lady gave it him with that unbluſhing frankneſs, that demonſtrated her education to have been of the very beſt ſort.

" The Marquis talked of Honour, Gratitude, Priority of affection, and ſo forth; Signora put them into a pair of ſcales together with the hundred double piſtoles, and balanced them fairly againſt my Lord's thouſand guineas; the former flew up with ſuch a force of levity, that leſs than eight hundred guineas could not have reſtored the Equilibrium.

" All the hopes that remained to the poor Marquis, was that the old Lord in England might recover; but this feeble expectation was cut up at the root, by the

return of the ſervant at the end of thirteen days, with intelligence that my Lord had died the day before his arrival in England.

" You may imagine the increaſe of my young lord's affliction at theſe heavy tidings. He would have ſet out for England on the inſtant, but that he was obliged to wait one week for the Signora, now his only conſolation on this ſide the grave.

" The noble Marquis finding the Mantorina lend a deaf ear to all his paſſion and his pathos, changed his meaſures, and wrote my Lord a billet of infinite politeneſs, requeſting his company at a ſpecified time and place.

" My Lord anſwered it with the ſpirit of an Engliſhman, and determining to be early at the appointment, ſet out ſix hours before it was neceſſary; but his ardent courage rendered him ſo inattentive to ſurrounding objects, that he miſſed the road, and never found his error till he got to the top of mount Cœnis.

" It was now too late to rectify the miſtake, ſo that my Lord choſe coolly to proceed to Lyons and there wait the Signora. Within three hours of the notified time

time of her arrival, my Lord's valet ſaw the Marquis Carbatelli alight at the Fontaine d' Or, and communicated this intelligence to his maſter.

" My Lord was upon the point of abandoning himſelf wholly to the dictates of his courage, and to the deſire of revenge, when the image of filial piety preſented itſelf before his eyes, upbraiding him for having failed in the laſt duties to ſo good a Father. Unable to bear the reproach, he ſet out for England on the inſtant, allowing himſelf no repoſe, by day or night, till he came on board a Calais packet, in which he took a ſound nap to Dover. The next day his Lordſhip arrived ſafely at his houſe in Hanover Square.

" What paſſed betwixt the Marquis, and the fair Italian at Lyons, has not come to my knowledge. But it is certain the Marquis did not think proper to attend her to England, where ſhe arrived eight days after his Lordſhip, and condeſcended to fill up the meaſure of his happineſs, immediately on the receipt of a ſmall preparatory parchment, expreſſive of the trueſt affection.

" The harmony of this gallant couple has never once been interrupted during the ſpace of eight long years, except by a few bickerings ariſing from a ſuſpicion of contraband love on both ſides; his lordſhip entertaining now and then *pro tempore*, a nymph of King's place, or Duke's place, for I am no connoiſſeur in this ſpecies of geography, and the Signora addicting herſelf to the ſociety of the Venetian Ambaſſador. For the reſt of their feuds, they were not at all more in number or magnitude than ſometimes fall to the ſhare of Man and Wife.

" The life of a Lord," continues my friend, " conſiſts principally of his amours, his pottle deep potations, his politics, and his—hazards. If you deſire more of the firſt, apply to his boſom friend Captain Wycherley, who has had the honour to be ſuperintendant of my Lord's private pleaſures, ſome years.

" The manner how he came to this honour, belongs to the ſecond claſs, and is a very fooliſh ſtory, not worth your hearing, for bacchanalian exploits are too numerous, too ſenſeleſs, and unintereſting, to waſte a breath about."

I was

I was determined, Harry, to have all I could get notwithſtanding, and calling for another bottle of port, for which my friend has no ſmall reliſh, I paid him a few compliments on the manner of his telling a ſtory, and deſired him to proceed minutely.

" My Lord," ſays he, " and two young gentlemen of his acquaintance took it into their heads, by way of frolic, to go on horſeback to Burford races, without any other attendants than one ſervant each. Night overtook them at a ſpacious village in Oxfordſhire, poſſeſſed of one of thoſe comfortable inns, which make more caſe of a waggon than a coach. The ſole inconvenience, was that they were obliged to go to bed ſober; or to get drunk with ale, which ſtupifies the finer faculties; or with brandy that inflames them to a degree of inſanity.

" About the ſilent hour of twelve, perceiving themſelves raiſed above common mortality, one of them propoſed a ſally into the village, juſt to break a few windows, to kick the conſtables, and beat the watch. The ſervants being nearly as drunk

as themſelves, out they went in a body. It was the time of hay harveſt, a ſerene night, and the twilight ſtrong. Not finding conſtables and watchmen, they contented themſelves with throwing gates off the hooks, overturning waggons and carts into ponds and ditches, and other ſmall miſchiefs ſuch as the country afforded. At length my Lord, to the eternal honour of nobility, fell upon the moſt brilliant thought imaginable, which ſeemed inſpired by the genius of the place. This was no other than to let out all the hogs into the ſtreets and gardens. It had the fineſt effect in the world. The pigs ſet all the dogs a barking, the bulls roared, the calves bleated, and the affrighted horſes came upon the full gallop each to his own ſtable door.

"What with this, the cackling of geeſe and hens, and the goblobling of turkies, it was the fineſt tintamarre that could be conceived. The wits exulted, and ſwore the noted Buckhorſe never did any thing half ſo great. Some ſhouted to increaſe the concert, ſome ſung; they were at the very ſummit of rural felicity, when they felt

felt a ſudden ſomething applied with wonderful quickneſs to their backs and ſhoulders, by no means calculated to increaſe their pleaſures.

" In two minutes they were all laid ſprawling upon the ground, and howling for mercy; I am a Lord, ſays one; I am a Baronet, ſays another; I am a member of parliament, ſays a third.

" Males and females now came pouring in from every ſide. Woman, ſays one, if you'll believe me, there's not a pea nor a bean ſtanding in my garden, and I'm four months gone wi' child.

" And I promiſe you neighbour, ſays another, the pigs ha'n rooted up all my carrots.

" And Mrs. Topham's in fits, ſays a third, and like to miſcarry. And there's Molly Bird, as was married but this very morning, and the rogues cried fire juſt under her window.

" Let's ha' their hearts bloods out, cries half a dozen at once. The men readily reſigned their conqueſt, and the good women after pummeling and tearing till they began to be weary, dragged them

to

to a clay horſe pond, and plumped them fairly in, one after another.

" At this inſtant arrived the landlord of the inn, with the hoſtler, and Mr. Gregory Wycherley, the ſon of an Iriſh butcher of ſome property, who with a drove of fat oxen, had taken up his night's reſidence at the inn.

" The landlord began to harangue the croud, but the clacks of the women, with their eternal daſhing of muddy water upon the hapleſs culprits, quite ruined his oration. Mr. Gregory Wycherley who feared no man at quarter-ſtaff began then to lay about him, and being ſeconded by the hoſtler, ſoon diſperſed the females. The Landlord, too fat to fight, ſupplyed his own party with weapons from the neighbouring hedges, by the help of which they made a tolerable retreat to the inn door, where the villagers exaſperated at being likely to loſe their prey, renewed the battle ſtoutly.

" It was owing to the invincible force of Mr. Gregory's right arm, that at length they all got ſafely houſed, but ſo bruiſed, ſo battered, and ſo bemudded, that all the

ſtrength

ſtrength and ſpirits they had left, were but juſt ſufficient to put themſelves to bed, which they did not quit for the next ſix and thirty hours. Their levee was honoured with the preſence of the conſtable, who politely begged the favour of their company to the houſe of a neighbouring juſtice of peace.

" My lord and his companions ſwore oaths faſter than the Conſtable could count them, and Mr, Wycherley who had ſtaid at my lord's requeſt, gave himſelf twenty times over to the devil, that if ſuch an inſult was offered to my lord in his preſence, he would knock out the brains of the firſt ſcoundrel who ſhould attempt to attach him.

" The Conſtable was a principal farmer of the town, a man of ſenſe and ſpirit, and by good luck, knew ſomething of his office. Scowling contempt at Mr. Wycherley, Who you are Sir, I do not know, and to be plain with you, I do not care. But for this gentleman who calls himſelf a lord, and theſe other two, who ſtile themſelves gentlemen, I attach them now Sir, in your preſence, as diſturbers of the King's

King's peace, and deſtroyers of the property of his majeſty's ſubjects; and as for you Sir, dare to interrupt me in the execution of my office, and you ſhall feel the full effect of my power. If I dare do juſtice on a lord, I am not likely to be frightened at the menaces of a Bully.

" A mild venerable old gentleman, the Rector of the pariſh, who had entered along with the Conſtable deſired leave to ſpeak with my lord alone; My Lord retired with him into another apartment. Soon after, the Conſtable was ſent for, and the reſult was, my lord left one hundred pounds in the Rector's hands to be diſtributed amongſt the ſufferers in the proportion of their damage; the overplus to the poor. Thus ended this moſt honourable frolic, except that my lord took a liking to Mr. Gregory Wycherley, procured him a commiſſion, cauſed him to ſell it for half pay, rather than he ſhould go into America, and keeps him always about his perſon.

" As to politics," continues my friend, " they are above my depth. I have indeed dipped into hiſtory, eſpecially that of the

the Romans, and find that in the times of the republic, eſpecially the earlier times, it was the faſhion to live, to fight, to die, *pro patria.* When armies became mercenary, this feeling loſt ground. The ſoldier fought always for pay, and ſometimes for plunder; and the General alſo; and this ſeems to be the caſe at preſent all over the globe. However, abundance of fine things have been ſaid about the *Amor Patriæ* both in greek and latin, and ſome gentlemen who have a claſſical taſte, talk of it to this day; and this is all that can be expected. Moſt of the Engliſh writers I believe tranſlate this *Amor patriæ* by the ſingle word liberty, and there is reaſon to think our anceſtors might be in earneſt about the Thing. At preſent, we content ourſelves with enquiring into the gentleman's birth and parentage, how old he is, and when he will come to be a man. Dr. Price, a perſon of a penſive caſt, who ſeldom laughs, ſays, He is ſtill a child, and ricketty, and that the nation will go to the devil, for taking no better care of him. On the contrary, Mr. Eden ſays, he is as fine a youth as *need to be ſeen*, and the

the nation is a perfect paradiſe of wealth and happineſs. Having little elſe to do, I looked into both the books, and after a year's attention, for I would not decide haſtily, I made up my mind as to their reſpective merits. Dr. Price's book ſeems to me to have two unpardonable faults: Too much truth, and too little complaiſance. Mr. Eden's corrects theſe errors, and may, not improperly perhaps, be compared to a garden full of the ſweeteſt and fineſt flowers in the world, but with little or nothing to eat.

" Be this as it will, Mr. Wyman, ſince the world began there have been but two general ways to govern mankind, by Kiſſing, and by Kicking. And it is aſtoniſhing after ſuch a world of experience, ſtateſmen have not yet fully determined which is the beſt. It is owing to this I ſuppoſe, that the miniſtry of this enlightened age, kiſs their own countrymen upon one cheek, their beloved Iriſh upon both, and kick America with all their might."

By this time I began to perceive my friend was rather giving me a ſketch of his own politics, than of my Lord's; I endeavoured

endeavoured therefore to draw him back to his original ground; but I found by his ſparkling eyes and increaſed volubility, that orderly details were at an end.

"Zoons," ſays he, "what is to be ſaid of the opinions of a Man, who never formed an opinion in his life? To think for ones ſelf has no definition in the Court vocabulary. In the world at large indeed there are a few who think, and the reſt of mankind are their echoes. But at Verſailles, Madrid, and other places of this ſtamp, which are all mightily like each other, Courtiers are the univerſal echoes of thoſe that WILL, not of thoſe that think."

Sure, my friend ſays I, you carry your ſatire here rather too far; the common occupations of government, require intenſe thought, and unceaſing application.

"And where the d—l will they get it," ſays he? "You may compare government if you will, to a manufacture of buttons. Theſe once ſet on foot, will continue to be made; WELL, if the maſter looks carefully into the whole; ILL, if in haſte to go to dinner, to his wench, his bot-

tle, or the bowling green, he gives his orders as things ſtrike him at a ſingle view. Now whether Government plays the part of the provident or precipitate maſter, if Cauſes are to be known by their effects ——let effects ſpeak."

Once more I endeavoured to turn my rambling friend back to the buſineſs of my good Lord Winterbottom. He was too far gone for any thing but invective.

"If," ſays he, "a man is to be found of more ſervility at St. James's, or tyranny at home, ſend me a pilgrimage to Mecca. Since he has been in poſſeſſion of his eſtate, he has changed his houſehold, I mean to ſay his houſehold has changed, three times over. Many of his ſervants are unpaid to this hour, and for his tradeſmen, there is not a nobleman in town, with a more numerous band of ſupplicants. In ſhort, the man has a mean ſoul and a corrupted heart, and there's an end of the ſtory."

As there was an end of the bottle alſo, which I made no motion of renewing, my friend took his hat, and his leave.

And

And who is this extraordinary perſonage, you aſk, who knows ſo much of my Lord, and my Lord's affairs? His gentleman, Harry, who attended him in Italy when he bargained for the Signora, and who partook of the buffets and bruiſes, in the famous rural excurſion; who left him about two years ſince, having ſerved him ſeven, and who having beſeeched him a twelvemonth for his wages, has lately had the ſpirit to write to him, that he will ſeize his horſes upon the road, if he is not paid without further delay.

This man I have had the good fortune to recover an eſtate for, about two hundred a year value. He is extremely grateful for this, and as he is ſenſible alſo, I ſometimes ſee him with pleaſure. The man, though he loves to hear himſelf talk, is not in the leaſt addicted to lying, ſave when he abuſes miniſtry. Thine,

WILLIAM WYMAN.

Mr. Davis to Mr. Wyman.

Barham Downs.

YES, thou ſlanderer of the lovely ſex, I do love; I adore. How poor is language! We call a hundred different colours by the name of brown: We call thoſe fond ſenſations with which Lucy inſpired me, by the name of Love: The reſpect, the eſteem, the reverence I feel for Annabella, thou alſo calleſt Love. Be it ſo. The affections are as different as their cauſes.

If there could be ſuch a woman in the world! If? Heretic!

I communicated the contents of thy laſt, Ifs and all, to the lovely ſiſters.

" A penetrating gentleman, this friend of your's," ſays Miſs Peggy, at thy inſolent accuſation, looking me full in the face. " As I live he bluſhes. Look Siſter, did you ever ſee a man bluſh before? And you too, Anna? Heyday! why the counſellor does not accuſe you too, does he?"

" Unkind,

"Unkind, teazing, perverſe Peggy," ſays Annabella; "don't let us mind her, Mr. Davis."

We went on with the letter. Many paſſages made one ſiſter merry, the other ſad. "To what a man," ſays the eldeſt, "am I in danger of being allied! Can a worſe fate befal a woman of any ſentiment, than to marry a man whom ſhe cannot reſpect?"

"And yet this deplorable misfortune," replies the youngeſt, "happens every day; and women live and do well under it."

"I am unable to bear the thoughts of it," replies the other, "and ſo determined againſt the thing, that I will ſooner endure my father's cruelleſt diſpleaſure, than ſubmit to it."

"And yet, Heaven knows," ſays ſhe, the tears ſtanding in her lovely eyes, "how ill I am qualified to ſtruggle with adverſity. I have no friend on whom I dare intrude; I know no art by which I can earn a ſubſiſtence."

"How the mind of ſenſibility," ſays Peggy, "can frame for itſelf, deep ſorrows out of trifles. What likelihood, dear Annabella, that my Father ſhould proceed

to ſuch extremities, as to drive us from his houſe?"

"Us! Peggy?" replies her ſiſter; "No, it would be cruelty extreme to involve you in my misfortunes."

"It ſhall be Us, for all that," ſays Peggy, "or if I am deſerted, depend upon it, the next news you hear, will be that I have begg'd your fortune of my father, and am become a Counteſs. With 60,000l. I know Lord Winterbottom would marry Mother Shipton. You know he did me the honour to offer himſelf, when you refuſed him two years ſince. But at that time I was a giddy headed girl, too proud and froppiſh to take up with my ſiſter's leavings."

"You might indeed," "replies Annabella, "have refuſed him with more grace; as I remember he durſt not venture upon another attack."

"No," ſays Peggy, "but he ſent Captain Wycherley, who was ſo eloquently ambiguous, that I could not tell whether he ſpoke for my Lord or for himſelf. So putting on one of my ſweeteſt ſmiles, I aſked him the plain queſtion.

His

His anſwer was ambiguous ſtill; it intimated that his mouth ſpoke one language, and his heart another.

"I told him, I always preferred the language of the heart. This gracious ſpeech drove away all his fears, and he pleaded for himſelf moſt piteouſly. Having heard him out, I told him I was unfortunate in a peculiar averſion I had to treachery, and begged of him when he did me the honour to renew his ſuit, he would bring my Lord's conſent in writing. By theſe ſilly tricks I loſt them both, but people grow wiſer by time and experience."

At this inſtant, entered a ſervant with tea, followed by the Juſtice with a cloudy brow. He never ſpoke to me, nor ſcarcely to his daughters whilſt this ſocial repaſt was making, but often gave me a ſidelong glance of diſdain. When the ſervant was withdrawn, I requeſted to know how I had offended him, or why he was pleaſed to regard me with looks ſo different from thoſe I had been uſed to ſee.

"Mr. Davis," ſays he, "if your name be Davis, I am told that you make pretenſions to my daughter Annabella; and that

it

it is on your account ſhe refuſes Lord Winterbottom, and diſobeys her father."

"You are miſinformed, Sir."

"I can't tell that Mr. Davis—You are quite a ſtranger here—You don't go by your real name they ſay; and beſides you are a man of no property."

"Very little indeed Sir: As to my name they who told you what it was not, might probably tell you, what it was."

"No Sir; but they told me you had been a London tradeſman, and broke, and that you lived now upon charity."

"Whoſoever are your informers, Mr. Whitaker, I perceive plainly, they knew more than they have told you; it is poſſible alſo they might tell you more than they knew. Will it be too great preſumption to requeſt their names?"

"Lord Winterbottom Sir, and Captain Wycherley. I am not aſhamed of my authority. You'll not give 'em the lie I believe. They ſup here to-night. But to tell you the truth, Mr. Davis, my Lord was not well pleaſed that you was introduced before, ſo upon that account, and becauſe of the reports about my daughter,

I muſt

I muſt deſire you not to come here any more."

"You are maſter in your own houſe, Sir?"

"And is it poſſible, Papa," ſays Miſs Peggy, "you can ſubmit to be dictated to, what company you ſhall entertain at your own houſe, by Lord Winterbottom, or any Lord on earth?"

"Hold your tongue, Mrs. Prate-apace. If Mr. Davis was a gentleman, and known to be ſuch, it would be another thing."

"Whatſoever I am Mr. Whitaker, I will never intrude into any gentleman's houſe againſt his will. In one reſpect only I muſt beg leave to do myſelf juſtice. You may boaſt of poſſeſſing two of the moſt lovely of women. If I had fortune and merit to entitle me to either of them, I ſhould, though with diffidence, petition for happineſs. But as I am, the idea is totally abſurd. No Sir, I would ſerve them moſt willingly at the expence of my life, and it is paying them no great compliment neither. My misfortunes have made me weary of it. To ally them to

my

my broken fortunes would be at once the ruin of their peace and mine,"

The pearly drop ſtood in Peggy's eyes. Annabella concealed her emotions by a handkerchief thrown over her face. The Juſtice was ſomething moved.

" Well, well," ſays he, " Mr. Davis, if it be as you ſay—

" But it is not as Mr. Davis ſays, Papa, for I declare I ſhould have more peace in allying myſelf to his broken fortunes, than to thoſe of any Lord, Gameſter, or Debauchee alive."

" You would Minx, would you? And what do *you* ſay Mrs. turning to Annabella, are you of the ſame opinion?"

" I am Sir. At the ſame time muſt beg leave to aſſure you I am deſirous of no alliance at all. I have been the happieſt of creatures under your roof, and in your protection. I wiſh for no change. Do not, dear Sir, force me to marry againſt my own conſent, and you ſhall never reproach me with marrying againſt yours."

" Dear Papa," ſays Peggy, " what puniſhment can be half ſo bad, as to be tied to an odious man for life?"

" Odious!

"Odious! Huſſey; Lord Winterbottom, odious!

"Odious; Papa. A deteſtable time ſerving wretch; half undone by gaming, and the extravagance of an Italian miſtreſs."

"Did ever any body hear ſuch impudence! Was ever man ſo plagued! One daughter diſobedient, the other ſaucy. I proteſt I have a great mind to turn you both out of doors this minute."

"Do Papa, "ſays Peggy;" The overſeer of the poor will be obliged to take care of us, you know; and a workhouſe with content, is, in my opinion, an enviable ſituation, compared with the pageantries of greatneſs, and an aching heart."

"Good God! Good God! did any body ever hear the like? A Workhouſe!"

"Dear Papa," ſays Annabella, "throwing herſelf at her father's knees, pardon my ſiſter Peggy. Her apprehenſions for me, make her bold beyond her gentle nature. She knows how miſerable a marriage with Lord Winterbottom would make me. Dear Papa!———"

"Well, get up, get up, Annabella; I proteſt I don't know what to do—Made a bar-

a bargain with my Lord——A fine jointure——Settlements almoſt compleated——My daughter a Counteſs——Family ennobled——Anny, I will give thee ten thouſand more, if thou wilt have him."

"Give me twenty thouſand leſs, Dear Papa, and make me happy. Or Give it to my Lord, for believe me Sir, it is his only object. Let me ſtill find my greateſt happineſs in pleaſing my dear Father."

"Give him my fortune into the bargain, Papa," ſays Peggy, throwing herſelf upon her knees by her ſiſter's ſide. "And love us as you uſed to do Papa," taking his hand and kiſſing it, "and when we cry for huſbands, Whip us."

There was ſuch a mixture of drollneſs and duty in this addreſs of Peggy, that the old gentleman loſt his anger.

"Well, well," ſays he, "get up, get up—We'll ſee what's to be done—I'll talk to my Lord about it."

"It gives me," ſays I, "infinite happineſs to ſee this reconciliation. May it never be interrupted. I will be no impediment to its duration. For though the condeſcending goodneſs of your amiable daughters

daughters has given me much happineſs, and ſweetly alleviated the remembrance of ſome misfortunes that hang heavy upon me; yet I know too well the value of domeſtic felicity, to diſturb it by my intruſion. I go Sir, to fulfil the ſentence of your baniſhment. If ever the particulars of my unfortunate life come to be known to you, you will find it ſtained with no diſhonour, nor will you bluſh for the gueſt you have admitted. Once more Ladies, let me acknowledge your kind condeſcenſion, and wiſh you every degree of human felicity. It would have been the ſummit of mine to have been ſtill favoured with your friendſhip."

With a full boſom I haſtily withdrew, notwithſtanding I heard the Juſtice's voice, as it ſeemed irreſolutely, calling me back, and the lovely girls ſobbing too audibly for my peace.

William, I have ſet thee up the monitor of my paths. Be free in thy reprehenſions when it appears that I deſerve them, but do not tax thy time and friendſhip with regularity of correſpondence; nor think I am unjuſt enough to require an anſwer to

every frivolous and idle letter I ſend thee. Only when leiſure ſerves, remember me the continuation of poor Kitty Roſs's hiſtory, for whatſoever I may feel for myſelf, it does not diſpoſe me to feel the leſs for others.

Thine,

HENRY DAVIS.

Mr. DAVIS to Mr. WYMAN.

Barham Downs.

I AM going, William, to ſtrip me of all covering; to put into thy hands the rod of ſatire, and ſubmit me to the laſh. I am going to confeſs my weakneſs.

Three days after the diſpatch of my laſt, I remained at home, forlorn, deſolate, full of bravadoes and challenges to the grim monarch, the ſon of Sin and Satan, to come and ſtrike.

I traced, as well as my diſordered mind would permit, my paſt misfortunes, and preſent afflictions to their ſource. All originated

originated one way or other in the deteſted modes of poliſhed life. What elſe corrupted the heart of Lucy, and has perverted the underſtanding of Mr. Whitaker? I will go, ſays I, to a country of pure and ſimple manners. I will ſeek ſimplicity in the *païs de Vaud*; I will climb the rocks of Meillery; and, if I can find the ſpot, I will live and die, where Julia lived and died; Julia Wolmar, the moſt virtuous of her ſex. I ſketched, in my imagination, the face, the features, of this lovely woman; but howſoever I began the portrait, the End was———Annabella. Now William, exult in thy prophecy, inſult me with thy wiſdom; I confeſs I love; but do not think me ſo loſt to all ſenſe of honour, as to imagine that I admit of hope, or of a thought detrimental to Annabella.

No, I *will* go. Any diſtance is better than the infinite diſtance of Tantalus, and if I had free ingreſs, as once I had, the daily ſight of the amiable fair one, may be a cordial to me, but can never be a medicine.

I *will* go. This reſolution I ſhould have put in practice when firſt I formed it, had not the image of Annabella, in tears, in deſpair intervened; againſt which, Reaſon, Philoſophy, ——— Aerial vapours! What are ye?

In one of my moſt gloomy fits, Sir Ambroſe Archer did me the honour to call. Since the day of our accidental meeting with Lord Winterbottom at Mr. Whitaker's, our acquaintance had grown almoſt to an intimacy. "You muſt go home with me to night, Davis," ſays he, "my ſiſter has a commiſſion to give you."

"Ladies favours ſhould be always attended to, Sir Ambroſe, but I am not well."

"I know it, Davis; that is *my* reaſon for calling you forth; my ſiſter may have another."

"You will excuſe me this evening Sir Ambroſe, I have been much indiſpoſed theſe three days."

"I know it Davis; your diſorder began about ſeven o'clock on Monday evening. It is the plague, I believe. Anny and Peggy Whitaker ſeem to be infected. I think

think myſelf ſafe in viſiting amongſt you, becauſe it ſeldom attacks Males at my time of life. Females, who have not had it in their youth, are ſeldom ſecure. I am anxious for my poor ſiſter, who, ever ſince ſhe honoured you with her preſence at tea, has been laviſh in the praiſe of your batchelor-like neatneſs, and other cleanly qualities, which I cannot now ſtay to enumerate. Come along."

This compulſion was of too good-na-natured a caſt to be reſiſted.

As we walked, "I have been witneſs," ſays he, "of a whimſical ſcene of buſtle and confuſion at Juſtice Whitaker's this morning, into whoſe parlour I entered with my uſual freedom, and found the Juſtice ſitting in his chair of ſtate, with all the inſignia of magiſtracy upon him; that is to ſay, blue morocco ſlippers, a green velvet cap, and a morning gown of many colours. Annabella was crying, and Peggy biting her nails for vexation.

"Let us appeal to Sir Ambroſe, Papa, ſays Peggy, after the uſual ſalutations.

"Appeal, me no appeals, ſays the Juſtice, is Sir Ambroſe your father? Did

he beget you? Did he bring you up? What will this world come to? Paternal authority ſet at nought by girls in bibs?

"Girls in bibs, ſhould not be given away in marriage, Papa, replies Peggy.

"No, not by their fathers; but they can fling themſelves away faſt enough. I ſhall have Anny, or you, for I don't know which is the forwardeſt, throw yourſelves out of the window, into the arms of that ſcoundrel Davis. But I'll trounce him, I'll ſcour the country of him, I warrant you. A broken raſcal, to pretend to a daughter of mine! A damn'd ſpecious fellow!

"A damn'd ſpecious fellow indeed, ſays I, if he deſerves all this. Are you ſure you have good authority for this abuſe?

"Authority, Sir Ambroſe! the beſt authority. Lord Winterbottom and Captain Wycherley have told me all about him; the fellow's not worth a groat. Pretend to a daughter of mine!

"And did Lord Winterbottom, Papa, ſays Peggy, tell you alſo, that Mr. Davis pretended to a daughter of your's?

"Yes,

" Yes, he did, Minx. And how you met him every evening in the grove; and Captain Wycherley overheard him making downright love to your ſiſter.

" Captain Wycherley ſurely ſhould have aſſes ears by the length of them, replies Peggy, for I am ſure I heard no ſuch thing, and I was never from my ſiſter's ſide. And does Lord Winterbottom really mean to carry Annabella by theſe mean and infamous arts? Heaven knows I love my ſiſter, dearly love her, but I declare I would ſooner mourn for her at the grave, than aſſiſt at her nuptials with ſuch a deſpicable wretch.

" Here's impudence for you! ſays the Juſtice, blowing and puffing with anger. Thank God, Sir Ambroſe, you have no daughters to plague you.

" Would to heaven, Mr. Whitaker, I had a couple not a jot better or worſe than theſe two diſobedient headſtrong girls of your's. I would ſoon cure them of rebellion.

" Ay Sir Ambroſe, you are a man of ſenſe. I know what ought to be too, but then I have not your ſteadineſs, Sir Ambroſe;

broſe; my heart's too tender, I am too eaſily mollified. However they ſhall ſee that I can perſevere upon occaſion as well as another perſon. They ſhall know that when I am once firmly reſolved, my will ſhall be as unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Perſians. And I declare that you, Annabella, ſhall marry Lord Winterbottom within this fortnight, or I will renounce you for a daughter. My Lord has convinced me that this is the only way, in which I can act with proper dignity.

" My Lord has convinced you of it, ſays Annabella, who had never before looked up. My dear Sir, I honour and reſpect you as my father, and will ever be obedient to all your lawful commands. But every thing I hear of Lord Winterbottom, confirms me in my opinion that he is a monſter of baſeneſs. Sooner than marry him I will wed my grave. Therefore, if no prayers, no intreaties can alter your reſolution, renounce me Sir, conſign me to my fate at once; and ſuffer me to find as well as I can, the very little repoſe that will be my portion on this ſide the tomb.

" Oh

" Oh Davis! the ſweet ſolemnity of this.

" Peggy roſe immediately, and approaching her father with the air of a ſupplicant, begged him to ſign her mittimus alſo; for that ſhe had as good a right to perſecution, and even to martyrdom as Annabella herſelf; ſince ſhe was not a jot behind her in deteſtation of tyranny, and abhorrence of Lord Winterbottom.

" The Juſtice bounced up in his chair; I thought he would have beat her. There, there, Sir Ambroſe, ſays he, look now, what unheard of aſſurance! I'll turn 'em out of doors this very night. They ſhall ſleep no more under my roof, Vipers, vipers? This is what you would do, Sir Ambroſe, is it not?

" Not quite, Mr. Whitaker; I think I ſhould take a more effectual method.

" Let me know it, let me know it, Sir Ambroſe; Good Lord, what plagues are headſtrong daughters!

" If you will permit the ladies to retire to their own apartment, my beſt advice ſhall be entirely at your ſervice.

" Get

" Get you gone, gypſies! come no more in my preſence till you are ſent for. And now Sir Ambroſe, impart, impart.

" Why faith and troth, Mr. Whitaker, though I did not think proper to tell you ſo before your daughters, in my opinion, your conduct in this affair is not altogether right.

" The Juſtice ſtared. Hah! ſays he.

" I am afraid you will not find in all Mr. Burn's adjudged caſes, one that will juſtify you in forcing your daughter to marry againſt her will.

" Zoons, man, what occaſion is there for law to make children obey their fathers?

" The law, Mr. Whitaker, muſt always be unhappily employed in caſes of domeſtic diſſention; but if it is, you will find that children have rights of law, as well as parents; and this is one of them.

" Well, if I can't make 'em marry as I like, I can turn 'em out of doors, can't I?

" You may, but not without a maintenance. Give me leave to aſk you, Mr. Whitaker, why you would marry your daughter to Lord Winterbottom?

" Why

"Why, is not he a Lord? is not he a great man at court? is not he mortal rich? and won't he make her a good ſettlement?

"He may be all theſe things for aught I know. I allow that he may make her great, but if he makes her miſerable alſo, I doubt the bargain will go againſt her.

"Make her miſerable? Fiddle faddle! how ſhould he make her miſerable? She'll have every thing ſhe wants, ride in her own coach and ſix, and take place of every Baronet's lady in the kingdom.

"Why theſe are fine things to be ſure, but I believe you perfectly well know that their value is not in the things themſelves, but in the imaginations of thoſe who poſſeſs them.

"To be ſure I know that—Do you take me for a fool? And what hinders her imagination? Why can't ſhe think as well of theſe things as other people?

"Becauſe ſhe thinks well of certain other things, which your great folks who delight in wealth and grandeur ſeldom think of at all. She thinks well of piety, benevolence, humility, ſocial affection, and the peaceable virtues of domeſtic life.

Now

Now it commonly happens all the world over, that thoſe people who are really fond of theſe, ſeldom care a farthing for the other.

" It makes me mad to hear you talk, Sir Ambroſe; will a coach and ſix and a great eſtate hinder her from being as good as ever ſhe has a mind?

" That's not the argument. I ſay they are things indifferent to her; ſhe cares not about them; conſequently, they cannot make her happy. Now I dare ſay alſo ſhe has got it in her head, that a man who prefers Debauchery to Piety, Diſſipation to Benevolence, Pride to Humility, and the glare of public life, to quiet enjoyment, cannot be a good huſband; and unleſs a good huſband can be had, it is better to have none at all. There are a multitude of fine ladies, it is true, who think in a different manner, but ſince your daughter is not one of them, it can hardly be expected ſhe will follow their examples.

" Before this marriage came upon the carpet, I think, Mr. Whitaker, I have heard you praiſe your daughters for being the

the beſt and moſt delightful children in the world.

" So they were. And I was always a good father; and now I want to be better than ever, and ſettle them well in the world, they are undutiful. And here you talk, and talk, Sir Ambroſe, round about the buſh, and all nothing to the purpoſe, when you ſaid you would teach me to cure them of their rebellion.

" I will tell you my method in few words. Let them chuſe huſbands for themſelves. If they are good, they will have what they want; if bad, they can't blame you.

" O Lord O Lord! to hear people talk! Give 'em thirty thouſand pounds a piece, to throw away upon ſome Riff Raff beggarly fellow, becauſe he can prate about piety and virtue!

" Pray Mr. Whitaker, what did you ſay to your father, when he propoſed to you to decline your addreſſes to the beautiful mother of theſe young ladies, and marry Miſs Humphries, who was rich, and about your own age?

" I ſee what you'd be at, Sir Ambroſe, but the compariſon won't hold. Miſs Humphries was crooked, and the ſmall-pox had robbed her of an eye, and ſeamed her face till ſhe was quite a fright. Now my Lord is as perſonable a man as you'll deſire to ſee in a hundred.

" Yes, the man has a good outſide. Unfortunately your daughter looks within, and thinks Lord Winterbottom's mind quite as crooked as Miſs Humphries's body.

" Why, I never heard any thing bad of Lord Winterbottom, more than doing what moſt young noblemen do.

" Faith Sir, and that's bad enough, I think. But there are many young gentlemen who gamble, drink, and drab, and run through their eſtates with infinite velocity, who pay their debts notwithſtanding as long as they are able, act with honour and juſtice in their dealings, and preſerve themſelves free and independent of court ſlavery. I make this diſtinction for my own ſake. I was a fool when I was young, but never a rogue.

" And

" And will you ſay Sir Ambroſe that my Lord Winterbottom——

" Sir, I will be no man's accuſer. Make your own enquiries. In the mean time if it is poſſible you ſhould carry your error ſo far as really to turn your daughters out of your houſe, mine ſhall be their aſylum; and my fortune, ſuch as it is, at their ſervice. No man ſhall inſult them under my protection with impunity, let his rank be what it will. So my good neighbour, I wiſh you a good morning, and hope when I ſee you again, to ſee you with better thoughts."

By this time, dear Wyman, we had reached Sir Ambroſe's houſe; and though I had ſeldom ſpoke, during the Baronet's narrative, it was eaſy for him to ſee by many a ſigh which I ſtrove in vain to ſuppreſs, how much I was intereſted in the detail.

Sir Ambroſe introduced me to his ſiſter, who received me with all the good humour, a Lady, not much habituated to that quality, could well be ſuppoſed to aſſume.

To a lover of delicacy I imagine the leaſt offenſive thing belonging to this lady, except her money, would be her age.

She is very tall, and very thin; of a ſallow complexion, and extremely meagre. A phyſiognomiſt, on obſerving the intire caſt of feature, would be apt to conclude, that Care, Envy, and Calumny, reſided within; and phyſiognomiſts are ſometimes right.

Obſerving during our tea that I was penſive, and out of ſpirits, ſhe endeavoured to be uncommonly lively; and entertained me with many a curious anecdote of the neighbourhood, which would ſoon have convinced me, could I have given entire credit to the fair relater, that my lot was caſt amongſt the beaſts of the field.

But this lady's chief merit conſiſts in drawing of character, or in other words, in being a portrait painter of deformity.

" Miſs Delane, purdigiouſly conceited of her parts, becauſe forſooth, her father's a parſon. Has the impudence to ſet her cap at Captain Wycherley, Lord help her!

As

As if a man in his ſtile of life could take up with ſuch an one as ſhe, without a penny to her portion.

" Thoſe purſe proud huſſies the Whitakers, what a rout do they make! Turning up their noſes at my Lord Winterbottom, I'll aſſure ye! Marry come up! Nothing leſs than a Ducheſs will ſerve their turns I ſuppoſe. Marry come up! Who was their great grandfather I wonder! That pert chit Peggy muſt be ripping up pedigrees truly! She told me t'other day, Captain Wycherley was the ſon of a butcher, only becauſe he choſe to enter into cloſe converſation with me, rather than flirt with her flippant ladyſhip. And what if he was? Every man's the ſon of his own works. He's a man of purdigious fine ſenſe, and monſtrous handſome."

Thus did this entertaining lady ſpin out the ſocial hour of tea. Sir Ambroſe makes it a rule never to contradict her, and indeed ſeldom attends to what ſhe ſays. I grew ſo totally weary that I roſe to go home, regardleſs of the intreaties of the Brother and Siſter to ſpend the evening.

He would needs accompany me homewards.

"I ſee," ſays he, "you are diſguſted with my ſiſter; I cannot therefore expect you to comply with a requeſt I had to make you. You muſt know ſhe has five thouſand pounds at her own diſpoſal, and Wycherley has got ſcent of it. In conſequence he pays her all manner of attention, and will I fear carry her off, if I don't take care to prevent it. It is true I ſhould be almoſt as glad as ſhe, to have her married; but cannot bear a ſcoundrel of his ſtamp for a brother-in-law. Of late ſhe has been ſomething laviſh of her praiſe of you, as well as of the Captain, and I make no doubt, if you could conquer your diſguſt ſo far as to pay her a few civilities, ſhe would take them for marks of paſſion: By this means I could contrive to get rid of Wycherley, without involving you in the leaſt; and you would do us both an eſſential benefit."

I told Sir Ambroſe, that "though I was no friend to deceit any how applied, I could not deny him my aſſiſtance on this occaſion, as far as a little general flattery

flattery would go; but at preſent I was really too ill to ſupport any thing of the kind."

"You are in love, Davis, which is the moſt difficult diſeaſe in the whole Materia Medica."

"I muſt not contradict you, Sir Ambroſe, becauſe I cannot tell preciſely what feelings go under that univerſal denomination; but this I certainly know, I have none of the views uſually aſcribed to lovers. I have for myſelf neither hopes, nor fears nor wiſhes; but for Annabella, if ſhe would be mine to-morrow, I ſhould, for her own ſake, reject her."

"I pretend to ſome knowledge of mankind, Davis, but I give it up for ever, if you are the impoſtor ſome buſy circulators of calumny would have us believe."

"Of what am I accuſed, Sir Ambroſe?"

"Of peccadilloes in trade, which have laid you under the neceſſity of concealing yourſelf, and of changing your name."

"That I have changed my name I own; but for reaſons of a far different kind. The reſt of the charge is totally falſe."

"The

"The world is ſo good-natured a thing, and like my ſiſter, draws its concluſions ſo charitably, that unleſs your reaſons are ſtrong indeed you will hardly be able to defend that ſtep."

"The world is welcome, Sir Ambroſe. In theſe circumſtances however, it is doubly kind in you to take the generous notice of me you do. As to giving good reaſons for my change of name, it is I believe an impoſſible matter. They are grounded on feelings of the heart, and condemned even by my own judgment. I am aſhamed to aſk you, Sir Ambroſe, but if you will mortify with me to-night upon toaſted cheeſe and ale, which upon my honour is my beſt proviſion; I think I can convince you that poverty is my greateſt crime."

After ſome preſſing, Sir Ambroſe accepted my invitation; I told my little tale without diſguiſe — gave him proofs of the truth,——and drew from him ſeveral teſtimonies of a feeling heart.

He offered me his friendſhip, his purſe, and aſſiſtance, with great ſeeming cordiality—Wiſhed his own youth had been marked

marked with errors of as venial a kind—Congratulated me upon my friend—Joined him in condemnation of my retirement—Engaged to be attentive to Peggy and Annabella—and took his leave. Wearineſs makes me hurry over the latter part of the converſation, and conclude—Thine,

Dear William——

HENRY DAVIS.

Mr. WYMAN to Mr. DAVIS.

London.

WERE it not for thoſe *ſinkings of the mind*, ſo unworthy of a man that a woman might be aſhamed of them, which appear in thy laſt letters, I could take an intereſt in them. But that confounded habit, acquired at the expence of common ſenſe; that artificial mode of thinking, or of feeling, I know not which, which thoſe who have it, and thoſe who would be thought to have it, agree to call by the flowing name of Senſibility, ſpoils you for a Man,

a Man, whether you act or write. When a Man cannot get the thing he wants, what a plague has he to do, but make himself eaſy without it?

Oh but, ſay you, the world cannot ſubſiſt, without the tender charities, and the tender charities can ſubſiſt only in minds ſenſible to the woes of others.

To which I anſwer, that I object equally to inſenſible, and to too ſenſible minds. There is a medium, a boundary, fixed by the nature of things, which it is folly to paſs. Would you have mankind feel for themſelves and others, till eaſe and happineſs were baniſhed the world? And would not this be the caſe if every one could really ſay, what the affected lady ſays, "Alas! I feel too ſenſibly for my peace?" In ſhort, this overmuch of it is the weakneſs of the mind, and thoſe who have it are ſuch fools to think it Virtue. One conſolation is, the affectation of it, is at leaſt ten times as great as the reality; otherwiſe it would be almoſt as mortal to public tranquility, as that other peſt of human kind,——the Faſhion. Heaven confound 'em both!

Here

Here is my Hibernian now, as you call her, the moſt enchanting, ſilly woman for ought I know in the univerſe. To-day I am tranſported with her ſenſe, her goodneſs, and her beauty; to morrow overwhelmed with her ſenſibility, till I can neither recognize my own natural face in the glaſs, nor gueſs at my ſex with any tolerable certainty.

And I have the remainder of her ſtory to communicate, a ſtory of ſenſibility, that is to tear thy heart with ſweet diſtreſs, and pleaſing torture: That is the Cant I believe. But this, according to the old homely adage, would be ſending coals to Newcaſtle; and beſides I have a little affair of faſhion upon my hands, which I muſt get rid of, by venting my ſpleen ſomewhere.

Thou knoweſt I do not entirely depend for a livelihood upon the ſweat of my brains. On the contrary, if I can put my faith in a piece of vellum called a ſurvey of lands belonging to William Wyman, Eſq; of Norton in comitatu Hants, I have 507 acres, 3 roods, 12 perches, of good arable and paſture. Nearly the half of theſe

theſe were ſet about thirty years ago, to Thomas Stubbs, an induſtrious young fellow, new married, whoſe fund, with that of his wife's, amounted to 350l. and upwards.

When I left my father's houſe to "ſtudy Shakeſpeare in the inns of court" Thomas was as topping a farmer as moſt in thoſe parts. His houſe was plentifully provided with good brown bread, milk, cheeſe, and bacon. Sometimes a piece of beef, of which an ample proviſion of broth was made; and now and then they even ventured upon a barn door fowl. Good ſmall beer all the year about, and at Chriſtmas and the wake, two jolly ſeaſons in which they entertained their friends with the moſt unbounded liberality, a good barrel of ale.

The apparel of honeſt Thomas for every day, was a fuſtian coat and waiſtcoat, buckſkin breeches, ſtockings thicker than a modern ſhoe ſole, and hobnail ſhoes which the dew of heaven could not penetrate. His Sunday finery was a ſort of blue grey home-ſpun uniform, the manufactare of his dear Martha, who was a very decent body,

body, and delighted to be cloathed in good Linſy Woolſy, the work of her own hands.

One ſon and two daughters were all the fruits of their induſtry by night; fine, healthy, miſchievous children as could well be deſired.

Having occaſion to viſit my eſtate about three years ſince, I took up my abode two or three days with honeſt Thomas, as being my principal tenant. I did not doubt but the good folks would exert themſelves for my entertainment, and that I ſhould create a monſtrous buſtle, and a furious ravage amongſt the poultry. Alas! they were accuſtomed to entertain as fine fellows as myſelf any day in the year. Without any appearance of exertion the table was regularly ſerved with a variety of butchers meat; good ale as plenty as water; and when the cloth was drawn, two decanters upon ſtands appeared, labelled Sherry, and red-port. Tea, coffee, and hot rolls were our breakfaſt, and our evenings concluded with a bowl of punch.

Thomas, though much altered in dreſs I knew again, but of my old friend Mar-

tha, very little remained. The houſe too was altered in it's appearance. The parlour was honoured with a boarded floor; the little window was changed into a ſaſh; and the whited wall had given place to paper.

The well dreſſed Mrs. Stubbs preſented me her two daughters, very elegant figures, with faſhionable heads, a peck in magnitude. The eldeſt about nineteen, the youngeſt a year leſs; both pretty enough. Maſter Tommy, the oldeſt of all, was a ſtrapping youth with a buſhy head of hair, reduced to order by the curling irons, and tied behind in a club. This young gentleman, his father being ſo mortal well to paſs in the world, was ſent to a grammar-ſchool, where beſides writing and accompts, his maſters amuſed him with Mr. Lilley's Grammar, and having travelled him through forty pages of Cornelius Nepos, advanced him to the dignity of Cæſar's commentaries; all in four years time. But this rapid progreſs in erudition was interrupted by a recal to the tail of the plough.

The young ladies had each of them two years of a Wincheſter boarding-ſchool, from

from whence they returned ſo genteel, and ſo perfectly accompliſhed, that they could trim, flounce, and furbelow to admiration; and could even make up their every day caps. They ſubſcribed alſo to a circulating library, and the ſeats were graced with Viſiting days and Barford Abbies.

In a walk with Mr. Stubbs over his farm, I congratulated him upon his ſucceſs in the world, which by his manner of living I ſuppoſed to be very conſiderable.

Mr. Stubbs made me no anſwer. The man, thought I, is afraid of being raiſed.

"I believe, Mr. Stubbs," ſays I, "that moſt landlords have taken advantage of theſe rare times for farmers, to lay a little more rent upon their eſtates, and mine I ſuppoſe will bear it as well as others."

By the fall of his under jaw, Mr. Stubbs's face appeared to be lengthened one inch: Still I had no anſwer.

"You muſt have ſaved comfortable portions for your daughters, I dare ſay, continued I; they ſeem to be handſome young women, and worthy of good rich huſbands, who can afford to maintain 'em in the way of life they are brought up."

Mr. Stubbs's countenance now exhibited a ſtrange mixture of expreſſion. Still he ſaid not a word; ſeemed agitated, and increaſed his pace. At length, ſtriking his ſtick into the ground, he exclaimed, "That damn'd boarding ſchool! but for that I might have been wealthy and happy."

"How!" ſays I; "Oh but I ſuppoſe you are afraid to truſt me with a true account of your circumſtances leſt I ſhould raiſe you too high. Is your money out at good intereſt? It may lie in the way of my buſineſs to be of ſervice to you in this particular."

"Four years ago," ſays Thomas with a ſorrowful look, "I had three hundred pounds at uſe; and plenty of money always in the houſe; but ſince my children grew up, expences have run high, and my money has dwindled away I know not how by bits and bobs."

"You are ſadly afraid of me, Mr. Stubbs, to impoſe upon me ſuch an improbable tale: Would any man in his ſenſes that was not a very forehand man indeed, live in the elegant way you do?"

"All

"All the world are out of their ſenſes I think," returns Thomas; "ſuch viſiting and dreſſing, and dinnering, and ſuppering; I never liked it, Mr. Wyman, but it's hard for a body to ſtand out againſt one's whole family. My wife and daughters kept dinning my ears, Why, it's the faſhion, Father. Every body does this, and every body does that, and every body does the t'other. One may as well be out o'the world as not live in it, as other folks do."

"Why theſe are very fine ſayings to be ſure, and very ſenſible; and will go a great way towards a landlord's rent, or a daughter's portion. Now you know Mr. Stubbs, that all callings are ſubject to accident, and none more than a farmer's. Two or three bad harveſts; a murrain, or a blight, for example might put you ſadly to your ſhifts; and theſe pretty young ladies, as far as I ſee, are neither brought up to get a penny, nor ſave it when it is got. However, Mr. Stubbs, you have been mine and my father's tenant a long while: Whilſt you hold the farm, I'll not raiſe it.

But for your ſon, I will promiſe no ſuch thing."

I then gave Thomas a world of good advice and the next day we parted.

He had been long in the practice of receiving the reſt of my rents half yearly, and paying all to a banker at Wincheſter, whence it came to my hands in the ſhape of an inland bill of exchange.

Poor Stubbs was unable to weather clearly out, the two or three firſt years of the American war. My remittances fell ſhort twenty, or thirty pounds at a time; but he himſelf was the only one deficient, becauſe the reſt, having no pretenſions to gentility, had been much leſs affected with the diſſipation of the times.

The laſt rent day which is juſt over, brought me forty pounds ſhort, and the following letter.

Koind Sir,

Ever ſin I had the benefut of youre good advoice at Norton I ha bin working and labring to bring my famuly dawn a bit, and a main peece o work I han had ont— But at laſt when they ſeed how ſtowt and ſtuborn

ſtuborn I was, I got 'em to ley by their afternoons tea drinkings and their wines ater dinner and ſich like, and to go out leſs and ſtay a whome more, whereby Wife ſaid I ſhud ruin 'em, for haw ſhud they get huſbands And this very laſt year they han had but one gawn a piece Only what I ſaves in money I has it out i' maundring which I ſhud no much moind if ſo be I cud mak both ends mete but corn's low and wages runs high, and Wools ſtark nought ſo I'm forty pounds more in youre debt koind Sir which hopes you'll overluk a little till times mend But I've a worſer job ſtill upo my honds Wud you think it Sir my eldeſt daughter Nan's wi child and the mon wo no ha her for all his promiſes You muſt kno he's a neighbring farmer's ſon as has a little eſtate ons own and main well to live and has courted Nan a year gon paſt and eery body thought it wud be a match and ſo the father comes oer to ſettle purliminories as he calld 'em and what does he do, but inſiſt upon five hundred pounds down So I told him I cud gi her nought And the Mon ſtared like a pig and told me he thought I had been

been a tree thouſand pound mon at leaſt—and then he ſaid flat and plane his ſon ſhud never marry nobody as had nothing Whereby I thought myſelf vary ill uſed for when the young man com a courting furſt to Nan he ſaid neer a word about money And then what buſneſs had he to get th wench wi child without hed ha had her Wife doo no mind it mich and Sal ſays it's ſo comon now a deys nobody hedes about it But Tums of another moind and the lad helps me aw he con Pray Gi me youre advoice for Ime hauf mad and ſo koind Sir I remains youre ſarvant till deth.

Thomas Stubbs.

For this epiſtle I have cauſed to be wrote an anſwer nearly as long, and quite as wiſe as many a ſermon, poſſibly with much the ſame effect. The latter part of it is denuntiatory. As thus, I do not think myſelf obliged to ſupport you in extravagance, and every thing is extravagant in your ſituation more than the common comforts and conveniences of life. If you can prevail upon your family to return to the manner

manner of life you lived twenty years ago, I will be your friend—If not—Provide yourſelf another farm as ſoon as you can. I ſhall have eyes upon your conduct.

And ſo I ſhall Harry, for curioſity as well as intereſt ſake. It is a ſentiment common enough with French novelliſts, that women in moſt caſes will ſooner part with their lives, than their vanities. I doubt not as Thomas ſays, there will be a main piece of work on't. I will let thee know the reſult.—Adieu. Thine,

WILLIAM WYMAN.

Mr. DAVIS to Mr. WYMAN.

Barham Downs.

IF my heart, dear Wyman, had beat with its uſual tranquillity, I muſt have been amuſed with the ſtory of the unfeeling Stubbs's, and with thy philoſophy; but at preſent it is torn by different emotions.

As

As I have already wrote you, Sir Ambroſe favoured me with his friendly viſit on Saturday night laſt. It is now Wedneſday evening. I ſaw the worthy Baronet no more till this morning. All the interval I ſpent with inexpreſſible inquietude; too reſtleſs to be eaſy at home; too languid to go abroad. We boaſt of the pleaſures of the imagination Wyman, and they are truly great; but the philoſopher will reflect with a ſigh, that the nobleſt faculties of Man may be uſed to deſolate, as well as conſole him.

Before I was up this morning, my old woman opened the door of my apartment, with an O Lord! dear Sirs, who could have believed it! Miſs Anny Whitaker is run away from her father's houſe, and no ſoul knows whither.

Good heavens! But why ſhould Miſs Anny Whitaker's running away cauſe ſuch painful trepidations from the crown of *my* head to the ſole of my foot? Divine powers! Did you create us, thus ridiculouſly wiſe, thus learnedly ignorant, ſolely for your diverſion?

The

The good old woman retailed me a world of goſſipation, to which I was unable to give the due attention. I was buried in the profound ſtupidity of a man, who muſes always, but never thinks. At length I acquired ſtrength, and recollection enough to riſe.

My breakfaſt was ready, I eat it, I ſuppoſe, by inſtinct. I walked or ſeemed to walk into my little garden, and placing myſelf upon a ruſtic bench, two hours paſſed away almoſt unnoticed. From this reverie I was rouſed by the ſhrill clamour of my old woman, in a ſtrain of abuſe of two or three country men at the door. Theſe proved to be the worthy conſtable of the village, and two aſſiſtants, come upon an errand which proves, malignancy *may* find its way into the breaſt of a magiſtrate, and that a Lord *may* be a very ignorant and ſilly fellow.

Can it be believed, Wyman? James Whitaker, Eſq; had given information to Juſtice Lord Winterbottom of the loſs of ſome of his chattels, and of his ſuſpicion that they were concealed in my houſe; and Juſtice Lord Winterbottom had ſigned a war-

a warrant to ſearch my houſe for the ſame. But as neither of theſe powerful magiſtrates could find in all Burn that men or women had ever yet been called ſtolen goods, the warrant was granted to ſearch for a gown, a cloak, and other female wearing apparel, the property of the above named James Eſqr. Whitaker. Here was a ſtroke of ingenuity which I hope has no ſmall claim to your admiration.

Whilſt I was reading this judicious compoſition over the ſhoulder of my man of authority, who would not part with the precious morſel out of his own fingers, Sir Ambroſe Archer drove up to the door, who having had ſome previous hints of the matter, and thinking I might find ſome little difficulty in it, kindly poſted to my relief.

Sir Ambroſe very gently took the warrant out of the hands of the conſtable, glanced his eye over it, and burſting into a violent fit of laughter, put it mildly into his pocket. Then clapping the conſtable upon the back, "Go thy ways," ſays he, "thou faithful repreſentative of the king's own perſon: Go, and inform thy worſhipful

ful employers what I have done; and let them know alſo, if I had found them here inſtead of thyſelf, I would have treated them in another manner."

"But your honour has broke the law," ſays the conſtable.

"I have ſo," returns Sir Ambroſe, "and I will break thy head into the bargain, if thou doſt not go thy ways."

"But I ſhall come to damage," ſays the conſtable.

"If they hang thee," replies the Baronet, "I will pay all the charges."

"God bleſs your honour," ſays the conſtable, "your honour will bear me harmleſs?"

Sir Ambroſe gave a nod.

"Then," ſays the conſtable, "I do not care a ſtraw, for I hold o'nother o'them."

Sir Ambroſe inſiſted on my going home with him to dinner.

I pleaded illneſs, low ſpirits, diſtraction. All would not do.

As we rode he gave me the following account. "On Sunday," ſays he, "I attended divine ſervice morning and after-

noon, the profane project of ſeeing and ſpeaking to Miſs Whitakers, mingling with my piety. No one from that houſe appeared. In the evening I had company. About noon the next day, I called in at the Juſtice's, and was going with my cuſtomary freedom into the common ſitting parlour, when a ſervant informed me, his maſter was engaged with Lord Winterbottom. I enquired for the ladies. They were engaged alſo.

" On Tueſday I poſtponed my viſit till towards the hour of tea. Another ſervant, who had formerly been mine, told me, his maſter was engaged with Lord Winterbottom. And where are the ladies? Sir, they don't ſee company. Not ſee company, Peter? They are well, I hope? Peter put on an air of myſtery and importance, without anſwering my queſtion. By the help of flattery and a bribe, the two great inſtruments of worldly ſucceſs over the greateſt part of the globe, I gained from Peter the following intelligence. That all the houſe was in vaſt confuſion; the ladies confined to their apartment; the Juſtice eternally cloſetted with

with my Lord and the Captain; Lawyers going backward and forward; Silence enjoined to all the ſervants; and orders given to deny both the Juſtice and the young ladies to all company, and particularly, to *my* honour.

" I was determined not to call upon you, Davis, till I had made another effort; I went home therefore and wrote to Miſs Whitakers, making an offer of my houſe, and of all my ſervices. I intended this morning to call and engage Peter to deliver this letter, but my ever dear ſiſter, impatient to oblige me, as ſhe always is, when ſhe can communicate *agreeable* anecdotes, opened my curtains with the monſtrous news, as ſhe called it, of the elopement of Anny Whitaker. I roſe and dreſſed in haſte, and was taking a diſh of chocolate in order to go immediately to the Juſtice's, when one of his ſervants arrived with a letter, containing a formal requiſition of his daughter, and a hint that I muſt be *proſecuted as the law directs*, if I detained her from his fatherly authority. I left my ſiſter in the moſt agreeable employment imaginable, pumping circum-

ſtances out of the ſervant, and drove with all ſpeed to my wife neighbour's.

"I ſent in my name. In about ten minutes, and not ſooner, I received a note from the Juſtice, importing, that if I had brought his daughter, I ſhould be welcome; otherwiſe he deſired to be excuſed. I aſked if Lord Winterbottom was with him? He was. I got out of the chariot and ſpringing into the hall, deſired to be ſhewn in to the gentlemen. There was a ſilly confuſion betwixt the two footmen, and neither of them ſtepped forward. Then, ſays I, I muſt introduce myſelf, which I did without further ceremony. The ſurpriſe at my entrance was very great, and my reception aukward enough. To add to the embarraſſment, the conſtable was there whoſe office I knew, though not his immediate buſineſs. I took the liberty to deſire he might withdraw for a few minutes, and my Lord ſaid, you have all your inſtructions, you may now go, and execute your office. We then entered into a pretty ſpirited converſation, of which I will give you the ſubſtance as near as I can remember."

Take

Take it from me, Wyman, dramatically.

Sir Ambroſe. I have received a very extraordinary letter from you this morning, Mr. Whitaker; I hope you mean it for your diverſion ſolely; if otherwiſe, I am ſorry for the occaſion; but do not think myſelf conſidered in it, as our long friendſhip and familiarity deſerve.

Juſtice. It don't ſignify talking, Sir Ambroſe; it is very ill done to ſupport undutiful children againſt their parents.—My daughter durſt as well have eat her nails as run away, if you had not encouraged her.—Remember what you ſaid with your own mouth, how your houſe ſhould be their aſylum, and your fortune at their ſervice, and all that.

Sir Am. What I ſaid with my own mouth, Mr. Whitaker, I take the liberty to repeat, and you may hereafter, if you pleaſe, call upon my Lord to witneſs it. My houſe *ſhall* be their aſylum, my fortune, ſuch as it is, at their ſervice, whenever they pleaſe to command them. But let me tell you, neighbour, the counſels whereby you have been induced to adopt meaſures that make any aſylum but your

own, neceſſary, deſerve your execration, not your thanks.

Lord Winterbottom. I ſuppoſe you intend this arrow at me, Sir Ambroſe?

Sir Am. At you, my Lord? Heaven forbid! A man of your rank, your honour, and probity, can never deſcend to abuſe the credulity of a worthy man.

L. W. I ſuppoſe, Sir, you know the treaty that is on foot between us?

Sir Am. I do my Lord, and am far from blaming your Lordſhip for ſeeking happineſs where it is ſo likely to be found.

L. W. And you know the obſtacles the young lady's Caprice throws in the way of her father's wiſhes and mine?

Sir Am. Caprice! my Lord? It is a harſh, unſeaſonable word; I preſume your Lordſhip's vanity beſtows this attribute upon her.

L. W. This is pretty free, Sir Ambroſe.

Sir Am. It is honeſt alſo, my Lord; and becomes an Engliſhman, and a friend to innocence and virtue. Your Lordſhip, I ſuppoſe, means to ſay, that ſhe does not receive your addreſſes with all the ardour your Lordſhip would wiſh to inſpire.

L. W. It

L. W. It is well known, ſhe does not, Sir Ambroſe; and it is well known why ſhe does not.

Sir Am. I think it is, my Lord.

L. W. Yes Sir, from the canting hypocriſy, the ſpecious inſinuations of your new friend, your broken merchant, a fellow forced to conceal his perſon, and dares not own his name.

Sir Am. You are politeneſs itſelf, my Lord. And your Lordſhip does really believe the young lady has a prejudice in his favour?

L. W. I do. The matter is too apparent.

Sir Am. And would your Lordſhip condeſcend to accept the reluctant hand of any woman upon earth?

L. W. Mere moral cant, Sir Ambroſe. Young ladies ſeldom know what they would be at. They think one thing to-day, and quite another to-morrow.

Sir Am. At leaſt, your Lordſhip ſhould ſtay till that to-morrow comes. Till then, I muſt take the liberty to ſay, you decide againſt yourſelf.

L. W. Yes,

L. W. Yes, and whilſt we wait for to-morrow, ſhe throws herſelf into the jaws of *your friend*——and Ruin.

Sir Am. I muſt imitate your Lordſhip's politeneſs. Save her from *yourſelf*, my Lord; in my humble opinion, by much the moſt apparent ruin. (This bold anſwer ſtruck my Lord dumb; I ſuppoſe, with anger).

Captain. Damme, Sir Ambroſe; do you think I ſhall ſtand by and ſee my Lord inſulted?

Sir Am. Peace, Wretch! Eat thy baſe bread in quiet.

Captain. Very unfit language Sir to be given to a gentleman.

Sir Am. A gentleman? Force me not to deſpiſe thee ſtill more.

Captain. Well Sir, I ſhall find a time. (My Lord was now ſtalking about the room in ſullen majeſty).

Sir Am. Mr. Whitaker, I am inſenſibly got into an altercation with my Lord, when my buſineſs was ſolely with you. What did you propoſe to yourſelf from this letter?

L. W. Will

L. W. Will you ſay, upon your honour, Sir Ambroſe, that the young lady is not at your houſe?

Sir Am. You have no right to aſk me the queſtion, my Lord. Thus far however I will give you an anſwer. If ſhe is, ſhe is ſafe from your Lordſhip,——and ſhall be ſo.

L. W. You mean to oppoſe the laws of your country, I preſume?

Sir Am. I mean to oppoſe oppreſſion, by equity. Begin, and try it's ſtrength.

Juſtice. I hope I have a right to aſk that queſtion, Sir Ambroſe?

Sir Am. You have. Your daughter is not at my houſe; and from my ſoul, I am ſorry for it.

Juſtice. And upon your honour, you don't know where ſhe is?

Sir Am. I do not.

Juſtice. Then ſhe muſt be at Davis's—but we ſhall ſoon ferret her out there, hay, my Lord?——*(Winking)*.

Sir Am. Beſt ſend your worſhip's warrant to ſearch for ſtolen goods.

Juſtice. Egad, and ſo we have, Sir Ambroſe: Good wits jump.

Sir

Sir Am. You have?

Juſtice. Yes really.

Sir Am. Then you are the moſt egregious fool, I know. Good morrow. The Captain waited upon me to the chariot door, muttering ſomething about ſatisfaction. "If," ſays I, "you deſign to preſerve your ears uncropt, keep out of my way." I jumpt immediately into my chariot, and drove to your houſe.

Thus ended the Baronet's account. You, as well as myſelf, will ſee the obligations I had to this gentleman. You cannot fail to remark how his temper, unmoved with regard to himſelf, kindled at the indignities thrown upon me. I expreſſed the ſenſe I had of this generoſity; but ill at eaſe, and longing for ſolitude to indulge myſelf with Annabella, I begged permiſſion to return home.

"To ſigh in ſecret," ſays Sir Ambroſe; "to give up the reins of your imagination to ſentiment and ſenſibility; to be a woman, when you are called upon to ſhew the active ſpirit of a man. You ought to appear in public, to counteract the malevolence of buſy

buſy tongues, which will be ready enough to ſuggeſt that Miſs Whitaker and you are gone together. It is bowling-green day, which my Lord ſometimes honours with his preſence. There is no doubt, from what paſſed between him and I this morning, that he will plentifully aſperſe us both, Let us confront him boldly. For once let me be your phyſician. I cannot, as Hotſpur ſays, allow you leiſure to be ſick at ſuch a time. We will dine together; tuck up a bottle or two of claret, and go and tell the world to it's teeth, that we defy it's malice."

" Your ſpirit, Sir Ambroſe, excites mine: Give me one half hour of privacy, and pen and ink, for a very ſhort, but neceſſary purpoſe, and I will endeavour to anſwer this call of generous friendſhip." Sir Ambroſe ſhut me up in his library, where having pondered the matter over with all the underſtanding I could at that time gather together, I ventured to write the following.

My Lord,

Unfortunate in life, I retired to this place to forget the world, and to drag out the

the remainder of my days, unnoticed and in peace. I have injured no human being. It has very undeſervedly fallen to my lot to be ſingled out as the object of your Lordſhip's *peculiar kindneſs*; I wiſh to thank your Lordſhip——as I ought. I hope your Lordſhip will permit me to make my juſt acknowledgments *in private*, at ſix to-morrow morning in the leaſow grove; and that I may be the more entitled to this diſtinction, I now throw off for ever the name of Davis, aſſumed for the ſake of living and dying in obſcurity, could your Lordſhip have been content to have permitted it, and take again my legal appellation, derived from my reſpected father the late Sir George Oſmond. I beg leave to ſubſcribe myſelf, therefore,

Your Lordſhip's moſt obedient

HENRY OSMOND.

I ſealed this letter and put it in my pocket, intending to ſlip it into the poſt box at the George, where the London poſt leaves a bag for the neighbourhood, every day but Sunday, about ſix in the evening.

At

At dinner Miſs Archer told us, that to be certain Anny Whitaker's elopement was the *cleaneſt done thing* that ever was, for no ſoul knew or would own they knew a ſyllable about it; no not even Peggy herſelf, a perverſe ſlut. I warrant ſhe thinks ſecreſy to a runaway ſiſter better than duty to a father. It is really amazing to ſee how wickeder and wickeder the world grows every day.

Abundance of theſe uſeful obſervations fell from the lady's lips, could we have known how to have profited by them. But prejudiced a little in favour of the world as it goes, and a great deal in favour of Miſs Whitakers, it is incredible into what thankleſs ears ſo rich a profuſion was poured.

The green was full, and more occupied by the news of the day, than by bowling. Till this day, I had ſcarcely been honoured with common notice there: Now, I had a very extraordinary portion of civility ſhewn me. Thanks to my good Lord Winterbottom, I had become more conſpicuous than before; and as my Lord was in full poſſeſſion of a reaſonable quantity of odium

from the neighbouring gentry, the credit they gave his aſſertions, was, as mathematicians ſay, in the inverſe proportion thereof. Above all, I was countenanced by Sir Ambroſe, whom every body liked.

But theſe things, dear William, will not do. They counteract the end of my retirement. Friendſhip with the lovely Miſs Whitakers would have been compatible with my ſcheme, and have added to it's reliſh. A general acquaintance I *muſt* avoid, if I fly for it to the rocks of Meillery. Thee alſo, I *muſt* avoid, dear Annabella; too well I know the danger of growing familiar with happineſs.

With difficulty I got from a party Sir Ambroſe had formed to ſup at the George; retired to my Cot, I devote the firſt hours to my friend; the next, to——thinking of to-morrow.

Beſt of friends—of men—

Adieu.

HENRY OSMOND.

Lord Winterbottom came not upon the Green.

Sir

Sir AMBROSE ARCHER to Mr. WYMAN.

Dover.

Dear Sir,

YOU and I have been made known to each other by means of our common friend, Mr. Henry Oſmond. I wiſh our proper correſpondence had commenced under happier auſpices. This amiable gentleman is now under ſail for Oſtend; I have only his abſence to lament; his ſafety is ſecured. The laſt letter he wrote you, would I think prepare you not to be ſurpriſed at this event. The words of his parting embrace, were, remember Wyman——Satisfy that dear and reſpected friend, who will be all anxiety till he hears from me, or of me. I take the firſt hour to fulfil his requeſt.

The ſpirited letter he wrote Lord Winterbottom, he gave you a copy of. Though done in my houſe I never ſuſpected the leaſt circumſtance of it; nor, to ſay truth, did I expect it from Oſmond, who ſeemed to me to carry the virtues of meekneſs,

patience, and forbearance farther than the modes of the world will allow. Theſe excellent chriſtian virtues, I am ſorry to think, are ill adapted to our gentility; or our gentility to them.

I have killed Wycherley, ſays Oſmond, burſting into my room yeſterday morning whilſt I was yet in bed. I have ſhot him againſt my will, in ſelf-defence. Curſed tyranny of faſhion! to what evils does it not ſubject mankind! He went on moralizing.

I made haſte to dreſs, and obſerved that Oſmond's was the genteel morning dreſs of a gentleman; very different from what he commonly wore; for he had accuſtomed himſelf, ſince his reſidence here, to the greateſt plainneſs and ſimplicity; yet with a taſte and neatneſs alſo, that did honour to his underſtanding.

It is very incomprehenſible, ſays I. Wycherley! You miſtook your man ſure.

No; my aim was better directed. My object was Lord Winterbottom, I ſuſpect his cowardice has ſaved him. Poor Wycherley! At laſt he has paid for the abject bread he has eat.

Mr.

Mr. Oſmond proceeded to give me the broken outlines of this unhappy affair; but neither was his mind in a tone proper for elucidation; nor mine for conception. I underſtood however enough of the matter to think he ought to leave the kingdom till the buſineſs was ſcrutinized. I had ſomething to do to make him aſſent to the propoſal. "He valued life too little," he ſaid, "to take extraordinary pains to preſerve it."

"Annabella values it at a higher rate. Preſerve it for her." He looked aſtoniſhed. "I hope you are miſtaken," ſays he, ſighing; "but direct me as you pleaſe."

My chaiſe was ſoon ready, and Oſmond's houſe lying in the road, he ſtopp'd to give his houſekeeper directions, and to take his moſt neceſſary apparel. We had ſcarce got twenty yards from the door, before we met the formidable conſtable, who bawled out to us to ſtop, for he had a warrant to take Mr. Davis up for murder. We had the pleaſure alſo of bowing to the Juſtice as we paſſed.

When the tumult of our ſpirits had ſubſided, I deſired a more circumſtantial account of the morning's adventure.

"Read, if you pleaſe Sir Ambroſe, this paper."

It was a copy of his billet-doux to Lord Winterbottom. "I frankly confeſs, Oſmond, this letter aſtoniſhes me."

"Then you condemn it?"

"Not in the leaſt. But you may remember that during the relation of my Lord's behaviour, no expreſſion of anger, nor ſcarcely of contempt, eſcaped you. Reſentment ſeemed to be dead in you; and though, had you communicated your purpoſe to me, I ſhould have endeavoured to diſſuade you, becauſe I knew the foul, and cowardly antagoniſt you had to deal with, yet I wondered at, more I confeſs than I admired, your exceſs of meekneſs. How could this bold ſpirit lodge in your mind, without animating your features?"

"When I retired, Sir Ambroſe, into your library, my reſolution was but half formed: There, your expreſſion, "the active ſpirit of a man," occurred, and aſſiſted

aſſiſted the reſentment I endeavoured to conceal. It did not glow the leſs for that endeavour. I thought however, I ſhould ill repay your uncommon generoſity, by making you a party in the quarrel. My ſilence aroſe from this ſentiment only."

"Well Oſmond, the ſenſe and ſpirit of your letter is not to be doubted, whatſoever the prudence may be."

"Here is the anſwer, Sir Ambroſe."

COPY.

Sir,

Your inſolence is a very extraordinary circumſtance. If peers of the realm; if privy counſellors; if men endowed with public truſt, are to be called out by bankrupt merchants, adieu all honour, all diſtinction. You pretend to be the ſon of Sir George Oſmond. Suppoſe it to be ſo, what is that to me? You cannot call yourſelf a gentleman, when you reflect upon your paſt-gone occupation. But this conſideration and all others, I ſhould have waved, merely for the pleaſure of chaſtiſing your extraordinary inſolence, had not his Majeſty's expreſs command arrived late laſt

laſt night, to attend a privy council this day at two. To this mandate you owe your ſafety. I am by no means certain whether I ſhall not now take a method of puniſhing your preſumption, more ſuited to my own dignity, and that of my ſtation ſo near the throne.

Winterbottom.

" Well done my Lord! Go on, dear Oſmond."

Mr. Wycherley gave me this with the ſurlieſt air imaginable. When I had read it, I only ſaid, " very well," and wiſhed him good morrow. " Stay a moment if you pleaſe," ſays he haughtily, " though it was below my Lord's dignity to meet your ſummons, it may not perhaps be below mine to chaſtiſe you for it."

" I have no quarrel with *you*, Mr. Wycherley."

" That ſhan't do Sir. Come, what are you for, piſtols or the ſmall ſword?"

" Neither. I think the ſon of Sir George Oſmond quite as much your ſuperior, as Lord Winterbottom, his."

" Sir,

"Sir, I have borne the King's commiſſion."

"And diſgraced it."

"Damn ye, how Sir?"

"By accepting the office of pimp, paraſite, and bully to that egregious coward, Lord Winterbottom."

"May I periſh if your life does not pay for this inſult; take your ſtand Sir."

"I will not Sir."

"Then damn ye, have at you"—and fired one of his piſtols within five yards of me. I drew mine, and retreated. He preſſed on, drawing out his ſecond and preſenting it full at my breaſt. I was forced to fire. He fell, crying out "I am a dead man by G—d."

"I hope not, Mr. Wycherley; live and repent." Two country fellows leaped over the hedge and came to us. I gave them my looſe ſilver, and ſent one for the ſurgeon, the other for help to carry Wycherley back to my Lord's. I ſupported him in the mean while, and endeavoured to inſpire him with ſentiments of piety.

"No, if I die, I ſhall curſe you with my laſt breath; if I live, I will be revenged."

"Then

" Then I hope you will live, Wycherley; for to die in theſe ſentiments, what have you to expect from heaven's mercy?"

I viewed with a ſincere pity, the malevolence of this man's heart, and endeavoured much to mitigate it. I had nothing in return but curſes, and when five or ſix men arrived of thoſe who were to carry him, he ordered two of them to ſeize me for a murderer, for he ſhould lay his death to my charge. I believe they would have done it, if I had not preſented my piſtol, and kept them at bay. The other fellow whoſe name was Cooper, now came up with the Surgeon, and hearing what the Captain had ſaid, curſed him bitterly, and told him, " as he had lived, ſo he would die a ſcoundrel. This man and I, " ſays he," were cloſe on the other ſide of the hedge, when you firſt met Mr. Davis. We ſaw you give him the letter, and heard you challenge him; and when you could not provoke him to fight you, like a rogue as you was, you fired your firſt piſtol almoſt within arms length, and would have done your ſecond, if he had not prevented it by firing his own." The Surgeon alſo took

took the ſame ſide ſo that I had no more trouble about it; ſo wiſhing the Captain a ſpeedy recovery from *all* his ails, which he returned by wiſhing me damnation, I came immediately to your houſe.

" It is a happy circumſtance you know the men, who were witneſſes of your rencontre."

" One of them only, Sir Ambroſe; the poor fellow has a wife and five children, and works to maintain them harder than a galley ſlave, upon a rack rented farm of the Juſtice's, of leſs than twenty pounds a year. Midſummer rent day, he was a few pounds ſhort, and all the family moſt miſerable about it. My houſekeeper is his aunt; ſhe told me of it one morning when I caught her in tears. I had the money by me. It made a family happy, and an honeſt man grateful. I have formerly given away thouſands, with neither of theſe effects."

" It is amazing to me, Oſmond, how you can afford to be benevolent out of your ſlender pittance. I have heard of a number of your little charities, and the poor bleſs you."

" It

"It is the good will, and the good wiſhes with which they are given, Sir Ambroſe, more than the gifts themſelves, which obtain me this bleſſing. But I am a richer man than you think me. Before I knew Lord Winterbottom I found I could be as happy as money could make me, with one hundred pounds a year. I have one hundred and fifty."

The more Oſmond ſpoke the more reaſon I had to admire. Never in my life did I ſee ſuch manly ſenſe united with ſuch mild manners. Such a cool and determined ſpirit too!

He is going to Lauſanne; from thence he will write to you; I am returning immediately home to attend his concerns at the village; You I am ſure will attend to them every where. I am, Dear Sir,

Your moſt humble ſervant

AMBROSE ARCHER.

Mr.

Mr. WYMAN to Sir AMBROSE ARCHER.

London.

Sir,

YOUR favour from Dover has given me ſome concern, but more pleaſure. Oſmond is ſcarcely more loſt to me in Switzerland, than at Barham Downs; but he has acquired another true and diſintereſted friend; and, permit me to hope, ſo have I alſo.

Your diſtinguiſhing Oſmond and merit under ſuch doubtful appearances, is to me the moſt convincing proof poſſible of your good ſenſe, as well as of your humanity. Soon I hope, he will do credit to your penetration.

Though ſorry for the occaſion that has driven him to a temporary exile, I am pleaſed with the fact. His propenſities were always toward the ſtill, the ſilent, the contemplative life; and as man is merely the creature of habit, it is highly probable, a few years indulgence of this turn,

might have ruined him——even for friendſhip.

Hermits and Monks will never poſſeſs my veneration; and a man who lives totally ſecluded from ſociety, has my free leave to aſcend to heaven, as ſoon as he is able.

Oſmond muſt ſtay upon earth; he has virtues that adorn, and may amend ſociety; and ſoon I think he will be called upon to act a diſtinguiſhed part upon this theatre of human life. In one of his letters he informed me he had communicated the ALL of his little life to you; conſequently you are acquainted with the character of his brother Sir George, and the terms upon which he ſtands both with him, and the reſt of his affinities. I am going to ſurpriſe you.

Sir George ſent for me this morning. When I ſaw him a year ago, he was a jolly, handſome, portly gentleman; I was introduced to a man reclined upon a couch, with a face bloated, a drowſy eye, ſwelled legs, and a protuberance of belly.

The alteration ſtruck me. "I am ſorry Sir George," ſays I, "to ſee you in ſo bad a ſtate of health."

"That

" That I believe is what you men of the world call *compliment*."

" Why ſo, Sir George?"

" Becauſe I am told you are the friend of my brother."

" Is that incompatible with wiſhing well to you, Sir George?"

" It may——or it may not. Read this letter."

COPY.

Sir George Oſmond,

A transfer I ſee has been lately made of ten thouſand pounds over to you, by Solomon Mordec, part of a mortgage upon my eſtate at Barham Downs. I have ſigned the transfer. This is nothing to the purpoſe. Pleaſe to read the incloſed copy. If you acknowledge the writer of the original for a brother, you know without doubt the power this inſult has given me over him. I have the honour to be a peer of the realm Sir George, and of his Majeſty's privy, I may add, of his cabinet council. What need of a multiplicity of words? You know the world and I alſo. If I conſent to overlook this affront, you will

hardly conſider it as more than an equivalent, to ſurrender up the transfer. Shall we make the exchange? Your anſwer will oblige

Sir George, your moſt obedient,
humble Servant,
Winterbottom.

"Privy counſellors," ſays I, "may want wiſdom as well as other folks; otherwiſe, this would have been a verbal propoſal. Did you anſwer it, Sir George?"

"I did. This is it."

COPY.

My Lord,

What need a multiplicity of words? No.

George Oſmond.

"Excellent! Sir George. What followed?"

"This."

Sir George Oſmond,

An expreſs has this moment arrived to inform me that your brother has murdered, baſely murdered, a very intimate and deſerving

ſerving friend of mine, an Iriſh gentleman, Captain Wycherley. There is to be ſure an infinite deal of Lacedemonian wit in your anſwer to my note of this morning, but you muſt find ſuperior arguments to that one I therein mentioned, before I can agree to put up a matter ſo highly offenſive to public juſtice, and my own private honour. Yours is an antient family Sir George, and you, though a philoſopher, might not perhaps think it altogether ſo agreeable an event, to have a brother hanged.

Winterbottom.

" One of the few good things I have learnt from a life ſpent in ſtudy is, not to waſte words. This was my anſwer."

COPY.

My Lord,

To ſave a rogue from the gallows, I will not give a farthing; to bring thither a titled raſcal of your Lordſhip's acquaintance, I would bid as high as any man.

George Oſmond.

"How do you like theſe?"

"Excellently well, as far as my Lord is concerned; ſomething more might have been ſaid for a brother."

"A Brother? He has renounced my conſangunity."

"Be candid, Sir George; remember the provocation."

"Damn'd provocation truly, to rid him of a bitch, who would have been the plague of his life."

"Did you intend him a benefit, Sir George?"

"Rot your interrogatories! but you are a lawyer.——Well Sir, ſuppoſe I meant him an injury, has he Chriſtian meekneſs enough to forgive me?"

"He has forgiven you long ago. Though his brother, I find you do not know him. The mild virtues are all his own."

"You are his friend. Love and hate, equally exaggerate. I own I have prejudices againſt him. From a youth he always appeared to deſpiſe me. I thought him

him an idle fellow, prone to extravagance."

"If you call a romantic generoſity, extravagance, I will not defend him; if a ſtrong propenſity to peace, and the ſtill ſhade of life, be idleneſs, I confeſs him guilty. I have lamented both."

"How can you palliate his addiction to that moſt ſenſeleſs ſtudy of poetry? What are the idle elegancies of Virgil and Horace, to the manly wiſdom of the divine Newton?"

"What are any of them, to Coke upon Littleton?"

"Hay, the devil! Where are we now, Mr. Counſellor? would you compare the pedantry of a profeſſion, to liberal ſcience?"

"No, Sir George; not to *liberal* ſcience; all you have mentioned, and a thouſand others, improve and adorn ſociety. All are liberal, when they do not attempt to reign Lords paramount; and look down upon others."

"I excuſe you. A Lawyer cannot be expected to penetrate into the abyſs of nature. Let us return to Harry. The

ſenſe

ſenſe and ſpirit of his letter to Lord Winterbottom, pleaſes me. I hate Lords."

"I think you wrong there, Sir George; our nobility have their virtues as well as their vices."

Well Sir, you are in a damn'd hurry to cure me of my prejudices. A little leſs contradiction if you pleaſe. When a Lord has married your ſiſter, deſerted her, and made you a cuckold, you will be qualified for my preceptor in this point."

"I beg pardon, Sir George."

"Can you exculpate Harry from theſe charges of Lord Winterbottom?"

"Entirely. I am informed of the whole. Are you at leiſure now, Sir George?"

"Never more ſo."

The ample detail I gave him was received differently from what I could have expected from a man, deſtitute, as I always thought, of ſenſibility. I was pleaſed to find myſelf miſtaken. Sir George *can* feel.

"The moral virtue, delicacy, the mild determined ſpirit of my brother delights me," ſays he; "Sir Ambroſe is a moſt excellent

excellent fellow; I ſhould be charmed with Annabella's notions, and Peggy's eaſy humour, if any thing in woman could charm me. What have I loſt? A ſurly unſociable ſpirit has blinded me to the greateſt pleaſures of human life. I had the fooliſh notion of believing myſelf a man of wiſdom, becauſe I could find out the longitude if any man could find it out; and ſquare the circle, if the circle was to be ſquared. I have ſhut up my heart againſt all the ſocial affections; I have lived for myſelf alone, and what have I got by it? Hatred, Diſeaſe, Contempt, Money and Cuckoldom."

Here Sir George fell into a profound reverie for ſome minutes, which I did not attempt to diſturb. Again he burſt forth into declamation.

" That ſcoundrel Conollan is come home too. What he has done with my bitch of a wife I don't know. I once intended to have ſhot at him, after the manner of theſe wiſe times; but not being much of a piſtol man, and conſidering that he would ſhoot at me too, no ſmall mark Counſellor, hah? I changed my

my mind. I then determined to proceed by law; to ſue him for damages, and inſtitute a bill of divorce againſt him for my ſiſter. This quality Lady laughed at both the propoſals; ſaid, for her part ſhe had no quarrel with Lord Conollan; He did not interfere in her pleaſures; and why ſhould ſhe, in his? So I am where I was.

"My wife may be with child too; Adultery may give me an heir to my eſtate; and ſee theſe legs; What am I to do with them, Counſellor? A young fellow too! Thirty-eight laſt birth day. Harry is ſix years younger.

"You have the reputation of being a very honeſt fellow Wyman; no ſmall thing for a Lawyer. That you are a dangerous enemy, and an ardent friend; and what is more wonderful, that you are violently diſpoſed to kick all diſhoneſt cauſes to the devil, and their inſtitutors after them. That coxcomb, Jeſſamy, in his cups, communicated your behaviour to him, to a fellow ſervant; he, to Timothy Thiſtle my ſteward, and Timothy to me. Now this pleaſed me the more, be-

cauſe

cauſe it could proceed from a regard to Juſtice only. I don't like you the leſs neither, for the honeſt bluntneſs you have ſhewn in this converſation. You have never condeſcended to flatter me; nor once that I remember, ſcrewed your face into a grin of applauſe, at any thing my honour was pleaſed to utter. In ſhort, you are a valuable fellow. Can money buy your friendſhip?"

"No, Sir George; nor would it be worth having if it could."

"You deſpiſe me, Wyman."

"I do not, Sir George. I admire your underſtanding; revere your preſent ſentiments; and think you of a good natural diſpoſition, but led aſtray by a wrong bias."

"Is it poſſible to obtain your friendſhip?"

"If it is worth your having, nothing more eaſy."

"Name the conditions."

"Perſevere in your preſent generous way of thinking; Make Harry happy, and I am your friend for ever."

"A match

"A match by G—d. Give me your hand. For the future I diſclaim all counſellors but you and my brother.

"As an earneſt of my good intentions, Wyman, I have ſixty thouſand pounds in the funds; the greateſt part obtained by honourable gambling in the ſtocks. My broker ſhall attend you into the city this very hour. See it properly transferred to my brother. Draw up any deed you pleaſe, to ſtrengthen the transfer. I will ſign it."

"Three days ago, Sir George, when I received Sir Ambroſe's letter, I honeſtly tell you, I wiſhed you might die; from the bottom of my ſoul I now wiſh you a long and happy life; and to obtain it, what can you do better than go over to Switzerland to Harry? The air of that country is the very air you want; it is keen and bracing; your ſyſtem is relaxed; but you have youth on your ſide, and your diſorder will yield to nothing ſo ſoon as freſh air, regimen, and exerciſe."

"It is the advice of a friend; I will think of it. In the mean time, go to the bank.

bank. Come and ſup with me at eight; we will drink a chearful glaſs together, and talk over the whole of our affairs."

Never in my life Sir Ambroſe, did I perform a buſineſs with more alacrity. Our Harry is now rich beyond his utmoſt wiſhes. But where is Annabella? That lovely girl muſt be his reward. Yet, if it be conſiſtent with the ſtate of things, I could wiſh you would not promulgate at preſent the good fortune of our friend.

I am impatient to hear of Wycherley. I am ſure you will gratify me as ſoon as poſſible. I write to Harry by this poſt.

Your moſt affectionate friend

and ſervant,

WILLIAM WYMAN.

Sir Ambrose Archer to Mr. Wyman.

Barham Downs.

MOST heartily, dear Wyman, do I congratulate you and myſelf upon the agreeable news of your laſt. This miraculous converſion of Sir George, ſeems to be the triumph of good ſenſe, over habit and prejudice, previouſly weakened by bodily infirmity. If he can be cured of *all* his ails, as Harry ſaid to Wycherley, he will be a valuable addition to our ſociety. A certain cruſt of pride, a ſcientific vanity, ſeems to have dominion over him. This weakneſs is not worth the curing. To be happy, a man muſt think well of himſelf; and it is always an agreeable circumſtance, when the predominant vanity is founded upon uſeful qualities of the mind. Sir John Jehu values himſelf upon being the beſt charioteer in the kingdom; Sir Dilberry Diddle upon being the beſt contriver of ſpangles; and Sir George Oſmond,

Oſmond, upon being the beſt Mathematician. What a difference!

Wycherley is yet alive. We do not however flatter ourſelves with any hopes of his recovery. Winterbottom is down, attended by an eminent ſurgeon, whoſe report is rather unfavourable. The ball is not extracted; and he thinks it probable, Wycherley may linger three months, and die at laſt. The good ſoul continues as mild, and as charitably diſpoſed, as when Oſmond and he parted. My Lord ſwears, bluſters, and denounces vengeance; a terrible animal, as fearful as the bug with gilded wings.

It would be too much to expect that fortune ſhould unite every circumſtance to render us happy all at once. All is day at Sir George Oſmond's; all is dark night at the Juſtice's. My Lord has ſtill the aſcendant there. The ſervants are ſilent and myſterious; Peggy is confined, and Annabella unheard of. Rumour indeed has been buſy as uſual on this young lady's account, nor has the malignant voice of ſcandal been entirely ſilent. According to this induſtrious female, ſhe is

gone off with a man of the ſword; for once upon a time, a young officer quartered at Canterbury, eſcorted the two ſiſters home from a viſit to that antient city. But ſhe is gone off alſo, with a man of the law; for an attorney's clerk at Elham, was once upon a viſit at the houſe for a week together.

A villager, who has the reputation of poſſeſſing two good eyes, ſaw a well dreſſed young woman, before day break that very morning, take the foot road down to the river ſide. Another does verily believe he met her in the lane leading to the London road. A third, that about that hour of the morning, he ſaw a London coach ſtop, and take her up, as he was coming home fro' Norton Wake.

Not to loſe ſuch excellent intelligence for want of enquiry, I applied to all theſe. The firſt told me, no indeed, he had never ſeen her, nor had ſaid ſo; he had indeed ſaid, pray God ſhe had not ta'en the road to the river; for he loved her dearly, ſhe was ſo good to his wife in her laſt lying in. The ſecond was nurſing his ſick cow, all night in the lane, and had ſaid, if

Miſs

Miſs Anny had comed that way, belike he might ha' ſeen her. The third, that a coach had ſtopped over againſt him, and had taken a woman into the baſket, but it was Moll Barnes a going to Maidſtone.

I learn that the Juſtice himſelf is confined by ſome flying humours of the gout; and ſo violently pettiſh, that he flung the remains of a baſon of gruel full in Peter's face, only for hoping it would turn out a fine day, when the Juſtice had ſaid it was a cloudy morning.

I am full of projects for getting once more familiarly into the inſide of the houſe; Peggy I muſt ſee; and Lord Winterbottom, if poſſible I muſt remove.

Were it not for theſe *abſolute* duties, I would offer myſelf as a companion to Switzerland, to Sir George. And the moment I can put things here upon a deſirable footing, I will join the Brothers with all my heart.

I am Dear Sir,

moſt affectionately your's,

AMBROSE ARCHER.

Mr. Wyman to Sir Ambrose Archer.

London.

Dear Sir,

SIR George is determined for Switzerland in a few days. Nothing, he ſays, would pleaſe him ſo much as to have you for a fellow-traveller; but he yields up this pleaſure for the benefit of his brother. We are ſorry your cloudy atmoſphere does not yet begin to break; it is impoſſible to gueſs your projects for clearing your horizon; all we can do is to wiſh them ſucceſs.

All writers, whether of books or of letters, propoſe either to inſtruct or amuſe, and often unhappily, as may be my caſe now, fail in both. At preſent, having no matter for information, I aim at your amuſement only, and if I do not ſucceed, have the goodneſs to own it is owing, not to my want of abilities, but to your want of taſte.

Sir George received me, the evening I laſt wrote, with much ſeeming pleaſure. His

His firſt queſtion was, if I had prepared any thing to ſign? I had. "I am glad of it," ſays he; "I love diſpatch and punctuality. I am pleaſed alſo to ſee your activity in favour of your *old* friend, although it may carry ſome appearance of want of confidence in your *new*."

"That's not a fair interpretation, Sir George."

"'Tis a very natural one though. But in faith, you have nothing to fear. The delight I feel from my preſent ſenſations is too exquiſite to permit me to relapſe into my former. Shall we want witneſſes?"

"One, to ſee you ſign, Sir George."

"Then you ſhall have an original; an old fellow who never told a lie ſince he was a man, nor ever paid a compliment. Would he not have made an admirable lawyer?"

This original was the old ſteward, of whom mention was made in the narrative of Mr. Jaſper Jeſſamy.

"Timothy," ſays Sir George, "you are to ſee me ſign this paper, and then to ſign it yourſelf." Sir George ſigned, and gave him the pen. Mr. Thiſtle put on his

his ſpectacles; it behoveth man, ſays he, to beware of wrong doing——eſpecially in matters of law. "Signed and ſealed in the preſence of" ——— "but your honour hath not ſealed," ſays Mr. Thiſtle. True Timothy." Sir George then ſealed, and the old gentleman ſigned.

"By this deed Timothy, I have given away ſixty thouſand pounds."

"Sixty thouſand pounds, ſays Timothy, with the falling cadence, and ſucking in his breath, as if he had received a blow. Then turning the paper about, which was only a common ſtamp, "It is done in a ſmall compaſs," ſays he.

"Read it up, Timothy; I have not yet ſeen or heard a ſyllable of it."

"Your honour hath great confidence," replies Mr. Thiſtle. The preamble ſtated the ſeveral funds, with the neceſſary incidents, which the old gentleman travelled through with great gravity of muſcle. When he came to, "all and every of theſe ſums I give grant and aſſign, over for ever and ever to my dear brother Henry Oſmond,—his heirs and aſſigns, out of the great love and affection I bear him——

Timothy

Timothy began to falter; ſcrewed his mouth awry; hemmed; coughed; blowed his noſe; and at length, fairly burſt into tears. How capricious are the ſigns of pleaſure! Mr. Thiſtle, audibly ſobbing, ran out of the room. Neither Sir George nor I were unmoved. He returned however almoſt immediately, and firſt begging pardon, he took his maſter's hand, and kiſſing it reſpectfully, "God for ever bleſs you Sir, ſays he, for this generous and noble deed. All the world will applaud it; and what is ten times better, it will be a cordial to your honour's heart as long as you live. I always loved your brother; he was the ſweeteſt tempered gentleman——"

"And I, the ſoureſt, I ſuppoſe, Timothy. Come draw our ſeparate characters fairly; let this gentleman know your talents for ſatire and panegyric."

"Your honour is pleaſed to Joke," ſays the old man.

"Not in the leaſt. I am going to mend my faults, Timothy; and as no man living knows them better than yourſelf, I ſhall be glad to have a catalogue."

"It

"It makes me happy to ſee your honour merry."

"Yes, Timothy, I am merry, and would be wiſe. Now, the firſt precept for wiſdom given by the ſages of antiquity, is, MAN, KNOW THYSELF; and this, a man beſt learns from his neighbours. Ergo, Timothy, no more equivocations, but to the point."

"I declare I ſee no faults in your honour *now*, and this noble act would eradicate a thouſand."

"Hey day, Timothy; why thou art growing polite, man. Never attempt the courtier's art, Timothy; it will ſit ill upon thee; with all my faults, an ounce of thy blunt honeſty, though it bit me, was more to my reliſh than a ton of flattery. Prithee no more of this."

"Your honour hath taught me ſome mathematics, where I find it a rule to make a propoſition as general as poſſible, and let every one draw corollaries, as they can. Now the leading error of your honour's life, if I don't miſtake, is, that of all the eight parts of ſpeech, you never loved conjunctions."

Con-

"Conjunctions, Timothy! well go on."

"Conjunctions, pleaſe your honour, neither copulative, nor amicable. For when you was a child, you played by yourſelf; and ſince you became a man, whether you went abroad, or ſtayed at home, got money, or got in drink; it has always been ——— by yourſelf."

"Your theorem is not general enough, Timothy; one remarkable exception, one conjunction copulative, muſt ſtare you in the face."

"Why, your honour did marry, to be ſure; but it was rather a phenomenon than a conjunction; it was a meteor that dazzled for a while, and then went out of itſelf."

"Well, draw your corollaries, Timothy."

"As your honour lived by yourſelf, you could only learn to love yourſelf. We love thoſe that love us. If your honour loved nobody——nobody could love your honour. In ſhort, throughout the whole extent of nature, I know of no being *ſo like what your honour was*——as an oyſter."

"Well

"Well ſaid Timothy! this concluſive concluſion is the very quinteſſence of mathematical induction. What ſay you counſellor, ought I, or ought I not, to break his head?"

"By no means, pleaſe your honour," ſays Timothy, "even Friar Bacon's brazen head, when it was broke, ſpoke not one word more."

"I am of Mr. Thiſtle's opinion, Sir George; break heads that have nothing in them. I will willingly ſubject myſelf and my profeſſion to the keen edge of Mr. Thiſtle's pruning knife, for the novelty of hearing a man ſpeak——ſtrait forward."

Sir George continued in ſo good a humour, that after ſupper, he indulged me in a deſire to have Mr. Thiſtle partake of our evening pipe and potation.

Notwithſtanding his threatening diſorder, the Baronet could not abſtain from the too free indulgence of the bottle; and by and by, fell into a little abſtract of his own life.

"If," ſays he, "a human being was brought up in a pigſtye, ſuch I believe is the force of habit, he would be a pig

pig to all intents and purpoſes. How I acquired my oyſter-like diſpoſition, which this plain ſpoken gentleman here, imputes to me ſo emphatically, I know no more than a coach horſe. Why I hated my brother ſo early in life, is, I think, to be accounted for, from his being the reverſe of myſelf. My ſiſter was more like me, and by all the rules of philoſophy I ought to have loved her. This conſequence however did not follow. She was careſſed becauſe ſhe was pretty, and Harry becauſe he was eager to oblige: Nobody took notice of me except to expreſs their diſguſt or contempt.

" Nature had given me a ſtrong intellect, though I could not direct it right, and when my tutors preſented Algebra to me, I found it ſo agreeable to my appetite that I might rather be ſaid to devour than eat. It ſoon became the conſoling power that recompenſed me for all my mortifications. Yet ſo ſtrong was my churliſh diſpoſition, that it impelled me, againſt the ſtream of vanity, to keep the progreſs I made, to myſelf—and every body thought me a blockhead.

" My father died. If I had manifeſted no delight in any of the elegant pleaſures, it was not doubted but I ſhould run headlong into ſenſuality, and the groſſer follies of fortune. No. So much was I abſorbed in contemplating the beauties of the divine Matheſis, I had no eyes for thoſe leſſer ſtars that ſet the world on fire with their pretty luſtres. I became a recluſe at twenty.

" One unmathematical paſſion however, Avarice, the world, from my rage of accumulation, muſt have ſuppoſed, had got faſt hold of me. The world was miſtaken. I never loved money. My exceſſive addiction to every thing calculable, led me to conſider the nature of our ſtocks. The whim of practical ſpeculation ſeized me. I ſucceeded. The game amuſed me, becauſe it flattered my vanity. Succeſs was owing to ſuperior talents. Self adulation was the ſpur that kicked me to amaſs a fortune.

" Lord Conollan courted my ſiſter, and Harry my devil of a wife. I took no concern about any of them. My Lord wanted more money. I valued it ſo little that

that I had actually determined to give him ten thouſand pounds; but the puppy demanded, rather than aſked it of me, with ſuch an inſulting diſplay of his vaſt conſequence, his grandeur, his magnificence, that I could not reſolve to give him a farthing.

" My ſiſter pretended to fall ſick about it. The affectation only ſteeled me the more. Miſs Strode was abſolutely dying for the diſappointment of her wretched friend. I laughed, and Harry cried. The poor fellow gave up five thouſand pounds of his own ſlender pittance, and though I called it by indeed it's real name folly, yet, like Milton's devil, I could not help hating the goodneſs that produced it.

" Now whether it was deſign in my ſiſter, or the effect of her own charming and grateful temper, I know not: But ſhe had always ſomething or other to ridicule in my brother, or to malign; nay, ſhe was ſo exceſſively diſintereſted, that ſhe did not ſpare even the generoſity by which ſhe obtained her happineſs. Miſs Strode followed her lead, and ſo agreeable a ſub-

ject making a conſtant part of our after dinner deſert, I began a little to reliſh the company of the two women, which before, was milk and water to me.

" My ſiſter happened to make one in a party to Windſor; Miſs Strode, by deſign, I don't doubt, ſtayed at home. At dinner ſhe was peculiarly obliging; there was ſomething uncommonly inviting in her dreſs; and an air of voluptuouſneſs all over her, which I had never ſeen before. How ſhe managed I know not, but ſhe overcame even the ſtrong ſenſe I had of my own aukwardneſs. I ventured upon a few liberties. Her angel-goodneſs reſented them ſo ſweetly, that ſhe inflamed my ſenſes. I wanted to go the ſtrait forward road of animal gratification. She wanted my eſtate and title, and her art in obtaining them was a maſter piece. Panting with ſenſibility, her virtue was every now and then ready to give up the ghoſt; conſtantly, at the dying minute ſhe recovered to a ſenſe of honour. It is true ſhe almoſt reverenced my profound wiſdom, and vaſt abilities, but chaſtity was dearer to her than

than life. My profound wiſdom fell into the ſnare, and I married her the next morning.

" Six enchanting days and nights I lived in elyſium, and could the delirium have been kept up, we ſhould have been the happieſt couple in the bills of mortality. But my fever abated, and my Lady's paſſion for quality living increaſed in the ſame proportion. In one month, it was very apparent, her veneration for my profound wiſdom, was much upon a par with my ardour; there was nothing in nature, for which we cared leſs, than for one another. Still, each ſliding into the habits we liked, we might have jogged on with tolerable decency, if Madam had not taken it into her head to make me a cuckold. My pride here, got the aſcendant over my philoſophy, and I had matured two or three plans of vengeance, when the culprits withdrew.

" My mind however was thrown by the ſhock, out of its wonted range, and for the ſoul of me I could not get it back. I took now and then a look at the world, and found myſelf unlike any thing in it.

I drank harder than common, and began to grow dropſical. I ſhall die, ſays I, to the regret of no ſoul alive: All my poſſeſſions will devolve to my brother. It is true I don't love him; but I love no other perſon well enough to make a will in his favour. Though I have ranged over all the celeſtial ſpheres, I am a mere child in the knowledge of the world. Every body ſpeaks of the pleaſures ariſing from the ſocial affections; how do I know but they may be right. I have no ſoul but a brother to try the experiment upon, and he has renounced me.

"I was thinking thus when Lord Winterbottom ſent me his firſt letter. Sometime ſince I ſhould only have hated Harry the more, the more evidence I had of his ſpirit and virtue. At preſent I admired. I began to think reconciliation poſſible; and it pleaſed the more, the more I thought of it. I ſent for you, and have been increaſing in happineſs ever ſince. My new feelings will carry me as ſoon as poſſible to Geneva, and for ought I know, to Heaven."

The poſt hour is expired.——

Dear friend, Adieu,

WILLIAM WYMAN.

Mr. Henry Osmond to Mr. Wyman.

Lauſanne.

I Doubt not, dear William, but I may ſpare myſelf the trouble of rehearſing over again the ſhocking cataſtrophe that has exiled me from my native land. *Our* friend Sir Ambroſe will have informed you of every thing; except, that he adminiſtered to my afflictions, to my *neceſſities*, like another Wyman.

Oh, for the actual, undiſturbed, *untemporary* enjoyment of two ſuch friends; *and one thing more!* I *muſt think* of Annabella, William: She is ſo ſuperlatively attractive, ſo every way excellent, that not to love her, is beyond my power of ſoul or body. But to deſire to poſſeſs her! If ever I catch my crazy imagination forming ſuch a wiſh, I batter it with all the powers of reaſon: Yet, wayward children will ſometimes cry for the moon, let *Nurſe Wiſdom* do all ſhe can.

I ar-

I arrived at this place laſt night; and upon the road I looked round about me every where, for the *pleaſures* of travelling. They eluded my ſearch; whence I conjecture they are fond of attending the careleſs traveller who goes he *knows not where*; but never *againſt* the current of inclination.

I paſſed through Geneva, a place too full of my own countrymen for my preſent abiding: Nor is this place free from ſome of the like incommodities. My intention is to find ſome ſequeſtered ſpot within the diſtance of a morning's walk, from this city, that I may now and then take a peep at the buſy world; and what is of infinitely more importance to me, that I may ſometimes meet the *Ghoſts* of Wyman, and of Archer.

Dear departed friends—Adieu.

HENRY OSMOND.

Sir

Sir AMBROSE ARCHER to Mr. WYMAN.

Barham Downs.

FOR the extreme pleaſure afforded me by your two laſt letters, I wiſh I could pay you to the uttermoſt farthing. I will pay what I can.

Annabella is found. Lord Winterbottom loſt. At leaſt I hope, that will form a part of the denouement of our piece. That I may not knock my brains out againſt the *poſts* and *antes*, I will try for once to write, as honeſt Timothy ſpeaks——ſtrait forwards.

I told you in my laſt, I deſpaired of getting *en famille* into the Juſtice's houſe, unleſs I could deviſe ſome expedient of getting my Lord out. This worthy nobleman had furniſhed me with a very decent cauſe of quarrel, *as cauſes go now*, by a moſt liberal malediction of me, in good company, at a friend's houſe. A gentleman preſent, a man poſſeſſed of five hundred independent pounds per annum, and *who knows their value*, expreſſed ſomething like

like reſentment at this ungenteel treatment of an abſent perſon; but the company being numerous, and part ladies, it paſſed off. The next day however, he communicated it to me, and with the ſpirit of a man, bade me ſay, *He told me.* Next morning I wrote the following billet.

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip having done me the honour lately, to make me the ſubject of a long declamation, I am bound in gratitude to acknowledge it. My follies, wherever you can find them, I freely abandon to your Lordſhip. They are lawful game. I ſhall do myſelf the honour to treat your Lordſhip's in the ſame way, and the harveſt promiſes to be abundant. It ſeems however, neceſſary for the good of ſociety that no one ſhould brand another with infamy, without mixing ſome portion of truth, however ſmall, with his own *ingenuities.* You, my Lord, have honoured the ſtory of my inſignificant life, with a few *dark* particulars, without a ſingle atom of this ingredient. Your Lordſhip is one of the happy few who are doubly guarded againſt

againſt this inconvenience. *My* honour, I chuſe to defend, by my ſword alone. What you have been pleaſed to ſay, your Lordſhip has, no doubt, ſpirit enough to juſtify. If ſo, I ſhall ſoon have the pleaſure of attending your Lordſhip's commands—Till when

I am your Lordſhip's
moſt obedient

Ambroſe Archer.

P. S. That no cavils may be made concerning my information, Mr. Terris allows me to mention him as the informer.

I received the following anſwer the ſame day, and early the next my Lord was called to town, without doubt, by his Majeſty's mandate.

Your letter, Sir Ambroſe, is really aſtoniſhing. My life is dedicated to the ſervice of my King, and country. When I am free of theſe ties, and find myſelf reduced, (pardon me) to be as inſignificant a member of the community as yourſelf, then,

and

and not before, I ſhall think myſelf at liberty to chaſtiſe you for your inſolent ſummons.

Winterbottom.

A ſenſible letter this, hah, Counſellor? as Sir George ſays; could one ſuſpect it was dictated by any other ſpirit, than the ſpirit of cowardice, it would deſerve conſideration.

Having ſeveral times performed the unavailing etiquette of ſending in my name to the Juſtice, and requeſting leave to pay him a viſit; I wrote him a long expoſtulatory letter, wherein by good luck, I kept clear of all manner of abuſe, and laviſhed as much adulation, as properly applied, might have propagated a pair of lawn ſleeves. This manœuvre ſucceeded, and I was admitted into the awful preſence of Mr. Juſtice Whitaker, expiating his ſins in flannel.

His tongue however was *perfectly* free. Nature has denied him all grace of body, and given him a ſmall ſhrill pipe; ſo that though he had been well tutored as to the

ſubject

ſubject matter, he mixed with it ſo much of his own uncouth, that I with difficulty preſerved that gravity and ſerioufneſs of attention with which I had predetermined to liſten to him. He ended his querulous harangue of half an hour exultingly; "What can you ſay to all this now, Sir Ambroſe, what can you ſay to all this?"

"Why really neighbour, your eloquence has been ſo wonderfully ſtrong and rapid, that I am hardly able to ſtand it."

"No, no, I believe not, I believe not. Truth has great powers Sir Ambroſe; truth has great powers."

"She has Sir; and if ſhe had been of your ſide, I ſhould not have thought the matter extraordinary; all the wonder is, you ſhould be able to do ſuch great things, with her Ladyſhip directly againſt you."

"Look you there now; that is as much as to ſay that I lie; I thought how it would be; you never minds what you ſay to nobody, Sir Ambroſe."

"Indeed but I do, my good neighbour, and to nobody more than yourſelf. But I

plead not guilty to your charges in general, and though I do it in the civileſt terms poſſible, you may take exceptions, you know."

"O yes, you'll deny every thing to be ſure, you'll deny that you called me a fool."

"No really, I confeſs that."

"You'll deny that you affronted my Lord Winterbottom in my houſe, and in my preſence."

"No, I confeſs that too; but I own I think it comical that either your houſe, or your preſence ſhould be offended with it. Where ſhould a man reſent pray, but where the provocation is given?"

"Ay, you have ſuch a way of turning things. You'll deny, I ſuppoſe, that you ſet my daughters and me together by the ears?"

"That I will indeed. Prove this, and I will own your anger juſt."

"Why, did you not take their part when we begun to quarrel firſt? Did not you ſay you would harbour them, and ſupport them, and protect them againſt my Lord's authority, and mine?"

"Againſt

" Againſt my Lord's, I did; but not againſt your's. On the contrary, you may remember that though I diſdained to anſwer that fellow's queſtion, whether Miſs Whitaker was at my houſe? I anſwered your's, becauſe you had an undoubted right to aſk it. As to my taking part againſt you, recollect if you pleaſe, that I did not give my opinion to them, nor before them; but to yourſelf, after they had retired. Nor did I ever make any offer of an aſylum to them, nor do they know, at leaſt by my means, that ſuch was my inclination. This charge therefore is wholly groundleſs. So is that of ſupporting Davis, in his pretenſions to your eldeſt daughter; for I can aſſure you upon my honour, he never did make pretenſions to her."

" I can't bear to hear you take that fellow's part. Here he comes under a feigned name, becauſe he dare not uſe his own; without a ſhilling property; inſinuates himſelf into peoples houſes; ſets families by the ears; affronts a nobleman, and kills that nobleman's friend; and you ſcreen him from all manner of law and juſtice. Is this well done, Sir Ambroſe?"

"Do *you* know his real name, Mr. Whitaker?"

"No not I, nor nobody elſe hereabouts I believe."

"Did you ever hear of Sir George Oſmond?"

"Yes ſure, we were of the ſame college: He died about ten years ſince."

"He did. This Davis is his ſon. His elder brother is the preſent Sir George Oſmond, a man capable of buying all Lord Winterbottom's inheritance."

"Lord ha' mercy!——but you are a joking man, Sir Ambroſe; you was always fond of a joke."

"I never indulge a joke to the prejudice of a friend, Mr. Whitaker. It is neceſſary your eyes ſhould be opened to the mean, the low, the infamous arts, my Lord has uſed to blind them. He knows Mr. Oſmond, knows him, bating my Lord's haſty ſlip into the peerage, of a family ſuperior to his own. Knows him to have been an honourable and worthy merchant, reduced partly by accident, and partly by his own generoſity. And knows that he retired to Barham Downs upon the ſmall remains of

an

an opulent fortune, and that he changed his name, merely to live unknown, and at his eaſe. If I prove this, Mr. Whitaker, what, think you, muſt be the ungenerous motives, that could induce a peer of the realm, to impoſe upon you by ſo falſe a repreſentation? You yourſelf are a man of large fortune, and a moſt reſpectable magiſtrate. Your life has been ſpent in bringing truth to light, and in detecting falſehood. In a common man you would think ſuch a mode of proceeding altogether atrocious. Lords indeed may have a greater latitude."

"Why, I don't know, Sir Ambroſe; if the truth be as you ſay, my Lord is to blame. But, hear both ſides, you know is the maxim with people that have to do with the law."

"Ay, and with the goſpel too, neighbour, or ſhould be. But tell me now, my good friend," taking his hand, "did not you loſe ſight of that fine maxim a little, when you ſhut your doors againſt all your friends, except Lord Winterbottom?"

"Why what would you have me do? How could I think ſuch a great man as my

Lord would ſay an untruth? And to have my daughter a Counteſs, and to raiſe one's family——fine things Sir Ambroſe—— And to have a Peer of the realm call one father."

"Yes indeed; they are the very things for which men run mad; for which they barter happineſs and virtue. Your daughter Anny unluckily did not ſee theſe fine things in their true light. What woman would not be a Counteſs, although half her huſband's revenues were laviſhed upon an Italian dancer? What though my Lord's finances are a little deranged by the dice; the inheritance of his fathers drowned in the ocean of mortgages; or immerged in the dirty puddle of Jew annuities? Your daughter will be a Counteſs nevertheleſs, you know."

"Ay Sir Ambroſe, now you are running your Rig again. But have a care, this is ſcandalum magnatum, as I take it."

"It may be ſo, for any thing I know; I only know that it is true. If I could have obtained admiſſion to your preſence whilſt

whilſt my Lord was here, you would have heard me ſay the ſame things to his face; and what is more to the purpoſe, I would have proved them too. But where is Miſs Peggy?"

"Why where ſhe ſhould be, till ſhe knows her duty better; confined to her chamber. I ſuppoſe you want to take her part again."

"No indeed, I take the part of no undutiful children. I am only ſorry to ſee family harmony interrupted; and you deprived of ſuch a pretty obliging nurſe, now you are ill. But let me ſee (taking out my watch) I have an engagement this morning. We have a meeting to conſult about an incloſure of part of the Downs. I wiſh you could have gone. You have an old head that would be uſeful to us, and I think ſome intereſt."

"I can't go however; but I ſhould like to hear about it."

"Will you give me a ſupper? I uſed to invite myſelf without ceremony. I dare not ſuppoſe myſelf welcome now."

"You'll plague me about the girls?"

"Not

"Not I indeed——You ſay they are undutiful."

"I can't ſay, Sir Ambroſe, but I ſhould be glad to have you come and go as you uſed to do——but——only——that——my Lord————."

"Oh never let that trouble you——Well I'll be with you in the evening——Adieu."

I haſted away in order to give him time for thinking, before I renewed the conference——and I conclude now in order to give you time to enjoy the ſleep I have excited.

Your friend (ſans compliment,)
AMBROSE ARCHER.

Sir AMBROSE ARCHER in continuation.

I Went to the Juſtice's an hour before ſupper; informed him of the buſineſs of the day; made him merry with the blunders; and put him into good humour by praiſing his *Scavoir faire*. The ſervant laid two plates only.

"No

"No female to preſide at your table;" ſays I; "this to me, though a batchelor, is very aukward. May I not intreat for Miſs Peggy's company? How long is her baniſhment to laſt?"

"Till ſhe knows how to be dutiful."

"She *knows* how certainly; I have ſeen her practiſe it ten years together. Forgive her one fault."

"Yes, when ſhe promiſes to mend. I tell you ſhe's as ſtubborn as a mule."

"She has changed her nature then. I am quite curious to ſee her in this new dreſs. Diſobedient! and ſtubborn! Peggy! whom you have praiſed ſo much for the contrary? You have reaſoned the caſe over with her no doubt?"

"No, I knows better. It is for me to command, and for her to obey, if I know any thing. Beſides ſhe puts me always in a paſſion."

"Duty to a parent is quite eſſential to the character of a good child. I can't imagine what ſhe can have to ſay for herſelf. Dear Sir, oblige me by ſending for her down."

"Not

"Not I indeed. I ſhan't lower myſelf ſo far. If you will have her, ſend for her yourſelf. You'll ſoon ſee how humble ſhe is." I rang the bell. "Your maſter's compliments and mine to Miſs Peggy, beg the favour of her company to ſupper."

"Sirrah, if you deliver that meſſage, I'll break your head. What the d——l do you mean, Sir Ambroſe? *My* compliments indeed!"

"Mine then, Peter." Peter ſeemed in haſte to go, leſt the order ſhould be reverſed.

"My good old friend, you will do me the greateſt favour in the world, only to ſhew a little of your uſual kindneſs to Miſs Peggy to-night. To govern with a high hand, though it be a father's right, is ſeldom the beſt way."

"S'blood Sir Ambroſe, you'd ſpoil the beſt children in the world. It's well you've none of your own."

"It may be ſo. Indulge me with my own way for this night only. To-morrow, follow your own better judgment."

Miſs

Miſs Peggy came in a few minutes, curtſied to her father, and thanked him for his permiſſion to come once more into his preſence; then paid her compliments to me.

" I am exceedingly ſorry, Miſs Peggy, any thing ſhould have ariſen to diſturb the harmony of ſo happy a family."

" So am I, indeed Sir Ambroſe."

" Why you know, Peg, it's all owing to your own undutifulneſs."

" Me undutiful, Papa! you quite ſurprize me. Don't I obey you in every manner of thing?"

" Look you now, Sir Ambroſe; I told you ſhe would not own herſelf in a fault."

" Is obedience a fault, Papa? I don't remember that I have been honoured lately with any command, but to confine myſelf to my room, and I have not even ventured ſo much as a petition againſt it."

" Hark you, Mrs. Prateapace; where's your ſiſter? Anſwer me that."

" But that would be a breach of truſt, Papa."

" There, Sir Ambroſe, there; you ſee now. But come, Madam, for once I'll condeſcend

condeſcend to argue with you. Suppoſe I had loſt a horſe, and the thief had truſted you with the place where it was concealed; you would not tell me becauſe it would be a breach of truſt?"

"My ſiſter is not a horſe, Papa; nor has ſhe been ſtolen."

But is not ſhe my property, Miſs? Anſwer me that.

"She is your *daughter*, Sir."

"There again now; this is the way ſhe puts me into ſuch a bloody paſſion always. I can never get no ſtrait anſwer. Aſk her your own queſtions Sir Ambroſe. A ſtubborn gipſey!"

"Miſs Annabella is well I hope, Miſs Peggy?"

"No indeed, Sir Ambroſe; nor ever will be till my Papa reſtores her again into favour."

"Was not leaving her father's houſe too haſty a ſtep?"

"It was entirely againſt her own judgment, Sir. My Papa's anger ought to be directed ſolely againſt me. I forced her to it."

The Juſtice was about to fly out into revilings. "Stop, dear Sir; whatſoever the

the fault may be, the confeſſion repairs it. A young lady of your ſenſe, Miſs Peggy, muſt have thought ſhe had ſtrong reaſons for it."

"I did indeed. My ſiſter's heart was almoſt broke. She loſt her reſt, her appetite. Lady Winterbottom would not have lived a month. Her death would have cauſed mine; and I am very deſirous of living, if I could but recover my Papa's favour, and reſtore my ſiſter to his affections."

"To ſay the truth, Miſs Peggy, I think Miſs Annabella ſhould return and throw herſelf upon her father's generoſity."

"It is my fault that ſhe has not done it, Sir. My ſiſter has wrote twice to my Papa, acknowledging her error, and aſking leave to return."

"Yes, but upon condition that I would break off with Lord Winterbottom though; mind that."

I had no other way of giving Peggy a hint to follow my lead, but by a wink. I ſaw ſhe underſtood me.

"Children ſhould not ſtipulate conditions with their parents. But though *they* ought not, a common friend may make

propoſals. It was wrong to be ſure to go away; but as that appears not to be her own doing, I hope, my good neighbour, you will forgive her; and Miſs Peggy alſo; for though her advice was not quite right, her motive for giving it was very amiable, and the frankneſs of her confeſſion might well expiate a much greater error. What ſay you Sir? Miſs Peggy," making her a ſign, "your father is ſubdued."

"Peggy inſtantly threw herſelf at his feet, and kiſſing his hand, burſt into tears. The Juſtice could not ſtand it. Get up, get up, Peggy, I forgive thee, I forgive thee. I have been wrong, I have been wrong myſelf. Be a good girl, we'll have no more quarrels."

Peggy roſe, and half devoured him with kiſſes. "And when, my dear Sir, will you permit my ſiſter the happineſs I now enjoy?"

"When thou wilt, Peggy; the ſooner the better."

"How kind, and condeſcendingly good you are Sir. I am ſo overwhelmed with pleaſure, I beg permiſſion to retire; I will return in a few minutes."

This

This was a ſweet moving ſcene, Wyman; but nothing to what followed, if words could deſcribe it; or I could find thoſe words.

"Confeſs now, my good neighbour," ſays I, "that you are happier than you have been ſome days paſt."

"I am, I am, my kind friend," ſays he ſqueezing my hand, "and I thank you for it."

"How frank, generous, and noble, is Miſs Peggy's behaviour! I think you the happieſt man in England in your daughters."

"Say no more, Sir Ambroſe, ſay no more; blind! blind!"

I was endeavouring to convince him how right it would be to leave ſuch girls to their own conduct, when to my inexpreſſible aſtoniſhment, Miſs Peggy entered, leading by the hand——————Annabella herſelf.

The good Juſtice actually looked affrighted, nor did he recover his ſurprize, till the ſweet apparition, after kneeling on one knee, and repeatedly kiſſing his hand, his lips; laid her gentle head upon his

boſom; and poured out her repentance in a flood of ſilent ſorrow. The old man yielded now without reſerve to the fond emotions of a father. He ſtrained her to his embrace, and dear Papa, and dear Anny, were for ſome time their ſole aſpirations.

Neither Miſs Peggy nor I, had had the precaution to ſtop the entrance of ſupper, and this enchanting ſcene was cut ſhort, by Peter, with a mere corporeal entertainment. Peter caſt his eye on Annabella, ejaculated a God bleſs him, ſet down the diſh upon the table, and hurried out of the room. What he ſaid to the two ſervant maids, who were in the paſſage to meet Peter with the reſt of his materials, I know not, but I could hear *him* ſwear, and the girls laugh.

Not without ſome little confuſion we got ſeated down to ſupper, the ceremonial of which was duly performed in all its parts, except the eating, to which none of us paid much attention. The interval however was of material ſervice to us. I forced upon the girls two ſmall glaſſes of Madeira each; upon the Juſtice and myſelf

myſelf a bottle; ſo that by the time the ſervants had withdrawn, our tongues had recovered a tolerable ſhare of their powers.

"And now, you little puſſes," ſays the Juſtice, "tell us what you have been about. Whither did you go, Anny? And when did you return?"

"Before an explanation of theſe particulars, Papa," ſays Peggy, "I have your pardon to beg for two other female culprits, Molly and Jenny; who have been in the ſecret, for a ſecret there is, Papa, and what is very wonderful in a woman, at leaſt you ſay ſo, have kept it almoſt ten days."

"No conditions, Peggy; let us hear."

"Why then, Papa, this wonderful elopement, which has furniſhed ſo much matter of admiration to all the good people of theſe parts, was made from our chamber, once or twice, when indeed it was ſcarce neceſſary, into our cloſet. Not one ſtep further upon my word."

"Hey day! you little wild puſſes; why this is enchantment: How could this poſſibly be managed?"

" Nothing ſo eaſy, as to the plot; all the difficulty lay with my ſiſter; who in truth, Papa, is a very obſtinate and unruly girl, and I hope you will beat her for it."

" So, Peggy; you are recovering apace I ſee: Well let us hear all the particulars."

" Whilſt my ſiſter Annabella only talked of dying, I own I did not give her entire credit; but when ſhe ſet about the matter in earneſt, neither eat nor ſlept, and ſaid her prayers every hour of the day and night, I began to be alarmed, and to conſider how to prevent it. I feared, Papa, your reſolution would not be changed, whilſt Lord Winterbottom and Lord Winterbottom's echo were hourly diſplaying the greatneſs of the match, and to remove theſe was beyond my poor abilities; I therefore propoſed to my ſiſter a real elopement to London, to Mrs. Shirley there, in which (I will confeſs the whole truth, Papa,) I intended to be her companion. Annabella was in heroics at both the propoſals. No, ſhe would die before ſhe would fly in the face of her Papa, or ſtain her immaculate whiteneſs, by becoming a runaway; and if ſhe could take ſuch

ſuch a *monſtrous* reſolution, did I think ſhe would involve her deareſt ſiſter in her misfortunes and diſgrace? We fought this buſineſs four whole days and nights, but, I am ſorry to ſay, Annabella is of ſuch an obſtinate temper, that I might as well have run my wiſe head againſt a rock. So I let her alone, and pouted (my way, you know, Papa) till ſhe terrified me by the beginning of a hectic cough. You, my dear Sir, thought my repreſentation of this, artifice; ſo I was obliged to think of more ways and means. At length I fell upon this imaginary elopement, which, to ſay truth, was as ill received as the other. It would ſtain her reputation, and enrage her father. At length, influenced by the mean arts of Lord Winterbottom, my dear Papa, gave Anny peremptory orders to prepare for marriage in a few days, and the lawyers were perpetually backward and forward. Then had my ſiſter no other reſource, and ſhe gave herſelf up to be guided by my wiſe counſels.

" The next morning, poor Annabella was loſt. The houſe was ſearched from top

top to bottom. Molly and Jenny for decency's ſake, undertook the inquiſition into our apartment, and the adjoining cloſet; and to ſay truth made a moſt furious racket up and down ſtairs for ſeveral hours. My Papa himſelf came into our apartment, and even peeped into the cloſet, where the trembling Annabella lay concealed by cloaks and capuchins. Poor I was put to the torture, ordinary and extraordinary, and indeed was hard put to it to manage my replies ſo as to keep a tolerable good conſcience. In ſhort I was obliged to be very ſaucy, forgive me Papa, that I might obtain an order for confinement. My Papa very juſtly I confeſs, indulged me in this particular, which was indeed extremely neceſſary for my poor ſiſter's comfort, who was very ill the two or three ſucceeding days. Our intention was to make application to Sir Ambroſe; intruſt him with the ſecret, and requeſt his advice. This was overthrown by the buſtle occaſioned by Mr. Davis's duel with Captain Wycherly, and by the orders for excluding Sir Ambroſe. I trembled at being obliged to give this intelligence to my

ſiſter.

ſiſter. Anny's head turned the matter to her own ſpecial conſolation. A great part of my Papa's anger and precipitation, had been owing to his error, in conceiving Mr. Davis had a deſign upon my ſiſter, and my ſiſter a weakneſs for him. Mr. Davis's leaving the kingdom, ſhe hoped, would rectify that miſtake; under which idea ſhe grew eaſier every day.

"At length to our unſpeakable comfort we heard Lord Winterbottom was gone for London; and this very day we wrote an humble petition to Sir Ambroſe, requeſting he would ſomehow gain acceſs to my Papa, and become our interceſſor. This was to have been ſent to-morrow morning. I have thus confeſſed the whole truth, ſo puniſh me, Papa, for you ſee I am the ſole offender." And the little gipſey, Wyman, gave him half a dozen winning kiſſes, which upon my ſoul, I began to feel a furious longing to ſhare.

That learned philoſopher the world, has, in its book of wiſe ſayings, "It is beſt to ſtrike while the iron is hot." It was *not* poſſible the Juſtice ſhould be in a better temper; but *very* poſſible he might get into a worſe

a worſe. I began therefore to turn the diſcourſe to the ſubject I wiſhed, by rallying Miſs Whitaker upon her averſion to becoming a Lady, and taking ſo much pains to ſhun that greatneſs of which the reſt of her ſex are ſo fond.

"Ay," ſays Peggy, "that violent antipathy to a coronet is amazing. But ſuppoſe now Anny, here comes a Lord and a 'Squire, twenty thouſand pounds per annum, and two thouſand; a coach and ſix, and a poſt chaiſe; the men equally handſome, equally ſenſible, and equally beloved; then, which of the two would you chuſe?"

"If the gentlemen," anſwers Annabella, "were of the ſame diſpoſition, whether that led them into the world, or into retirement, I would chuſe the coronet by all means. But if the leſſer perſonage had fallen into thoſe habits of life I confeſs myſelf fond of; loved reading, country rides, muſic, painting, and ſocial converſation; and the greater perſonage liked London, Almack's, Pantheons, and the other deſtroyers of ſocial happineſs; then, No Coronet, Peggy."

"You

"You know, Annabella, it is the cuſtom of the grandees of this realm, male and female, to follow their own ways, whether good or bad, ſeparately. And you would have been a She Grandee, you know."

"True, Peggy; I ſhould have been a Counteſs with an aching heart. The ſeparate pleaſures of the great, are preciſely the cauſe of my averſion to ranking in the number. Good wives, they ſay, ought to love their huſbands. Fine ladies have not time. However, if Lord Winterbottom had poſſeſſed the faſhionable levities only of the times, I ſhould not have raiſed my father's diſpleaſure to ſo great a height, by perſiſting in my obſtinate refuſal. But the meanneſs of his behaviour, and the ungenerous ways he took to obtain me, not only diſguſted, but made me ſcrutinize into his general character; and I am perſuaded if my dear Papa had known that the world gives him the credit of moſt of the vices which diſgrace mankind; if he had been acquainted with the general contempt with which he is ſpoken of;

of; he would not have been ambitious of his alliance."

This "was my hint to ſpeak." I drew as faithful a portrait of my Lord as my knowledge and underſtanding would permit. I exaggerated nothing; there was no need; the picture was ugly enough. I dwelt particularly upon what I knew would moſt excite my neighbour, his gaming and his debts. I ſucceeded ſo well, that a diſmiſſion will be ſent my Lord to-morrow morning. Not a word of Oſmond yet. Adieu.

AMBROSE ARCHER.

Wycherley is ſomething better.

Mr. OSMOND to Mr. WYMAN.

Sels.

IN the courſe of human poſſibilities, letters *may* come from England in three days from this preſent hour; but in the courſe of human impoſſibilities, commonly called miracles, they may be here, yeſterday,

yeſterday, to-day, to-morrow; for which very wiſe reaſon, I fail not to walk *every morning* down to the poſt houſe at Lauſanne, four Engliſh miles, for the pleaſure of being aſſured of a truth demonſtrative; every afternoon I have ſomething elſe to do.

How often, in a fit of the ſpleen, have I vituperated the whole race of landſcape-drawing travellers, who interrupt their account of men and manners, to deſcribe, what cannot be deſcribed ſo as to communicate an adequate idea. With my eyes wide open, I am going to be guilty of the ſame impertinence. Scenes "ruſh into my head, and I muſt write."

I occupy at preſent two rooms in a large ready furniſhed houſe, the property of a wealthy minor at Lauſanne; and lately occupied by Mr. Salway an Engliſh gentleman, and his lady. It is one of a number of pretty white houſes, ſummer retirements of the opulent citizens, which are ſcattered irregularly over this beautiful valley. High mountains encloſe this valley on all ſides, except where they leave a ſmall opening on the ſouth, for the courſe of a rivulet of moſt pure water, and except

an opening alſo on the north to admit it. Its exit and its entrance are both by waterfalls about twenty feet perpendicular. Curioſity led one to trace it towards its ſource.

Scrambling therefore over the northern rock, I deſcended on the other ſide into a ſquare valley, the whole circumference of which may be taken in by the eye. The lower part of this valley to the amount of twenty or more Engliſh acres, is covered by a tranſparent lake. The ſides of the ſurrounding hills have great variety——A grove, a brake, a number of ſtunted trees thinly ſcattered, and giving ſhelter to ſheep and goats. The eaſtern ſide of this incloſure, betwixt the water and the mountain, is a bank, forming a moſt beautiful walk, ſo retired, ſo formed for contemplation, Melancholy herſelf might be ſatisfied. But the thing that more particularly engages your attention is a phenomenon at the north eaſt corner, a volume of water pouring through a hole of the northern rock. It ſeems to fall forty feet. The lake underneath is all of a foam, and the reſounding waves give you the idea of a Scylla or Charybdis. On the adjacent banks

banks it forms a perpetual ſhower. But when the ſun in its afternoon deſcent illumines the falling ſheet, Heavens!——if I was to ſit combining words for a week, I ſhould not be able to give you a tolerable image. I have not hitherto paſſed the north boundary of this lovely vale; but I learn the rivulet is formed by ſeveral ſprings from the ſides of neighbouring mountains, and runs under ground in the place I have mentioned about two hundred yards. In this lovely, this ſolitary incloſure have I hitherto ſpent moſt of my afternoons, with the happy ſerenity of an exile, from every thing dear to the human heart. Tully in my hand, Wyman and Archer in my head, and Anabella at my heart, how can I repine?

After having thus wearied your patience, it would be inexcuſable not to ſay ſomething of the inhabitants of theſe wild regions. Yet what can I ſay that will be credible to one dwelling in the ſimple land of Britain? The houſe I live in was given in charge to a gardener, and a very pretty young woman his wife. Simplicity and innocence appear in all her actions. She

is my chambermaid, and performs the duties of that office, not with the bold effrontery of an Engliſh chambermaid at an inn, but with an unapprehenſive modeſty. Wakes me in a morning at the riſing of the ſun, informs me of the weather, and if I chuſe to lie, adminiſters my wholeſome breakfaſt of milk pottage; ſits by me if I deſire to chat; and all with ſuch a conſcious innocence, as if the idea of a different ſex never entered her imagination; and never, never will I put it there.

Laſt night I had the good folks to ſupper, and took occaſion to praiſe the general temperance of the neighbourhood.

"We are not all ſo good as we ſhould be," ſaid the good woman; "no longer ago than laſt Lauſanne fair, four of our top farmers ſons, got fuddled, and never came home till two hours after ſun ſet. But God puniſhed 'em, for next day they were ſo ſick——and our paſtor gave 'em ſuch a leſſon."

"How are your tipling houſes to be maintained if people don't drink?"

"Tipling houſes, Sir! there is never a one in the valley, wo worth the time, as

as our paſtor ſays, when we come to that.

"No, no. Two years ago a Frenchman came among us, and wanted to build a houſe at the covered well, to ſell wine and cakes and coffee, to the Lauſanne gentry when they were pleaſed to fetch a walk. But our good paſtor ſtirred himſelf ſo notably that he overthrew it head and foot."

"Why its very innocent to take a walk, and drink coffee, or a glaſs of wine. Where's the harm of it? Nobody is forced to buy."

"Ay, ſo ſome folks ſaid; but our paſtor told another tale. I ſhall never forget his ſermon, the longeſt day I have to live. He took his text out of the Lord's prayer; Lead us not into temptation; for he ſaid Man was ſo frail, that if you ſet a pottle of wine in his way, he would certainly drink it. Not in theſe words, but like. And then he ſaid how idleneſs came upon wine-bibbing, and poverty upon idleneſs, and thievery upon poverty, and where are we then. Every body would be forced to have locks upon their out doors; now there was no occaſion. And then wine created

ſickneſs, and brought about accidents; ſo we ſhould come to want ſurgeons and apothecaries; for he ſaid, though he was willing to cure us of thoſe ails that heaven ſent us, he neither could nor would thoſe that we brought upon ourſelves by bad living. Moreover when folks were in liquor they got quarrelſome, and then we ſhould want Lawyers, for as to little matters of difference betwixt quiet neighbours, he could heal them well enough; but he would never pretend to keep people quiet, who every now and then put themſelves out of their ſenſes.

"And then he ſaid how wine brought on luſt, and young men would be apt to harm their ſweethearts; and that would be a ſad thing indeed."

"Then this never happens amongſt you?"

"No ſure! how ſhould it? he would be a bad body, to harm a young creature as he ſays he loves, and wants to marry."

"You have no ſuch things as baſtards amongſt you then?"

"O dear! No. O law! yes. Two young men as had been ſoldiering in France,

France, came home, and ſerved two young women ſo, but I warrant you, our paſtor made examples of 'em."

"No tranſgreſſing after marriage?"

"No, never. What a thing would that be! Why, are Engliſh people ever ſo naughty?"

"Now and then."

"Well that's very ſad. But it may be true too; for here was Mrs. Salway, do you know Mrs. Salway?"

"No, I never heard of her till I came here."

"Oh, then I may ſpeak.—As ſure as you're alive, Mr. Salway was gone down to Lauſanne, and a French officer as lived there was playing in this very parlour with Madam at cheſs, as I thought; and I went into Madam's room, the very room as you lie in, to put ſome things to right, and the door was locked; and there was ſuch a ſcuffling and running about—Lord bleſs me I run down frighted out of my wits—and into the parlour came I to tell 'em—and behold there was nobody there. That very night Madam gave me a piece of gold

gold—What was that but to ſay Mum. But God puniſhes all manner of wickedneſs; for Mr. Salway found ſomewhat out, but I don't know what; and the officer and he fought and were parted without killing one another, which was heaven's mercy; and then Mr. Salway went away to England; and ſoon after, Madam left, but I don't know where."

If it was poſſible this picture of ſimplicity could pleaſe an Engliſhman, I could extend it very much; for my good dame poſſeſſes the particular virtue of her ſex, loquacity, in no ſmall degree.

I have not forgot how the honourable Mr. Corrane *harmed* Kitty Roſs; you have promiſed me the ſequel; it will now be a treat.

Dear Wyman, Archer,
(for this correſpondence you know, is to circulate)

Adieu.

HENRY OSMOND.

In

In the cover of the preceding.

Good heaven and earth! Wyman, what have you wrote? I found your letters at the office, the contents are ſo pleaſing, ſo aſtoniſhing — I muſt return to my ſolitude to recover of my amazement — What a cordial to my heart will be the love of a Brother!

H. O.

Mr. WYMAN to Sir AMBROSE ARCHER.

London, Auguſt 6th.

I AM at preſent, Dear Archer, ſo much the man of importance, that I am able only to notify the receipt of your's; to ſay how much Sir George and I were pleaſed with the contents; that the elopement was a droll incident, and entirely new; that we admire the charming contriver; and are equally pleaſed with the delicacy of her amiable ſiſter; and finally that Sir George ſet off for Switzerland on the receipt

ceipt of the incloſed from Harry. This (as we men of buſineſs ſay) being the needful. I am, Sir,

Your moſt obedient humble ſervant
to command, et cetera.

WILLIAM WYMAN.

P. S. Strange talk here of Lord Winterbottom. The Man's undone.

Sir AMBROSE ARCHER to Mr. WYMAN.

Barham Downs, Auguſt 12th.

I ALSO, Mr. Counſellor Brevity, am a man of importance, a public man, Sir; of the patriotic gender. I am returned from a meeting, called an aſſociation; the object of which is, as you know, to call upon parliament with a loud voice, to redreſs our grievances. And what are your grievances? ſays a well penſioned gentleman, Mr. T'otherſide. That the crown hath acquired too much influence by

by the worſt of all poſſible ways——Corruption. That our repreſentatives endanger their healths——by too long ſitting. That as we never ſaw the leaſt proſpect of benefit, from engaging in the American war, we ſee as little from it's continuance. Finally, That miniſters carry their generous contempt of money, (public money we mean) into an extreme.

There were not wanting certain flowery gentlemen, who told us in very pretty language, not only, that none of theſe grievances exiſted, except in our own crazy imaginations; but alſo, that neither this country at any former time, nor any other country at any time, was ſo well governed, as our own by the preſent adminiſtration.

The reſult of all our wit, and all our argument, was a petition, and then——— we went to dinner. Next day I returned home, embued with a world of political wiſdom, which I went in the evening to unload myſelf of, at the Juſtice's.

I found aſſembled here to tea, Mr. and Mrs. Delane, the rector of our pariſh, and his wife; Mr. and Mrs. Delane the younger;

younger; and Miſs Delane. It is a family with which I am little acquainted, for of all characters under the ſun, none diſguſt me ſo much as a *proud* prieſt. What a bleſſing to a ſimple and virtuous village is a parſon of Sels! Old Delane is as like him, as Nero was like the two Antonines. Always the man of the church, the man of the goſpel, never. The father of Lord Winterbottom preſented him with the living; the man is grateful, and thinks a paſt kindneſs ought never to be forgotten. He repays it to the Son with perpetual adulation.

Young Delane has lately left Cambridge, and having no preferment, accepted a curacy near London. He is juſt married, and has brought his wife to pay her duty to her new Papa and Mama. Who, or what ſhe was, I know not; but ſhe is very pretty, and has all the faſhionable eaſe of behaviour. So far from contradiction you never meet in this ſweet ſmiling creature with any oppoſition of opinion. What ſhe ſays is neither ſenſible nor ſilly, but it is always expreſſed with a moſt inſinuating ſweetneſs. In ſhort, her manners are formed

formed to captivate at ſight, and accordingly Annabella is much taken with her. In this particular, Peggy differs from her ſiſter; but as ſhe has no malignancy in her temper, all ſhe ſays, is, that Mrs. Delane is rather——too high poliſhed.

The young gentleman's character may be very briefly expreſſed: He is the ſon of his father. His modeſty he has got tolerably well rid of; pedantry, not yet; and his vanity, ſeems a cornu-copia, that will ſupply him liberally through life. He is ſaid to write and receive pay on the part of government.

His ſiſter, Miſs Delane, is a learned lady, caps verſes with her brother; is his equal in petulance, and little inferior in vanity. She does my ſiſter the honour of rivalling her in Captain Wycherley's affections; but my ſiſter's *good qualities* are too numerous and brilliant, for ſo weak a competitor: She has five thouſand pounds; Miſs Delane can ſcarce expect five hundred.

Why have I taken the trouble to give you the ſhort-hand character of theſe inſignificant people? Becauſe I had nothing better to give. Converſation we had none;

and Jargon you have enough of at Weſtminſter-hall. I ſtayed not more than half an hour after them; for the Juſtice was, I ſuppoſe, in pain; certainly peeviſh, and did not aſk me to ſupper. Annabella looks thin, and does not recover her ſtrength and ſpirits as I could wiſh. Even the lively Peggy wanted much of her uſual gaiety. An old gentlewoman whoſe name is Shirley, and formerly lived upon the Downs, but lately in London, has wrote to Annabella, expreſſing a wiſh to ſee her once more before ſhe dies. She was, it ſeems, her godmother, and loved her with almoſt a mother's fondneſs, which Anny repaid with the duty and tenderneſs of a daughter. A few thouſands of which ſhe has the diſpoſal, inclines the old gentleman to the ſide of Annabella's compliance. Peggy, who cannot leave her father, puts up her pretty lip at the money, and oppoſes the motion, on account of her ſiſter's ill health. Annabella herſelf wiſhes to ſtay; but finds no ſatisfaction in the thoughts of indulging her own inclinations in ſuch a caſe. Poſſibly therefore, Wyman, you may ſee her——at a diſtance; for I think

think all the effrontery of a lawyer will be too little, to introduce yourſelf to her, as ——the friend of Oſmond. Things being here entirely at reſt, I will ſeize the opportunity to go for a couple of months into Switzerland. Adieu.

AMBROSE ARCHER.

Mr. WYMAN to Mr. OSMOND.

WHEN people have wept the diſtreſſes of a tragedy heroine, and have got their boſoms to heave at the recital of a tender tale,——Oh then — they are ſons and daughters of ſenſibility—— the firſt-born of benevolence. The vanity of thouſands of pretty creatures, male and female, receives, this way only, a compleat gratification. And yet, to feel imaginary diſtreſs, and to relieve real, may, for ought I know, be very different things. The firſt is become almoſt as faſhionable with reading ladies and gentlemen, as dreſſing their hair; and by aſſociation with

pleaſures, is, when not too great, become a pleaſure itſelf. Now I ſtrongly ſuſpect that too much familiarity with this ſenſation, may, in time, render *all* diſtreſſes imaginary, except one's own; and perhaps this is the reaſon, why to ſee diſtreſs, and to relieve it, no longer follow one another as cauſe and effect, which my grandfather aſſured me was in his time a conſequence of tolerable certainty.

To what does all this preamble tend? It is only the preface to the continuation of Kitty Roſs's ſtory; and if the philoſophy of it be worth a farthing, Thou, Harry art a blockhead for the obſtinacy of thy deſire; and I a greater, for the folly of gratifying it.

When Adam and Eve had eaten of the tree of knowledge, they ſaw that they were naked, and were aſhamed. When the honourable Mr. Corrane, and his tender roſe bud, had made the repaſt I formerly concluded with, *they* alſo ſaw they were naked; but howſoever ſhame may expreſs the emotion of the gentleman's mind; it gives but a faint idea of the mingled horror and deſpair of the lady's. I have it from her own

own lovely mouth that her pangs were not to be deſcribed, though ſhe does not remember how many thumps ſhe gave her beauteous boſom, how many ſhrieks and lamentations ſhe uttered, nor how ſhe rent her auburn locks. As however, there is a principle in human nature, which very much diſpoſes it to get rid of pain, it is not to be wondered at, that two or three frantic hours ſhould quite weary Kitty of her keen ſenſations, and diſpoſe her to conſolation, come it whence it may.

It came at length from the lips of Mr. Corrane, in the form of promiſes, proteſtations, vows, penitence, and kiſſes; of which he made a medicine moſt truly Cardialgic. It required however to be frequently repeated, and for ten days together, the honourable Mr. Corrane made it with unabated profuſion, and adminiſtered it *per occaſionem*. There is reaſon to believe that one of the ingredients, Penitence, happened to fall ſhort; and in the want of records, of ages long ſince paſt, we can only gueſs its ſubſtitute.

Juſt at the above period arrived the gallant Mr. Mac Dermot, with diſpatches,

as he himſelf informed Suſan, of infinite importance. The honourable Mr. Corrane ſeemed to think them ſo, by his very haſty departure, early the following morning.

All, therefore, that could be done by the two lovers was to patch up a convention, whereby the contracting powers engaged to love each other till time ſhould be no more; and in order to perform this more at their eaſe, the lady was to be conveyed to Dublin, as ſoon as the gentleman could provide for her reception, and when the fitneſs of things would permit, the honourable Mr. Corrane vowed *In the face of Men and Angels*, to make her his true and honourable wife.

Kitty had not wept over the miniature of her undoer above a fortnight, before a letter full of love, eaſed her tender boſom of a part of its pangs. In this, Mr. Corrane informed her that the illneſs of his father, and ſundry avocations had hindered him from putting things in a proper train to receive her. How ill this agreed with his impatience, he hoped her own feelings would inform her. For his part,

death

death was infinitely preferable to a life of abſence from his heart's deareſt treaſure, his ſoul's firſt delight.

Betwixt this, and his honour's ſecond letter was an interval of a month. This was by no means ſo conſolatory as the former; for not only, things continued in the ſame train as before, reſpecting the Earl's illneſs, and Mr. Corrane's avocations, but the letter was ſhorter, and there was a manifeſt diminution of darts, flames, racks, and torture.

The third and laſt of his honour's epiſtles, arrived at about the diſtance of two months, a cruel interval to poor Kitty; and the more ſo, as Mr. Corrane had ſaid, that although it would deprive him of an inexpreſſible pleaſure, prudence required ſhe ſhould not write, leſt her letters ſhould be intercepted; and in conſequence, he did not leave her his addreſs. In this epiſtle, Wiſdom and Piety had the aſcendant over love; the long illneſs of his father had inſpired the youth with awful reflections; and though it cut him to the heart to think of it, he muſt own that both Virtue and Religion dictated, it would be better

better to drop their amour. Finally, he encloſed her a twenty pound bank note.

Without examining the motives from which they ſprung, theſe ſentiments, of the honourable Mr. Corrane were in themſelves ſo juſt, they muſt, in ſpite of paſſion, have had a due influence upon Kitty's native good underſtanding, had they not been counteracted by a ſeries of great and ſmall diſaſters, which determined the future events of her life, with little aſſiſtance from her judgment.

About two months after the departure of Mr. Corrane, Kitty began to perceive ſome little uncommon ailments, which the unſuſpecting creature in the ſimplicity of her heart, communicated to Suſan. Suſan, more an adept in this branch of Phyſics, explained the matter to Kitty *ſtrait forward*, in the following exclamation——"Lord God of heaven Miſs, as ſure as I am a chriſtian ſinner, you muſt be with child!" The explanation was clear, conciſe, and nervous; Kitty fell to the ground in a ſwoon. The firſt uſe ſhe made of her recovered recollection, was to ſupplicate Suſan for

for pity, help, and ſecreſy. Suſan promiſed all. Kitty, won by ſo much goodneſs, truſted her new confidante with the whole of the matter, even to the deſign of joining her beloved Mr. Corrane in Dublin.

Suſan, in the liberality of her ſoul, had forgot that for ſome time paſt, nothing had been ſecret betwixt her and her maſter; and this being a prior obligation, honour would not permit her to keep the promiſe of ſecreſy made to Kitty. Accordingly, about the hour of midnight, in the arms of her indulgent maſter, ſhe diſburthened her tender conſcience of the intolerable load.

The worthy Mr. Roſs, though as poor as the King, had a high ſenſe of family honour, and a competent portion of his country iraſcibility. Not content to hurl his thunder at the head of the devoted Kitty, he directed the ſtorm through the village, all the ſons and daughters whereof aſſembled together in groups to deplore the corruption of human nature, and the ſinfulneſs of the preſent generation.

Once a day, at leaſt, Mr. Roſs to the diſcipline of the tongue, added that of the rod, though

though Kitty had given ſo convincing a proof that *ſhe* had left off childiſh things; and to compleat his vengeance and reward the virtuous integrity of Suſan, in leſs than a fortnight he made her his true and honourable wife.

Suſan underſtood the dignity of her place, and her rank in the community as a mother, and almoſt a grandmother, and ſhe loſt not an inch of her prerogative. The honeſt Welchman having performed his morning's taſk of beating and upbraiding, was tolerably quiet the remainder of the day; but Mrs. Roſs, beſides her hourly exactions of reſpect, was quite ingenious in inventing mortifications.

This was the ſtate of things, when Kitty received the honourable Mr. Corrane's laſt letter. In this trying ſituation, is it to be wondered at, that the wiſdom of it appeared inconcluſive, and that ſhe ſhould take the deſperate reſolution of making a perſonal appeal to the honour and humanity of her lover? On the third day of the debate, ſhe ended the ſelf-tormenting conflict, and taking a ſmall bundle under her arm, threw herſelf, with all the fortitude

titude ſhe had, into the ſtage for Holyhead.

She found the vehicle occupied by three gentlemen only. Two were young, dreſſed *en militaire*, who appeared delighted with their new acquiſition. The third was an elderly Quaker of a moſt unpromiſing aſpect.

Sorrow accompanied by fear, in a beautiful female, has certain rights over the hearts of all mankind; and the two officers reſpected it ſo much, that it was ſeveral hours before they inſulted her ears with the leaſt licence. All that ſhe remembers of theſe primitive hours, was, that they were ſpent in attacks upon the religion and manners of the Quaker, and in his ſarcaſtic replies.

At Holyhead they waited two days for a wind; but ſhe was relieved from the impertinent aſſiduity of her two companions by keeping her apartment, or joining the whole company only at the public meals. The Quaker indeed, ſeemed to pay her no particular attention, yet ſhe thought he ſometimes regarded her with a look of as much compaſſion and benevolence, as his un-

uncomplying features would permit him to aſſume.

In the middle of the ſecond night ſhe was awaked by a gentle knocking at the door, and a low voice ſpeaking through the key hole, for God's ſake riſe, Miſs, the houſe is on fire; the ladies are all aſſembled in the great parlour; I am ſent to conduct you; pray make haſte; the flames are coming this way very faſt. The unſuſpicious Kitty, at length comprehended the meaning of the alarm, roſe, and throwing on her under petticoat, unlocked the door. A man entered in the dark, relocked the door, ſeized poor Kitty, and bore her back to the bed. Don't be frighted, Miſs, ſays he; I adore you; I will marry you to-morrow; I am a gentleman of fortune; this is only a ſtratagem of love, etcetera, etcetera; all which fervent effuſions, Kitty ever and anon interrupted, with a clear, ſhrill, undiſſembled tone, "Help! Murder! for God's ſake help."

When the gentleman found that the obſtreperous vixen paid no attention to his vows, and that the buſineſs, if it ſucceeded, muſt

muſt be a matter of proweſs, he collected all his manhood, determined to conquer or die. One hand was wholly employed in ſtopping Kitty's mouth, by which mode of attack it is highly probable, ſhe would in a few minutes have reſigned the victory, and her life.

At this dangerous inſtant the door was burſt open with great violence, and a ſtrong and powerful arm ſeized the aſſailant, and threw him from the bed. All was ſtill dark; and the laſt comer having thrown out a number of opprobrious epithets, and threats of juſtice, got back to the door, and bawled out, Lights. At this horrid moment, the report of a piſtol, and the noiſe of a ſcuffle on the floor, finiſhed the little remains of intelligence poor Kitty now poſſeſſed.

The family began to pour in. The objects that preſented themſelves to their enquiries, were, the Quaker weltering in blood on the floor, and the half-naked Kitty on the bed in a ſwoon. The landlady wrung her hands, and began to prophecy the downfal of her houſe. The men ſervants and the maid ſervants *looked*

at one another. This by no means ſatisfied the Quaker, who with great ſteadineſs and preſence of mind, called them all into action. He directed Kitty to be put in bed, and ſalts and hartſhorn to be adminiſtered, and for himſelf, he ordered a quantity of lint, to check the effuſion of blood, till a ſurgeon could be had from Beaumaris.

He then deſired to ſee the Captain of the packet, who had now given orders to call the paſſengers on board. This gentleman he acquainted of the tranſaction of the night, and of his ſuſpicions; requeſting he would delay the ſailing a few hours, till enquiry could be made into the circumſtances. This the Captain refuſed, and in the hurry that enſued, the delinquent, whoſoever he was, got on board with the reſt, and in two hours no ſtranger was left in the houſe, except Kitty and the Quaker.

The ſurgeon arrived about ten in the morning, and having examined the wound, found a bullet lodged in the groin. He gave many learned reaſons why the ball could not at preſent be extracted, and

others

others to ſhew the imminent danger in which the patient ſtood, or rather in which he would have ſtood, had any other man but himſelf been applied to. This fortunate circumſtance enſured the gentleman's ſafety, and though the cure would be a work of time, he dared to pledge himſelf for its happy completion.

"I am glad," ſays the Quaker," to find myſelf in ſuch good hands; and ſhall be ſo much the more willing to put my faith in thee, as I perceive thou beeſt a man of learning; to ſay truth, beyond my comprehenſion. If thou *canſt* ſpeak with a little leſs greek and latin I ſhall be obliged to thee."

"Technical terms are neceſſary in all the ſciences."

"They be ſo, friend. It is not, that I am ſo much at a loſs for the meaning of thy hard words one by one, as when they are put together. But pray thee dreſs my wound."

This being done to the Quaker's ſatisfaction, "I like thy hand," ſays he, "and I promiſe to reward it liberally. But there is in the next apartment a young

woman, who may want thy aſſiſtance as much as myſelf. Call a maid to attend thee, and let me know thy opinion."

Kitty, ſince ſhe had been put to bed, either through want of memory, or want of humanity, had been entirely neglected; and the ſole anſwer the Quaker could obtain to his enquiries, was that ſhe was in a doze: And indeed by this time ſhe had almoſt dozed her laſt. The ſurgeon found her nearly inſenſible, her pulſe feeble, and on ſtricter inquiſition it appeared ſhe had miſcarried. The ſurgeon, whoſe principal employment was midwifry, treated her, I doubt not, very judiciouſly, for he recovered her to recollection, and miſery. To reſtore her to ſome degree of ſtrength, and put her into a condition of tolerable comfort, took him near two hours.

The Quaker, when he had heard his report, ſent for the lady of the houſe, who entered with the gloom of immaculate virtue upon her brow. "My good friend," ſays the Quaker, "the young woman in the next apartment ſeemeth in a dangerous way, and ſtandeth in need of indulgent treatment."

"Pray

"Pray who is ſhe?" aſked the Landlady.

"I know no more of her than thyſelf," replies the Quaker.

"Lord bleſs me," ſays Madam, "you ſee what a hurly burly ſhe has made in the houſe, and God knows what will be the conſequence."

"What conſequences doſt thou apprehend?"

"Oh, the worſt that can be. Ruin of my houſe's reputation. A gentleman killed."

"I am not dead yet," ſays the Quaker.

"But you may die," replies ſhe, "and for what? For taking the part of nobody knows who, becauſe forſooth her virtue was in danger, and behold this virtuous lady has miſcarried."

"Perhaps the young woman may be married."

"A likely ſtory indeed—Married without a ring!"

"Suppoſe it as thou ſayeſt, think of her youth, and her extreme diſtreſs; no friend to adminiſter the leaſt comfort or

relief. Thou art a woman. Can thy boſom be ſhut to pity?"

"What will pity do? Here ſhe muſt have cordials, and wine, and the beſt food, and attendance; and who muſt pay?"

"True. Pray thee ſend the chamber-maid—I want a little of her help.

"The chriſtian charity of our friend here, ſeems to be upon the decline," continues the Quaker to the ſurgeon, "haſt thou any medicine to reſtore it?"

"I never meddle with foul caſes," ſays the ſurgeon, "beſides, as ſhe ſays, who is to pay me?"

"Thou art a pleaſant fellow," ſays the Quaker; "I like thee. But what ſhall we do for this poor woman? We ſhould not let her die."

"No I hope not; I will freely give her medicine and attendance, and though I am poor, ſtrain a point further."

"Wilt thou? Give me thy hand," ſays the Quaker; "Thou doſt not happen to know Iſaac Arnold of Dublin I doubt?"

"What, the eminent apothecary? I have heard of him many a time."

"I am

"I am Iſaac Arnold. Thou art a man of humanity, and it ſhall not go unrewarded. Thou wilt aſſiſt me with this buſineſs."

Before the ſurgeon could reply the chambermaid entered.

"Thou haſt ſeen the young woman in the next room, Molly," ſays the Quaker, "what doſt think of her?

"Very bad indeed, poor ſoul."

"They ſay, when a woman has loſt her virtue, ſhe is the devil's property, and no good chriſtian ought to aſſiſt her."

"The devil take 'em for their charity then," ſays Molly.

"We ſhall both keep our beds ſome time I doubt, how ſhall we do for a nurſe? Take this guinea, Molly; thou art a kind hearted girl. Comfort the young woman all thou canſt, and let us have ſome ſober, decent woman to take care of us."

"You ſhall have my mother," ſays Molly.

"And take this bank note of ten pounds to thy miſtreſs, it will ſerve to ſtrengthen her faith; and when the young woman, the nurſe, and I, have conſumed this

this in riotous living, ſhe ſhall have another."

Away went Molly to her miſtreſs with the note, and the tale, and whilſt ſhe was buſy in the relation, the ſurgeon went down to the bar, juſt to inform Madam, that her wounded gueſt was no other than the rich and eminent apothecary Mr. Iſaac Arnold of Dublin. This operated wonderfully, and Madam returned to the chamber, to expreſs her great ſorrow that any thing ſhe had ſaid, ſhould make him have ſuch a bad opinion of her, as that ſhe ſhould want to be paid before hand. That he might depend upon the beſt of uſage, and the young lady alſo, who to be ſure might become of very good parents, though ſhe had met with a misfortune. Peace being thus eſtabliſhed, and the nurſe inducted into her office every thing went regularly on.

Kitty, having in a few days recovered ſome degree of ſtrength, and having heard theſe dialogues and proceſſes repeated by Molly's mother, who had an excellent knack at this kind of rehearſals, expreſſed great gratitude for Mr. Arnold's kindneſs,

and

and begged leave to thank him in perſon. The viſit was paid accordingly, and this opening once made, was every day repeated, till at the end of a fortnight, Kitty by her tenderneſs, aſſiduity, and attention, had ſo far ingratiated herſelf, that Mr. Arnold was leſs happy in her abſence. The food given by her was more grateful, the medicine leſs nauſeous.

It was now agreed to extract the ball. This operation however well performed was ſucceeded by a fever, which put the patient's life for four days in imminent danger.

Here Kitty's gratitude ſhone conſpicuous. Though weak herſelf, ſhe could not be perſuaded to leave him day nor night. Whenever he opened his eyes from ſlumber, Kitty was the firſt object they ſaw. Kitty was always upon the watch to relieve, or to anticipate his wants. Once, he ſurprized her hanging over him with anxious tenderneſs, and found his face wet with her tears. "My dear child!" ſays he, ſtraining her with all his feeble ſtrength. Kitty fainted away. Theſe faſcinating powers of affliction! Tell me,

Harry,

Harry, why in this proceſs of knitting hearts together, theſe bind with a force ſo infinitely ſuperior to any the hands of pleaſure can weave?

Three weeks after the extraction of the ball, Mr. Arnold left his bed, and began to recover ſtrength apace. A part of his amuſement was reading, and this pleaſure was heightened when Kitty read: There was muſic in her voice, and her remarks were lively, and ſtrongly expreſſive of untutored genius. One day ſhe was reading aloud a tender tale too applicable to her own prevailing circumſtance; her voice faltered; ſhe dropped the book; and diſſolved into an agony of tears. Mr. Arnold took her tenderly by the hand; "my poor unfortunate," ſays he, "what can I do to make thee happy? Thy heart, Kitty, is a rebel to thy reaſon. I cannot wound thy delicacy, by aſking thee to tell thy tender tale, nor, without it, apply the proper balſam to thy wound."

"I will hide nothing from you, Sir," ſays Kitty; "but I have much to fear. I have offended goodneſs, and you can love none but the good."

"My

"My pretty flatterer, fear nothing. Thy gentleneſs and ſimplicity will atone for the error of thy ſenſibility."

Kitty entered upon the heart rending tale with an exceſs of trepidation. The keenneſs of her anguiſh would have diſarmed a miniſter of the Kirk. The tender hearted Quaker gave unequivocal teſtimony of his feeling. "Poor girl!" ſaid he.

After ten minutes ſilent contemplation, "Thou loveſt this honourable Mr. Corrane," Kitty, ſays he; "and yet, it would be better for thy peace in this world, and perhaps in the other, that thou didſt not. Even if he would marry thee, Kitty, thy chance for happineſs is poor. I know the family; its pride is greater than its virtue. Thy huſband muſt become an Alien to it; muſt ſhare no longer its wealth and grandeur. Truſt me, Kitty, when he is ſated with thy beauties, he will think more of theſe, than thee."

"Oh my dear Sir," ſays Kitty, "ſurely I could bear any miſery under the honoured name of wife, better than this deep ſenſe of ſhame."

"Alas!

"Alas! Kitty, thou wouldſt have them both to bear together. The tongue of calumny might ſpare thee in obſcurity; but as the wife of Mr. Corrane, it would wound thee with its keeneſt ſtings."

"Good Heaven!" cries Kitty, wringing her hands, "what complicated miſchiefs attend the breach of chaſtity in a woman!"

"They are truly great. Unhappily alſo, the higheſt puniſhment falls upon the leaſt guilty. Thy error, Kitty, is of little magnitude, and yet how deep is thy remorſe. The affluent *proſtitute* has *no* remorſe. And I believe throughout the univerſe, from the humble pickpocket, to the Cæſars, and Cæſar Borgias; the greater the ſin, the leſs the ſhame."

"Heaven preſerve me," ſays Kitty, "from every greater degree of guilt."

"Amen! Haſt thou well conſidered thy honourable lover's laſt letter? He repenteth alſo. What doſt thou propoſe to thyſelf by ſeeing him?"

Kitty burſt into a freſh flood of tears.

"I am ſorry to diſtreſs thee thus, but it is needful. He will not, cannot marry thee,

thee, Kitty, and the utmoſt thou canſt hope from him is to keep thee above want, and in a continuance of thy error."

"No, never, never! God of heaven," continues Kitty, "what will become of me?"

"Examine thy heart, Kitty; endeavour to ſilence its ſuggeſtions when they are in oppoſition to thy reaſon. The taſk is painful; for ſuch is the nature of thy ſex, a ſeducer, though black with villainy, ſeldom loſes his ſtrong hold over the affections."

"Oh my dear Sir, I am ſenſible of my weakneſs. Condeſcend to adviſe me. My refractory heart ſhall break before I will attend to its follies in preference to the dictates of friendſhip and of wiſdom."

"Well my poor girl, we will reſume the diſcourſe by and by. Give thyſelf and me a glaſs of wine. Let us amuſe ourſelves with ſomething more exhilarating. A game of backgammon, Kitty. Then we will take our ſocial tea, and be happy."

I will not dear Harry ſend this away till I have finiſhed the ſtory, coſt me what

plague it may—but if ever again thou catcheſt me at writing tender tales—No never—as Kitty ſays, till I have changed my ſex. For the preſent, adieu.

Thine,

WILLIAM WYMAN.

Mr. WYMAN in continuation.

THE next time our worthy Quaker entered on the preceding ſubject was after dinner after a chearful glaſs or two of wine.

"Thy mild and gentle manners," ſays he, "have gained exceedingly upon my affections. I find that when I loſe thee, I ſhall be deprived of the greateſt conſolation that for many years paſt hath been within my reach. But I am ſingularly ſituated. Twenty years ſince I married a very pretty young woman, one of our own people; I loved her, and was happy. It pleaſed heaven to deny us children, a bleſſing we earneſtly deſired. My wife began to

to grow peeviſh, and, by what ſtrange connexion I know not, her devotion increaſed with her ill humour. The greateſt part of every day ſhe ſpent in her cloſet, an elegant apartment, where ſhe kept her choiceſt books, and choiceſt cordials.

" All of a ſudden, to the aſtoniſhment of our whole ſilent aſſembly, ſhe received the ſpirit, and ſtarted up a preacher. It is true, it was by no means the ſpirit of wiſdom which guided her lips, but thoſe lips were beautiful, and ſanctified their own productions. Her fame ſpread itſelf ſo abundantly that it drew down to our holy meetings even courtiers themſelves; one of whom, not content with public, viſited her often for private edification. I doubted not; but a ſenſible friend admoniſhed me, there were certain of our brethren did doubt, whether the man's zeal was wholly the work of the ſpirit; more eſpecially as in ſome joyous moments he had been known to indulge himſelf with ſome *bons mots* levelled at our ſect.

" I am of that odd turn of mind, that a man may with more ſafety to himſelf,

beat me, than laugh at me; and my friend's admonition determined me to develope cauſes, when more prudent men would have been ſatisfied with effects. I was the more induced to this, becauſe my wife had ſorely troubled the peace and œconomy of my houſe with prayer and preaching. I had remonſtrated in vain; and the matter had ariſen to thoſe comfortable daily bickerings which ſometimes conſtitute the whole of matrimonial felicity. In a few words, we had grown weary of each other.

"For the firſt time of my life therefore I contrived a plot, and I ſucceeded ſo well, that I had ocular proof of the prevalence of matter and motion over the *vis inertiæ* of ſpirit. I entered the ſcene of action in the midſt of the action itſelf. Two of my brethren were in the next apartment, whom however, my delicacy would not permit to be ſpectators. The gentleman's ſword lay peaceably in it's ſcabbard on a chair. I ſeized it, and the culprits began to cry out for mercy. Friend, ſays I, dreſs thyſelf, I intend thee no harm; and ceaſe thy

thy wailing Martha, to my wife, whoſe deprecations were loud and pitiful. I ſeek not to do thee evil.

"I know I am in your power, Mr. Arnold," ſays the Courtier, "but do not uſe it to my deſtruction. I am ready to give you any ſatisfaction you ſhall demand.

"The ſatisfaction of a gentleman, I ſuppoſe thou meaneſt?"

"Yes, certainly," replied he.

"It is well," ſays I, "but I am not, I thank my Maker, made of the ſame clay, of which thy gentility is faſhioned; and our religion, thou ſhouldſt know, is that of peace.

"Then I will make you any reparation within the compaſs of my fortune.

"I thank thee," ſays I, "but I chuſe not to *deſerve* ignominy; thou haſt diſhonoured me enough."

"What then will ſatisfy you?" aſked he.

"Why I am thinking we are directed, in the book that guideth, or that ſhould guide both thee and me, to ſeek an eye for an eye, or a tooth for a tooth. Haſt thou a wife?"

"No. Otherwiſe, upon honour, ſhe ſhould be at your ſervice."

"Well! when we cannot have directly what we want, let us get ſomething as near it as poſſible. It is written, in the ſame book, "if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off;" and to ſay truth, this ſeemeth beſt adapted to the circumſtance, for it will render thy penitence ſincere, and what is of great importance to thee, Thou wilt ſin no more. It is lucky for thee to have fallen into the hands of a man of the faculty, who will take care to ſee the operation performed *ſecundum artem*; and if thy voice be not already broken by whoredoms, thou mayeſt ſtill have wherewithal to pleaſe the Lucretias of the court, if thou canſt find them, though the Cleopatras may look down upon thee. Martha, if thou careſt not to ſee the operation, retire. My artiſts are ready. It is a good work, and ſhould not be delayed.

"My modeſt wife, hid her face with her hands, and wept, and ſobbed moſt audibly. The man implored me upon his knees, with the moſt abject ſervility, to which he added the warm rhetoric of bribes,

bribes, after the manner of his maſters. Amongſt others, I ſhould be his Excellency's apothecary, nothing being wanting for this, but his recommendation, and the removal of a very honeſt man, who now filled the poſt with great worth and honour.

"Thou puzzleſt me ſtrangely," ſays I, when he had ended his pitiful oration. "I wiſhed to have been a Chriſtian, to have returned good for evil, and to have ſought thy own welfare in thy puniſhment. But I perceive thou haſt a ſtorehouſe of maladies, which nothing can deſtroy, except a halter; and *that* it is not *my* buſineſs to apply. I have only one thing more to propoſe to thee. Go thy ways in peace—but take that woman with thee; and may I never ſee ye more. Thy apparel, Martha, thy books of devotion, and thy choiceſt cordials, which I doubt thou wilt need, ſhall be ſent after thee; and may Heaven forgive thee, as I do.

"Wouldſt thou believe it, Kitty, there was ſomething even in this gentle puniſhment which did not pleaſe the man. A kind of horror ſat upon his features. At length he ſpoke."

"Will

"Will you hear reaſon?" ſays he.

"From thy lips, I fear not," replies I.

"Since you ſay you have forgiven your wife, why do you wiſh to expoſe her? why part with her? I engage to ſee her no more."

"At my houſe thou ſhalt not; elſewhere do as thou wilt."

"To ſay truth," replies he, "I ſhould be in danger of loſing the place I hold at the Caſtle, by reſidence with another man's wife."

"I doubt thou overrateſt the virtue of the Caſtle. But whether thou keepeſt or loſeſt thy poſt, I care not. Whether thou reſideſt with my wife, I care not. I have a right to reſpect my own happineſs, and that requires a ſeparation. I ſuppoſe, though a Courtier, thou mayeſt have more modeſty than to aſk me to maintain her for thy uſe."

"Alimony," he ſaid, "was in ſuch caſes, both uſual and legal."

"Thou art a man of œconomy, I perceive. I am weary of debating with thee. Martha, ſettle the matter, with this loving gentleman, how thou wilt; rather how thou

thou canſt. All that I inſiſt upon, is, that both of ye quit my houſe within this hour; whether together, or ſeparate, I thank God, is now a matter of perfect indifference to me. When thou art deſtitute, Martha, and deſerted by this moſt perfect model of modern fine gentlemen, which I promiſe thee will ſoon happen, apply to me, through the medium of any friend; thou ſhalt not want; neither ſhalt thou abound. Fare thee well.

" I will end my wife's hiſtory in few words. She was put into lodgings; viſited by her paramour about a quarter of a year; deſerted by him; diſowned by her relations; and finally, dependant upon my bounty for ſubſiſtence.

" At this time, Kitty, I was not rich; I have ſince become ſo by my own induſtry; and ſtill richer by the death of an only brother, a chemiſt in London; I am now returning from the regulation of his affairs. Before I went I gave up my buſineſs at Dublin, and my future reſidence will be at a houſe about a mile from thence, where I propoſe keeping no other domeſtics than a man and two maids,

maids, becauſe I love retirement, and hate the clatter of what is called elegant living. Three things I am fond of——old books; a few old friends; and a chearful glaſs of old wine. But of late, Kitty, my affections have wandered out of their *old* train, for thou art young, Kitty, and I am fond of *thee*. How, circumſtanced as I am, I may beſt direct this affection for thy good, and my own, ſhall be a future conſideration. Now, my Kitty, one balmy kiſs, and let me take an hour's ſleep."

Sleep thou alſo, Harry.

Adieu.

Mr. WYMAN in continuation.

WHEN our worthy Quaker thought proper to reſume the converſation, he introduced it by aſking Kitty in the kindeſt tone and manner, how her little heart beat now towards the honourable Mr. Corrane?

Kitty anſwered by her tears.

"It

"It is an eloquent anſwer," ſays he, "and informs me, more than a thouſand words. And how does thy reaſon accord with it?"

"Alas!" replies Kitty, "I am unhappy enough to perceive that my wiſhes are entirely repugnant to my judgment. I ſee clearly that to throw myſelf again into the way of Mr. Corrane, hazards a renewal of my diſhonour, and that every good ſentiment is againſt it."

"Not ſo, Kitty; I ſhould ſuſpect thy heart to be made of unfeeling matter, did it give up this conteſt without reluctance. Thy wiſhes have their ſource in virtue—it is thy misfortune they are not founded in propriety alſo. It is too early for thee, Kitty, to attend ſolely to the ſtern dictates of wiſdom and of prudence, againſt the ſofter ones of nature and a tender heart. Time and reflection are the beſt liniments for thy wound, and to them for a while let us leave it.

"*My* wound, Kitty, is in a fairer way; I ſee little reaſon, why, if the next packet is not crouded, I may not take my paſſage in it. It is therefore incumbent on me to know,

know, if thou haſt not formed ſome wiſhes reſpecting thy future mode of life, that have not Mr. Corrane for their object.

"I am as unhappy," replied Kitty, "in the formation of theſe as of the other. I can form none but improper ones."

"Let me know them, Kitty; I want to make thee happy."

"I ſhall ſink in your eſteem Sir, the moment I dare utter them; they are too bold, too preſumptious, too encroaching on your goodneſs."

"An alarming preface, Kitty; kiſs me, thou bold encroacher, and open thy little heart without a fear."

"Once Sir, you embraced me with the fond epithet of your dear child. Never, ſince I can remember, for my mother died in my infancy, was I preſſed with fondneſs to the boſom of a parent. The ſweet ſenſation overpowered me. Ever ſince I have wiſhed and wiſhed——to live with you Sir, not as a daughter, but as a ſervant; to ſhelter myſelf under your protection; to receive the benefit of your advice."

"The wiſh, my Kitty, flatters and delights me; but there is a ſmall tax to pay for

for the indulgence. Thou art lovely, and I am a man. The world will draw as uſual its charitable concluſions."

Kitty bluſhed, and hung down her head. Mr. Arnold ſat a few minutes in ſilent thought.

" But be it ſo, Kitty; I am willing to pay my ſhare. I might indeed call thee a relation; but I *will* not lie. Truth, ſincerity, and plain-dealing, Kitty, ſhall be our guides, and thoſe who cannot find in their hearts to believe, we will pity and forgive. But how wilt thou bear a life of ſolitude, Kitty; rendered more gloomy by the peeviſhneſs of old age and infirmity?"

" Solitude Sir, has always been my habit; and now," ſays Kitty with a ſigh, " it is, and ought to be my choice. As for the other, be as croſs as—you can. This misfortune, which was ſo near being fatal to you, you have bore without a murmur; and Oh! with what infinite kindneſs, inſtead of reproach, have you treated the author! Have you once been captious at the blunders daily committed about you, or at any of the great or little provocations this houſe has ſupplied you with in

abundance? And yet you talk of peeviſhneſs."

"It is a buſineſs, Kitty, in which a man makes a great progreſs in a little time; for thy ſake, thou little flatterer, as well as my own, I will engage in it as late as poſſible. That we may not appear however to deſpiſe the cenſures of the world too much, we will give it an opportunity of judging with truth and candour——if it can.

"There is in Dublin, Kitty, a family of my acquaintance, and of thy perſuaſion, conſiſting of a worthy father and mother, and fifteen amiable girls and boys. The two eldeſt girls are about twenty and twenty-two, good-natured, ſenſible, and lively. Thou wilt like them. I think I have intereſt enough to engage theſe girls alternately for thy companion; ſo will thy hours paſs more chearily on; leſs expoſed to thy own reflection, or to that of the world."

Kitty, as uſual, paid her tribute of gratitude with a tear.

Let us ſtop a moment, Mr. Henry Oſmond, to conſider what we are about. Let

us

us examine whether the liberties we are taking with this delectable hiſtory, are—according to law? You have changed narrative into dialogue, ſays the attorney-general of the court of criticiſm; and you have taken an unwarrantable liberty with the *words* of the original. Guilty. I have taken liberty with every thing but—Truth.

Your ſtory is an abridgement, and the law delighteth in extenſion.

In extenſion of ſpirit, I own. But of that, being incapable, by infirmity, I endeavour at the good within my power. It is eaſier to cut off the ſapleſs branches of a tree, than vivify them.

How the court will determine the point, I know not; but till the uſe of the pruning knife, is forbidden, I muſt prune. From the next five chapters therefore of this ſtory, I take the liberty to cut off the ſum total of the bodies only, ſending to thee the heads.

Chapter 1ſt. Sheweth how they went to ſea, how they became the ſport of the winds and waves, how they eſcaped ſhipwreck for want of rocks and ſtorms, and finally arrived at Dublin.

Chapter 2d. Setteth forth how the woman with a hundred tongues, had blazoned forth the rape of Kitty, and her reſcue. How, diverſifying the particulars in a thouſand agreeable manners, ſhe had taken two general modes of telling this darkſome tale. In the morning, ſober, ſhe related it with ſome ſmall regard to truth. Drunk, in the evening, ſhe tumbled it topſy turvy; the poor Quaker was the raviſher, and a gallant young ſon of Mars, whoſe modeſty was equal to his valour, for he never appeared to claim the merit of it, was the Perſeus who ſaved the Andromeda.

Chapter 3d. Told, in phraſe inelegant, how Kitty miſcarried; and how ſhe was no better than ſhe ſhould be, as every body muſt think, becauſe nobody knew her; for Miſs Roſs's elopement, however it might reſemble the ſpirited flight of a miſs of quality, wanted the only wings of celebrity, fortune and blood.

Chapter 4th. How the Quaker ſmiled at the falſe, and ſuffered the general

ear

ear of curioſity, to be gratified by the tongue of embelliſhment, without the leaſt diſquietude. How he introduced Kitty, in conformity to his own peculiar way of thinking, to his friends by her *true* name, and with her *true* hiſtory, *after* their meeting. The preceding events, it was not neceſſary to divulge.

Chapter 5th. Sheweth, how Kitty was inducted into the honourable calling of miſtreſs of Mr. Arnold's houſehold, in ſpite of whiſpers. How Polly Singleton, the ſecond of the fifteen boys and girls of the family before-mentioned, became the friend, the confidante, and inſeperable companion of Kitty. And how Love, Peace, and Happineſs grew great amongſt them.

To peace and happineſs then let us leave them, whilſt we return once more to the honourable Mr. Corrane, for whoſe nobility I have ſo great a regard, that I will not take a liberty ſo contrary to law, which, in certain critical caſes, directs the heads to be taken from the bodies, never the bodies from the heads.

As far as the ſincerity of human actions can be known by their circumambients, there is no reaſon to doubt *that* of the honourable Mr. Corrane, when he wrote his penitential letter. There might indeed be ſome miſtake in aſſigning the origin of ſentiments ſo moral, and ſo good, which the reader may remember were placed directly to the account of Religion and Virtue. If this difference of opinion can be ſettled at all, it muſt be by facts.

At the time of writing this letter, though for ſome cauſe or other, his honour did not chuſe to notice it, the old Earl had been dead about a month. After the manner of grandees, the young Earl took the family eſtate of ſeven thouſand per annum; his honour had a ſeparate one of nine hundred; and the ſiſter five thouſand pounds. Thus it is that Lords attend to the dictates of ambition, and an abſurd policy, now at leaſt, againſt the ſelf evident pleas of nature and common ſenſe. If the warmth of friendſhip ſubſiſting between the noble brothers, could have been indicated by Fahrenheit's thermometer, caſual kindneſſes, and participation of pleaſures,

ſures, ſometimes raiſed it ſo high that Mercury might have boiled in it; when it was left to nature and itſelf, it ſunk to the freezing point.

The Earl expectant had ſomehow or other linked together the ideas of pleaſure and pretty girl-hood in chains of braſs, and this unity of exiſtence had rendered him ſingularly reſpectable in the realms of gallantry. During the long illneſs of his father, decency forbad him to purſue this ſole pleaſure with his uſual avidity; ſo that he had actually confined himſelf ſix months to the arms of a beautiful Hibernian, of the county of Down, a novitiate in the ſchool of Venus. The contention ſhe excited when ſhe firſt hung out the flag of treaty, was not great. It was no ſooner known that ſhe conſidered herſelf as "the Pearl of mighty price," than her value roſe in the market, and the young Earl, that muſt be, thought leſs of the dearneſs of the purchaſe, than of his triumph, and his well-earned fame.

This jewel of the firſt water, then, did the new Earl, in a fortnight from his father's

ther's funeral, with the fulneſs of true fraternal affection, transfer to his dear brother, who received the bleſſing as one of Heaven's beſt gifts, and repaid it with the ſincere repentance of his former offence with Kitty, and a reſolution, with her to ſin no more. Poor Kitty, alas! had no ſuch motives for penitence.

It was May when ſhe arrived at Dublin, and the two noble brothers, in a paroxyſm of friendſhip were gone a tour over the eſtates——to raiſe up ſuch as were fallen ——And to ſet the acres by thouſands to that uſeful body of gentlemen tenants, commonly called middle-men. A wiſe and Chriſtian-cautionary ſyſtem of the great Iriſh Land owners———that they may ſay, at the laſt trump, to the accuſing ſpirits——*Ours* were not the gains of Oppreſſion.

The gentlemen did not return to Dublin till September, a fatal error in the politics of love. The pretty provincial had juſt ſurrendered upon honourable terms, given her in conſideration of the brave reſiſtance ſhe had made to ſeveral ſpirited attacks,

attacks, the laſt of which would have failed like the reſt, but for the vaſt ſuperiority of metal, by which, ſhe found in an inſtant all her defences levelled with the ground.

If ever I am caught doing any pitiful action, ſays a celebrated author, it will be when there is a void in my heart, in the forlorn interval of ſome of its paſſions. Whether the honourable Mr. Corrane found himſelf thus conſtituted I know not, but it is certain the annals of gallantry repreſent him as endeavouring to ſhorten this forlorn interval with all his might. Whoever conſiders the connection betwixt the families of Mr. Arnold and Mr. Singleton, and that betwixt a bookſeller's ſhop (for Mr. Singleton was of that profeſſion) and an infinite number of pretty gentlemen, connoiſſeurs in anecdote, will not wonder that Kitty became acquainted with ſome of theſe annals, and that ſhe was ſometimes put to the ſecret bluſh, when the honourable Mr. Corrane as was often the caſe, happened to be the hero of the tale.

But Kitty herſelf had now experienced a conſiderable revolution of ſentiment, had added

added largely to her ſlender ſtock of ideas, and loſt much of that ſtrong impreſſion which firſt loves generally make upon the tender mind. Her reverence and affection for Mr. Arnold had grown almoſt to idolatry; and was repaid by a tenderneſs truly paternal. And to ſay truth, the active virtue of this extraordinary man did honour to mankind. Miſs Singleton could ſcarce ſpeak of him but with tears of gratitude. Her father had taſte and learning ſufficient to have placed him at the head of his occupation, had he not been ſcrupulouſly addicted to honeſty, and curſed with a benevolent heart. Of the manuſcripts offered to him for ſale, he choſe invariably thoſe which taught ſomething worthy to be learnt, thoſe which diffuſed the ſentiments of piety and virtue, or thoſe which tended to improve and ſoften the manners of ſociety. As invariably he rejected the lewd, the factious, and perſonally malignant. Unfortunately the public judged differently. This is enough to account for the poverty that imbittered the ſecond twenty years of his life. To make it felt with the greater ſeverity, Heaven had bleſſed

bleſſed him with a fruitful wife. In ſhort, he was beginning to die of anxiety, when Mr. Arnold was called in, becauſe his old Apothecary's bill being two years unpaid, that Gentleman had refuſed attendance.

Mr. Singleton marked his character to Mr. Arnold by fairly telling him the reaſon of his being ſent for, and the riſque he run of never being paid for his labour. Having in a few viſits got from him the whole of his circumſtances, Mr. Arnold, unable to bear the thoughts of the immenſe ruin going to fall upon ſo numerous and amiable a family, reſtored him to health by a panacea, in his malady, worth the whole pharmacopeia. He lent, or more properly ſpeaking, gave him money to free him from his more preſſing creditors. Ever ſince he has given him occaſional ſupport, and has procured him the printing of ſome of the beſt works the Iriſh nation has hitherto produced.

To this heart-felt tale of gratitude, Polly added a number of other occurrences which went directly to the heart of the lovely hearer, and impreſſed there a ſentiment of veneration never to be effaced.

So

So ſtood matters on all ſides, at the beginning of the month of October, when Kitty and Miſs Singleton walking one afternoon to Dublin, met the honourable Mr. Corrane in the utmoſt elegance of military habiliment, arm in arm with another officer. The ſhock was as violent as ſudden, and diſconcerted the nerves of poor Kitty ſo forcibly, that it was with difficulty ſhe ſtood upon the earth. The gentleman was aſtoniſhed alſo—ſtopped—coloured—bowed. Kitty paſſed on without returning the ſalute, and as faſt as her trembling limbs would bear her, flew for refuge to Mr. Singleton's houſe, whence as ſoon as ſhe was able, ſhe returned to her more ſecure aſylum: There like a frighted bird, ſhe run under the wing of her protecting parent, and pouring out her flood of ſorrows, received the trueſt conſolation.

Three days paſſed over without hearing from the redoubtable Mr. Corrane; and Kitty began to hope ſhe was rid for ever of his importunity; and——ſuch is woman——perhaps to fear it too.

At

At length came a letter of politeneſs, of compliment; ſome retroſpect of paſt, ſome hopes of future happineſs; concluding with a requeſt to be permitted to wait upon her. Kitty anſwered thus.

"To what purpoſe, Mr. Corrane, do you ſeek to diſturb my preſent tranquility? Be aſſured, I am not what I was."

Mr. Corrane replied at full length. "Cruelty could never find reſidence in her gentle boſom: The ſight of her had revived his former fires: Happineſs was her's to give, and her's alone."

Kitty anſwered, "Influenced by Religion and Virtue, you once diſmiſſed me from your heart. If Religion and Virtue are immutable, by what motives are you now influenced?"

In anſwer to this queſtion, his honour laviſhed a world of eloquence to prove that Religion and Virtue were perfectly compatible with love. That nature was the miſtreſs of all hearts, let prieſts ſay what they will. In fine, that the rights he had acquired over her were unalienable, nor would he give them up but with his laſt breath.

"I cannot ſufficiently expreſs the obligation I have to you, Mr. Corrane," ſays Kitty in reply, "for the favour of your laſt letter; it has enlightened, it has convinced me. I am ready to give you marks of the high eſteem in which I hold you, when you pleaſe."

Although the honourable Mr. Corrane was not without ſuſpicion concerning the true meaning of this billet doux, nor without fear that the Quaker's hand might be at the bottom of theſe laconic compoſitions, yet as the firſt quality of a ſoldier is intrepidity, he ventured next day to Mr. Arnold's houſe, and enquiring for Miſs Roſs, the footman ſaying, he would inform her, conducted him politely to the parlour door.

On ſeeing Mr. Arnold alone, he haſtily drew back, telling the footman, his buſineſs was with Miſs Roſs only. "I pray thee walk in," ſays the Quaker, "when Miſs Roſs comes, thou knoweſt, if needful, I can walk out."

"Now impudence protect me," ſays the honourable Mr. Corrane to himſelf; "and marched

marched to his chair with the firm uprightneſs of a Pruſſian grenadier."

"Thy name is Corrane, I think;" ſays the Quaker.

"It is, Sir;" replies his honour.

"Kitty Roſs has told me of thee. Thou kneweſt her at her father's."

"It was there our acquaintance began, Sir;" (playing with the chain of his watch).

"And ended alſo, if I remember right. Why, I pray thee doſt thou want to renew it?"

"Begging your pardon, Sir," replies his honour with a certain archneſs, "its a damned odd queſtion to aſk a young fellow. Aſk nature, and yourſelf, old gentleman; you have no objection to a pretty girl even at this time of day, if there be any truth in the chronicles of the times."

"Witneſs Kitty Roſs, I ſuppoſe," ſays the Quaker? His honour ſmiled a Yes.

"I *am* pleaſed with Kitty Roſs, I own," continues the old gentleman, "and, if there be any truth in thy inſinuation, I am the more obliged to *thee*, thou knoweſt. To ſay thou art miſtaken would be uſeleſs; for a Quaker's affirmation being ſet on an

equality with a Lord's honour, thou knoweſt the value of one too well, to pay any regard to the other. Continue therefore to think as thy own uncorrupted heart dictates, and ſuffer me to be Kitty Roſs's friend, any way I can. When thou firſt became acquainted with this young woman, ſhe was as ignorant as any modern fine gentleman could wiſh, and as innocent alſo. In gratitude to her care and tenderneſs of thee, when ſick, thou undertookeſt to be her ſchool-maſter. She was grateful alſo, and paid thee with her innocence. Thou put'ſt her in a way to be a mother; a reſpectable character——— always——but being in this caſe not conſonant to thy Religion and Virtue, thou left her to the——world——and me."

"So ſo," ſays the honourable Mr. Corrane, putting his hands in his breeches pockets, and leaning back in his chair in the moſt eaſy and faſhionable attitude—— "So ſo, we are not like to have a *ſilent* meeting——the ſpirit begins to move."

"It does ſo, friend Corrane, may it move to thy advantage. What I want to obſerve to thee, is, that Kitty Roſs, thanks to thee,

and

and me, and this good city of Dublin is no longer that inexperienced thing ſhe was. She knows that love is *now* a ſaleable commodity, and wiſhes to learn at what price thou values her affection?"

"Ay, now old Gentleman you come to the point. You know the world I ſee. Then in one word, I will ſettle a hundred a year upon her, and allow her two to ſpend whilſt we live the life of honour together."

"A very honourable ſtipend," returns Mr. Arnold. "Thou art generous I ſee to a fault. And yet it is highly probable the ſilly girl will not accept it. If thou waſt to bid up to matrimony indeed."——

"Zoons! replied his honour, the girl is not ſtupid enough, to——to——a——a——."

"Accept of thee on any terms?" replies the Quaker." "I believe not indeed. It is true, thy perſon is genteel, and the elegance of thy habit is as charming as it is manifeſt to the naked eye of woman; yet Kitty Roſs has made the ſingular reſolution of not living the life of *honour* with any man—— Nor of diſhonour neither, which I ſuppoſe is the modern ſynonime with marriage, un-

leſs ſhe has ſome reaſon to believe the man may have ſomething about him like honour and probity. Or at leaſt that he ſhall not be ſo liberally endowed, as ſhe takes thee to be, with their oppoſites. I need not name them to thee, becauſe a man's poſſeſſions muſt be large indeed if he has occaſion to be told of them."

"Sir," ſays the honourable Mr. Corrane, riſing haſtily, "it is plain you deſign, to affront me."

"I pray thee ſit down," ſays the Quaker; "I deſign no ſuch thing. Can ſpeaking truth be offenſive to thee?"

"Sir, you know my rank and ſituation in life."——

"I do," replies Arnold, "thou art the ſon of an Earl, and, I know not why, they call thee honourable."

"Is this treatment to be born, Sir? I muſt inform you, Sir, I bear his Majeſty's commiſſion, and cannot put up with inſult."

"Give me leave to inform thee in my turn, that I am Iſaac Arnold, by birth a man, by religion a Quaker, taught to deſpiſe all titles that are not the marks of virtue;

tue; and of conſequence——thine. I rank above thee."

"Well Sir," ſays his honour, getting up in haſte, "you may one day repent this."

"I thank thy good will," replies the Quaker; "thou art of the true court breed I ſee."

At this inſtant came in Kitty from an adjoining room where ſhe had heard all that paſſed; and with a low curteſy, begged the honourable gentleman not to go till ſhe had in ſome degree diſcharged the vaſt debt of gratitude ſhe owed him.

"And firſt," ſays ſhe, "give me leave to return this miniature, the reſemblance of a man I once loved, though he undid me. *That* I always conſidered as an unpremeditated ruin, the effect of your weakneſs, and my own. Your preſent deſign to perpetuate my infamy is of another ſtamp, and calls for my utmoſt deteſtation. By the *Religion and Virtue* I ſuppoſe, of Miſs Willen, there is a temporary vacancy in your invaluable heart, which you would do me the honour to fill. To be the miſtreſs of the honourable, *right* honourable Mr. Corrane, with the ſplendid appointment

ment of two hundred pounds a year, ought no doubt, to ſatisfy the ambition of a Welch apothecary's daughter. It is a ſtation I feel myſelf unable to fill with ſufficient dignity, and beg to decline. The generoſity of my more than father enables me to reſtore you (offering to him a fifty pound bank note) what I am indebted on a pecuniary account.——Farewell Sir.—All the ill I wiſh you, is a better heart."

"I thank thee Kate," replies Mr. Corrane, caricaturing the ſpeech and manners of the Quakers, "I will think of thy heavenly admonitions; remember me in the aſſemblies of the faithful, and——fare—thee—well."

Thus ended the viſit, and thus ended love. Different paſſions now came upon the ſtage; for it was impoſſible the humbled pride of the honourable Mr. Corrane ſhould not ſtimulate him to revenge.

It was Mr. Arnold's cuſtom to give, one day in a week, his advice gratis to the poor of the neighbourhood, and to the pooreſt medicines alſo, of which, to ſay truth, his kitchen furniſhed him with the greateſt variety. Kitty was generally the diſpenſer of theſe favours, and in caſes of childbed,

the

the viſitant alſo. So many days had elapſed ſince the above affair, that they almoſt began to forget any longer to ſpeak of the honourable Mr. Corrane, when an event brought him freſh to remembrance.

Kitty had always been in the habit of riſing early in the morning; Miſs Singleton in the contrary habit; and Mr. Arnold whoſe wound was not yet cured, and who began to feel other infirmities, indulged in the latter habit alſo. In conſequence Kitty generally made her viſitations at early dawn. A poor woman ill of a puerperal fever had drawn her to the ſame houſe ſeveral ſucceſſive mornings. On the laſt of theſe, ſhe returned no more.

Here, Harry, is a period at which I may reaſonably give thyſelf and me ſome reſpite. I muſt of neceſſity commit Kitty to the care of Providence, and thee to the exerciſe of patience, till the next VACATION.

My beſt reſpects to Sir George.

Adieu.

WILLIAM WYMAN.

Miſs

Miſs WHITAKER to her Siſter.

London.

I Take the firſt opportunity of informing my dear Peggy, that I am ſafe arrived in town; and ſatisfied with the notification of it to thoſe whom it may concern, I have ſo far ſtifled the ſuggeſtions of my own importance, as to with-hold it from the public papers. If indeed I could have added to the intelligence, that I was young, handſome, rich, and new; and that I ſhould exhibit *theſe performances* on Tueſday at Covent-Garden theatre, on Wedneſday at the Opera, on Thurſday at Carliſle-Houſe, I know not what I might have done; but giving an idea of the motion only, without any of the thing moved, ſeems a very cold buſineſs. It is however, taken altogether, a buſineſs of great national magnitude. The King moves from St. James's to the Queen's Palace; announce it. The Lord Chancellor of England moves to his ſeat in the country; announce it. The Miniſters move; announce

nounce it. All this, as far as I know, may receive a tolerable juſtification, becauſe it announces the motion of Majeſty, Law, and Government. The good people of Bath too, muſt find their account, in the news-paper article of arrivals; otherwiſe, they would ſometimes permit people, of a certain conſequence, to dine, or ride through the town, without troubling the univerſe about it. But, this day arrived Mr. and Mrs. A, B, C, from their ſeat in the country, ſeems juſt the arrival of the two Kings of Brentford.

If, dear Peggy, by this ſubſtitution to prattle, I could drive away that ſickneſs of the heart, a ſiſter's tears, and laſt embraces gave me; that ſiſter would give the name of wiſdom to a volume of ſuch nonſenſe; but, over this malady, nothing I have yet ſeen has more than an evaneſcent power. However, ſince you kindly ſaid, you would bear the pains of abſence, firſt abſence, patiently, on the ſuppoſition that the polite diſſipation of the metropolis might make me forget at once the cauſe and the exiſtence of my hectic ſymptoms, I will uſe the recipe, and trifle like a woman.

Senſi-

Senſibility, they ſay, loſes its powers in age; but my dear and ever-revered godmother received me with evident marks of it, and preſſed me to her boſom with a mother's tenderneſs. With equal indulgence ſhe heard my tale of the recent tranſactions at Barham Downs, and gave me the ſatisfaction to know, that my ſentiments of an alliance with grandeur and infamy, correſpond with her own. The kind part my ſiſter had acted, ſhe applauded even with tears. Lamented my father's unhappy propenſity to greatneſs, and ſtill more his unfortunate habitude of acting by the advice of others, rather than from his own underſtanding. Sir Ambroſe Archer has confirmed the opinion ſhe conceived of him many years ſince, when faſhion and diſſipation overſhadowed his virtues. Something noble was always to be obſerved in him, ſhe thought, even when he offended moſt againſt the moral duties. The mild character of Mr. Davis——Pſhaw——Oſmond——is ſo like my own, that——Heighho!——I have no faith in old womens prophecies.—Adieu my Peggy.

Your's affectionately,

ANNABELLA WHITAKER.

Miſs WHITAKER to her Siſter.

London.

I Have exhauſted, dear Peggy, in the ſmall ſpace of twenty days, all the pleaſures of London, all my hopes of health from diſſipation, and almoſt all my patience. It is with Mrs. Delane I have run the round of amuſement, and find to my extreme mortification, that notwithſtanding the gentlemen of the ton ſwear I am altogether a moſt angelic creature, I have ſome imperfection in my organs of ſenſe, that diſables me from feeling any part of the rapture, ſo ſtrongly expreſſed by Mrs. Delane, and the beaux who honour us with their gallantries.

This Mrs. Delane, Peggy, is certainly the moſt obliging of women; you cannot imagine with what aſſiduity ſhe cultivates my friendſhip; how earneſt ſhe is for me to make her houſe my home; and not prevailing in this, attends me at Mrs. Shirley's with ſuch winning perſeverance, that

I am quite charmed with her. Then her manners are ſo free, ſo eaſy, and ſo exceſſively polite, you would imagine her bred at St. James's. So little arrogance of underſtanding too, that ſhe gives up her opinion, to *me* eſpecially, ten times an hour; What you ſay is ſo right, Miſs Whitaker; your arguments are ſo convincing! One really ought to conſider well before one hazards a ſentiment before a lady ſo penetrating. "Egregious flattery!"——True Peggy; and yet there is ſuch ſoftneſs and ſuch a deſire of pleaſing in the manner of it, it is impoſſible not to like it.

The firſt place of entertainment to which this lady conducted me was the Hay-Market. We had the Suſpicious Huſband. I believe ſcarce any character upon the ſtage takes with the ladies, ſo much as that agreeable rake, Ranger. The why of this is above my poor philoſophy; but it is certain I incurred, all angel as I was, ſomething like a ſneer from two of the fineſt dreſſed gentlemen I ever ſaw, only for hinting a preference in favour of a Mr. Bevil, a Mr. Manly, and ſuch out of the way people, becauſe they were

were uniformly virtuous. Uniformity in goodneſs is uniformity in dulneſs, and the moſt unintereſting of all characters that ever were drawn, is, I find, the ſtiff, ſtarched, demure, formal, ALL VIRTUOUS Sir Charles Grandiſon. This criticiſm was interrupted by the entertainment, a pantomime; in which were ſuch a multitude of mad and merry transformations, ſuch exalted leaps, ſuch pitiful broken heads; Jupiter rode ſo majeſtically high, and the clown tumbled ſo lamentably low, that I yielded to the ridicule of the *tout enſemble*, and made merry with all my might.

Leaving the Hay-Market, Mrs. Delane lamented her want of fortune to enjoy the ſuperior pleaſures of the evening; "you," ſays ſhe, "are going to a dull old woman, and I to wait the coming of a duller huſband from the tavern, when a hundred routs are open, Oh! the joys of quadrille and a ſplendid purſe!"

"If," ſays I, "a ſplendid purſe could procure me no greater pleaſures than cards and a rout, I would ſoon become the beſt of Chriſtians, and give my wealth to the

poor. Of all the pleaſures of your boaſted city, a rout is, to me, the moſt inſipid."

"Why yes to be ſure," replies Mrs. Delane, "they are inſipid, unleſs one wins or loſes, and then you muſt allow, one is entertained."

"Moved, I will allow, Mrs. Delane; I once remember being very much ſo by a man flying from the top of Exeter ſteeple, but indeed I was not entertained by it."

"To be ſure," replies ſhe, "there is a vaſt deal of truth, and depth too, in this obſervation; but one falls into the faſhionable ways of ſpending time when one is in the world, without reflection. People only reflect in the country. However, you will allow, that moping at home is no entertainment, and when one is abroad one muſt be like other people."

"True, Mrs. Delane, I allow that when people can find nothing to do at home, but mope, they may as well go out and play at cards."

Mrs. Delane, Peggy, is really an agreeable woman, but I wiſh ſhe would ſupport her

her own opinions with more firmneſs, and not put me in mind once an hour, as ſhe does, though indeed with infinite pity, that if proper care is not taken, I am galloping faſt into a conſumption.

I believe it would be impoſſible to go through with a deſcription of the Opera, the Vauxhalls, the Ranelaghs, and all the day-ſhews of this metropolis, without exciting ſome degree of nauſea. We have had too much of it, dear Peggy; I will therefore only mention, that at the Opera I had the honour to ſee Lord Winterbottom, who even condeſcended to pay his compliments to me in our box, and whiſpered ſome unintelligible ſtuff in my ear, concerning his unhappy ſtars. He is, it ſeems, one of Mr. Delane's miniſterial patrons, and in their regards to each other, it is not difficult to obſerve marks of the lordly maſter, and the fawning ſlave. Mrs. Delane, he ſeems wholly unacquainted with. My Lord did me the honour to lead me to our coach, an odious hackney coach, as Mrs. Delane called it, and very politely requeſted I would do him the ho-

nour to permit his chariot to wait upon me, whilſt I ſtayed in town. He run not the leaſt hazard of being *taken in* by the compliment.

Two days after this, I dined with Mrs. Delane, who thought my refuſal of his Lordſhip's offer, quite an act of ſupererogation; it might have been accepted with the utmoſt decency, as from a neighbour. Afterwards ſhe fell into the praiſe of my Lord's fine preſence, the eaſe of his behaviour, and the elegance of his taſte in dreſs; Mr. Delane aſſured me that in point of talents he was conſidered as one of the firſt Lords at court, and that his influence in the cabinet was very great; and "pardon me, Miſs Whitaker," ſays he, "I never could comprehend upon what motives you could poſſibly refuſe him."

"It was, Mr. Delane," ſays I, "becauſe I have no taſte for Cabinet influence, political talent, and the graces you have mentioned. All theſe give me not the leaſt idea of merit."

"You are a moſt extraordinary Lady," Mr. Delane ſaid, "not to acknowledge a merit

merit acknowledged by the King, and confirmed by all manner of concurrent teſtimonies."

"Whenever I marry, Mr. Delane, I will have a man of honour and probity, or whom I believe to be ſo."

"Can you poſſibly have the leaſt doubt of his Lordſhip's, after the convincing proof of both I have juſt mentioned? His Majeſty, was that kind of perſon that would not diſpenſe with thoſe qualifications in any man he favoured."

"My Lord had better get the King to give him a character then, Mr. Delane; provided this court honour and probity of yours are current in the country."

Mr. Delane nettled at this, and ſeemed about to make a waſpiſh anſwer, but catching the correcting eye of his wife, his anger ſubſided, and the diſcourſe was ſuffered to drop.

At tea, Mr. Delane informed us, Miniſtry wanted a confidential man, of approved ſagacity though, to ſend over to Paris on a private commiſſion. "They have done

done me the honour to make choice of me," ſays he; "and though the matter requires infinite addreſs, ſpirit, and delicacy, I have the vanity to think I ſhall ſucceed."

Mrs. Delane complimented him upon the poſſeſſion of all theſe fine qualities, except the *vanity*; I thought there needed no exception.

"The appointment" continues Mr. Delane "will be honourable, and will put it into my power to indulge myſelf in a journey and a few months reſidence at Montpelier, which Dr. H—— aſſures me is the moſt probable cure for that diſorder in my cheſt, contracted by too intenſe ſtudy. As this is the caſe Mrs. Delane, I ſhall requeſt the favour of your company, and if we could be happy enough to obtain that of Miſs Whitaker alſo, I flatter myſelf that beſides the pleaſure of it, the greateſt poſſible good, if ſuch is health, would be the reſult. Your caſe Miſs Whitaker is conſumptive, abſolutely conſumptive; which is a diſorder that in this iſland ſeldom yields to the efforts of medicine; whereas the very air of the ſouth of France is

almoſt

almoſt a ſpecific for it, to ſay nothing of the faculty there, who are peculiarly great in this malady."

Mr. Delane's reaſonings upon this head were long and many; to which Mrs. Delane added perſuaſions after her own manner, ſo gentle, ſo inſinuating, that it was impoſſible not to wiſh to oblige her. I requeſt, dear Peggy, your opinion and advice; till I have theſe in favour of the journey I will think no more of it.

Adieu,

Yours affectionately,

ANNA WHITAKER.

Miſs PEGGY WHITAKER to her Siſter.

Barham Downs.

I Have read, dear Anny, in ſome learned book, that it was owing to the Six-and-ſeven way of going on of things in the heathen world, which made ſundry philoſophers with long beards ſuſpect the Gods to

to take no manner of concern in the affairs of the implumed biped, lord of the earth, the maſter of every thing——but himſelf. No doubt, things go on better now; and yet there is ſtill a ſolitary individual here and there, who complains of the Too-much of things he does not value, and of the Too-little of things he does.

You know the reverend Mr. Swain, for example, whom the fates have conſigned over to faith, piety, and a black coat for life, whilſt his propenſities lead towards libertiniſm, and a red one.

Then there is the reverend Mrs. Delane, the cara-ſpoſa of a miniſter of the church, whom nature or fortune has endowed with qualities fit for the miſtreſs of a King.

And we have here Miſs Archer, the ſiſter of our merry knight; a hard favoured lady, whom her ſtars have doomed to chaſtity unpitied, if that gallant Hibernian Mr. Wycherley does not counteract their influence.

And here am I, Margaret Whitaker Spinſter, confined to my ſolitary hut with the practice of piety in my head——hand I would ſay; and in my head, a coach with a coronet;

a coronet; whilſt her ſiſter Annabella, ſent into the world for an example to all virtuous maidens in ſtill life, is engaged in the very hurry and buſtle of Vanity-fair.

Not content with this, Miſs, you are going to become a travelled lady; and then I muſt no longer give my opinion, even of a new cap, but it will be, "I wonder at you, Peggy; I am aſtoniſhed, child; you that have ſeen ſo little of the world." And you want me to countenance this prepoſterous buſineſs! but I ſhall tell you, Miſs, as I told my Papa, I know no reaſon in the world for your going, except the unrighteous deſire of keeping you from Heaven, the proper place of your abode, ſince you are become an Angel. If I could go with you, Anna, things might be looked at under a different aſpect; but my Papa would part with a thouſand pounds, as ſoon as me——almoſt; for we have been in monſtrous good humour with one another, now and then at times, and all at your expence. In ſhort Child, your favour is in the wane, and unleſs your *Ladyſhip* behaves as

as your *Ladyſhip* ought, I, only I, ſhall be the beloved of my father's worſhip—— Lordſhip, I would ſay.

I think I will let you a little way into the ſecret. No longer ſince than yeſterday morning, when I was *moping* my hours away, as Mrs. Delane has it, in our dreſſing room, who ſhould I ſee hobbling up to the hall door; but the gallant Captain Wycherley. I ſhould have thought nothing more of the matter, but that our houſe ſtood in the way of the man's exerciſe, if when I attended my Papa at dinner, I had not plainly ſeen in his face, no ſmall acceſſion of gravity—wiſdom—importance. My prattle of the hour was anſwered by hums and hahs, and it was plain to be ſeen my dear Papa was in a dream, and his dear daughter, in a ſweat for the interpretation.

Whilſt our wordly affairs were in this ſtate, the poſt-man brought your laſt letter, which having read over firſt to myſelf, I gave a new edition of it to my father, with emendations, Annabella; and additions. What have you done with your

ſtock

ſtock of duty, Child, you could not ſpare Papa a remnant?

"And what is your opinion, Sir, of my ſiſter's journey to Montpelier?"

Hereupon my Papa placed his chin upon his thumb, and ruminated; or in plain Engliſh, Child, chewed the cud; not of tobacco, Annabella; it was a ſtick of liquorice, for a little matter of a cold. At length, "It will be an expenſive job," ſays he, "but if the girl's behaviour had been as it ought to have been, I declare I ſhould have minded the money no more than a——"

My father made a full ſtop, whether becauſe a word preſented itſelf of inſufficient dignity in the caſe or no word at all, I cannot tell; and indeed it coſt me a journey all over the three kingdoms, to find the proper, and the fit for the occaſion. I began with the mineral, and found in it nothing ſo proper for the purpoſe as a——farthing. Of all the tribe of vegetables nothing ſo pat as——a ſtraw: And of all animals, none ſo worthy the poſt as ——a louſe.

I offered theſe to my Papa one after the other; but I believe ſimile makers, are like ſtammerers; I could not get him to accept of one, and indeed he was rather inclined to abuſe me for my kindneſs.

When this tumult had ſubſided a little, I ventured to aſk what new offence you had committed, for as to the old, I was evidence he had forgiven it long ago.

"I don't know," replies my Father, "whether I have forgiven it or not, but I am ſure I can't forget it. Such an opportunity to raiſe one's family from the dirt! And to have it overthrown by a little chit, with her nonſenſe of calm content and poetry."

"Dear Papa, inſtruct me. Daughters you know are ingrafted into other families, your very name will be loſt, how then."——

"I know what you are going to ſay, Peggy; but your ſiſter's ſecond ſon, might take my name, which you know is very much in faſhion."

"But what's that to you, Papa?"

"Don't

"Don't put me in a paſſion, Peggy. Women are ſuch damned fools, there's no reaſoning with them."

"Yes, women *are* fools, I own, to think living vanities better than dead ones. If the honours and dignities reſulting from Annabella's match with Lord Winterbottom were to fall upon your head, Papa, indeed——but as that's impoſſible."——

"Why ſo Miſs?"

I wiſh Anny you had *ſeen* my Papa's, why ſo, Miſs? for ears would not have conveyed half the ſwelling dignity of it.

"Why ſo Miſs?"

"Nay I don't know," replies I with an air of aſtoniſhment.

"No, I believe not. But to ſhew you, Miſs, it is not ſo incongruous a thing as you may ſuppoſe——Read that"—— toſſing me a letter, as an angry man of Quality ſhould.

This curious letter was from Lord Winterbottom, my Lady, and I can only give your ladyſhip the heads, for the precious depoſit was ſoon taken out of my poſſeſſion.

In the firſt place, it was preambular; ſetting forth how, when his Lordſhip re-

ceived my Father's diſmiſſion, he muſt own he felt a kind of reſentment, at the violation of promiſe ſo ſolemnly made; but it was a reſentment mixed with compaſſion for an old friend, whoſe ear had been abuſed by a gentleman whom he ſhould ſoon call to account for his liberties. At the very time, ſays my Lord, my worthy friend was ſtabbing me to the heart, I was contriving to ſhew my gratitude for his friendſhip in my political capacity. I was going to put his name to a lucrative contract then at my diſpoſal, by which, and the advance of 20,000l. only, that ſum would have been infallibly cleared in two years, without his ſtirring from his own fire ſide. But my views, continues his Lordſhip, did not reſt here. I meditated to have procured you a peerage, which, impoſſible as it would now be on account of your obſcurity, never having thrown yourſelf in his Majeſty's way, I believe I may affirm without vanity I could have procured for *my* father-in-law. Here's for you, Annabella! Then the letter goes on in a kindly tone of expoſtulation, and concludes with his Lordſhip's having

having ſeen you at the Opera; of the revivification of his flame; of the impoſſibility of happineſs without you; and begs permiſſion to renew his ſuit without my father's interfering, or the leaſt ſhadow of compulſion.

You, Annabella, in this caſe would have amuſed yourſelf with profound reflections upon human nature, or human art; or perhaps would have dropt a tear for a father's weakneſs. I, on the contrary, was quite in raptures at the idea of Papa being a Lord; "Oh dear," ſays I, "what a happy conception! what a charming man is Lord Winterbottom! Now ſuppoſe Papa your patent of creation had come down laſt night—only to hear Peter this morning—Would your Lordſhip chooſe chocolate to breakfaſt? Would your Lordſhip chooſe your brown and gold to day? Will your Lordſhip take an airing in the coach or chariot? What a tumult of joy and pleaſure muſt run through your Lordſhip's veins at all this? I dare ſay your Lordſhip would never recognize a ſingle ſentiment or feeling that could put your Lordſhip in mind of any kind of identity

with the Eſquire Whitaker of the day before. I dare ſay your Lordſhip will be a great deal taller, and fatter; and for wiſdom, there will be no meaſuring it."

Hereupon his Lordſhip began to grow monſtrous angry, and called me an impudent huſſey; for which I kiſſed him, and told him that to be angry with a giddy fooliſh girl, was no mark either of dignity or wiſdom, and at length brought him again into good humour.

"But how," ſays I, "if Annabella ſhould remain obſtinate and ſpoil all theſe fine things? though I know, Papa, ſhe would marry Lord Winterbottom next week to pleaſe you, provided you would let her die quietly the week after to pleaſe herſelf; and I dare ſay, my Lord would conſent. However, if ſhe won't, Papa, I have a ſcheme to puniſh her. Give her a thouſand pounds, and let her board at ſome good farmer's in the north: Then give me all the reſt, and I will buy me a Duke. Only think how much my Grace would be bigger than her Ladyſhip? Nay I believe I ſhould have ambition enough

enough to fly at the blood royal, only Papa King would be croſs."

"I wiſh, Miſs," ſays my father, "you could teach that impertinent tongue of your's ſome government; I don't approve of uſing great names upon light occaſions, and treating ſerious things with levity."

As it is impoſſible to end with more wiſdom Annabella, I chuſe to do it here; only admoniſhing my dear ſiſter, not to let this matter affect her, for aſſuredly nothing can come of it. I will endeavour to get Papa's conſent for your journey to Montpelier, and if I cannot obtain it, go without, Annabella, and leave the burden of excuſing it upon

Your ever affectionate

M. WHITAKER.

The END of the FIRST VOLUME.